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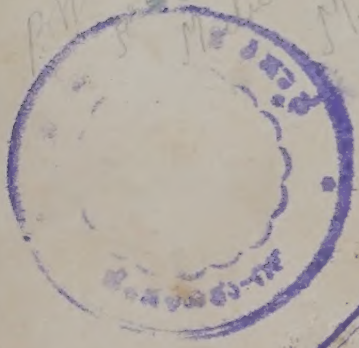
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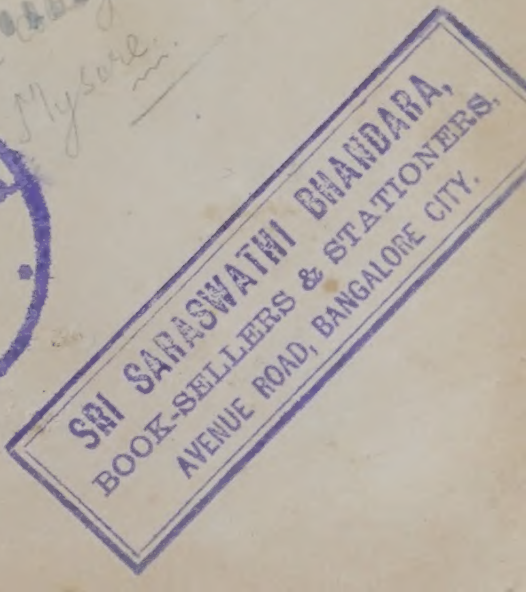
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COLLEGE COMPOSITION

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BY

G. K. CHETTUR, M.A. (Oxon.)

PRINCIPAL, GOVERNMENT COLLEGE, MANGALORE

B.N.Chandrashekar.
Bangalore.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man—BACON



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SOUNDS AND IMAGES
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Erskine Macdonald, London

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE*
(Verse)

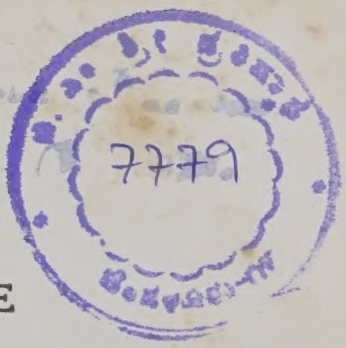
GUMATARAYA*
(Verse)

THE TEMPLE TANK*
(Verse)

THE GHOST CITY*
(Fiction)

THE LAST ENCHANTMENT*
(Recollections of Oxford)

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PREFACE

The primary object of this book is to provide Indian students (chiefly of the college classes) with a text-book of English Composition designed for use in the class-room. The want of such a book has been keenly felt for many years, and the present work may be said to have grown out of my own reactions to the need. I have tried to build into it such experience as I have gained with my own students, and I may therefore say that I have endeavoured throughout to keep in view the difficulties of the student.

There are, of course, any number of books on English Composition, but few I believe specifically meant for College students in India. None that I know of seeks to be so comprehensive as this, including as it does a special section devoted to exercises in the various forms of composition. This, indeed, if I may say so, is its chief merit. What our students require more than anything else is *practice in the art of writing,* and if they are not sufficiently well-exercised in this respect it is because they have no suitable text-book, which, while explaining the principles of composition, provides them also with a sufficient number of selected exercises for class-work. Frequently, much time is lost in dictating a passage (often wrongly taken down) for paraphrasing or epitomisation, and the teacher has to be content with prescribing a solitary exercise, where under other conditions two or more exercises could easily be done. The usefulness, then, of a book of this kind becomes immediately obvious, and it is my hope

that it will be found serviceable both by students and teachers.

There is another aspect of this work to which I may draw the attention of the reader here. No book of English Composition can, in my opinion, be said to be complete, unless it provides the student with satisfactory models for careful study, to which he can readily turn. In accordance with this belief, I have provided several carefully worked out examples at the end of each of the chapters (Part II) devoted to a discussion of the different types of exercise thought to be most beneficial to the student who is being trained to express his thoughts in good English. The twenty-one selected essays illustrative of the principles of essay-writing should, in this respect, be found particularly interesting and valuable. It should be noted also that Part III contains some of the finest passages in English Literature, prose as well as verse. These are, therefore, virtually, little anthologies of Prose and Poetry, designed to provide pleasant and profitable reading, of which students as well as teachers will, it is hoped, make the fullest use. In a country such as ours where the poverty of the student allows him to buy only those books which are absolutely necessary, any book which offers to satisfy several needs at the same time should be welcome in a special sense, a fact which has not been out of my mind in designing this volume.

The writing of it has been a labour of love. There are two chapters in it at which I have laboured with particular delight. One is the chapter on essay-writing, written from a new point of view, which I hope will commend itself to my readers. A good deal of the disgust

with which essay-writing inspires students is due to the altogether wrong standpoint from which the subject is approached. I have attempted to show how the writing of an essay can be made a really interesting occupation. The other is the chapter on Indianisms, the importance of eschewing which I consider to be so great that I have placed it at the very beginning of the book. I do not think any one has attempted before this to draw up a list of those curious expressions which, for one reason or another, a good many of us use daily, but which sadly enough, are not good English whatever else they may be. I do not pretend that the list is complete; all I can say is that I have tried to make it as complete as possible, and I must here acknowledge my indebtedness to Prof. F. E. Corley, M.A., of the Madras Christian College, the Hon'ble Mr. Justice G. H. B. Jackson, I.C.S., and the Rev. C. H. Firbank, M.A., Principal, Bishop Heber College, Trichinopoly, for much valuable help in the preparation of this chapter. To my friend Mr. Firbank, who has been good enough to help me in revising the proofs of this book, and from whom I have received many valuable suggestions, I am indeed more deeply indebted than I well know how to acknowledge. My grateful thanks are also due to Mr. P. Ramanand Rao, M.A., L.T., Lecturer in Chemistry, Government College, Mangalore, for patiently assisting in the correction of proofs, and for much helpful advice.

It is usual in prefaces of this kind to cite a list of authorities as a guarantee of the good faith of the author and the irreproachability of his views and sentiments. I shall, however, content myself with merely saying that I have consulted the usual standard works in the preparation of this book. Special mention may be made, perhaps, of Mr. H. W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* the enter-

taining as well as illuminating qualities of which I should like to see more widely recognised by our students. I consider myself most heavily indebted to this work, for I have built upon it as upon a foundation.

G. K. CHETTUR.

LIGHTHOUSE HILL,
MANGALORE.
December 4th, 1932.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Thanks are due also to the University of Madras for kind permission to reprint from their Intermediate Examination Papers a few of the passages in prose and verse set for Epitomisation and Paraphrasing in recent years.

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INTRODUCTION

The vagaries of the English language are so many and so well known that no one can fail to sympathise with the student who has to face difficulties of the most varied and perplexing nature in the process of acquiring a working knowledge of it. The Indian student of English is in a particularly unfortunate position (more unfortunate, e.g., than the French or the German or the Italian student) because English is a language foreign to him in every sense of the word, foreign in spirit, in origin, in tradition, and in genius. Small blame to him, then, if he finds it difficult to master the intricacies of a tongue so different from his own, and falls into frequent errors (of omission as well as of commission) in his valiant attempts to write good English.

Teachers of English are only too familiar with the extent and the variety of such errors. Broadly speaking they fall into three classes:—

A. *Errors of Language.*—

1. The use of Indianisms.
2. The incorrect use of words.
3. The wrong construction of sentences.
4. Faulty division into paragraphs.
5. Bad style.
6. Wrong idiom.
7. The use of slang.
8. Incorrect spelling.
9. Bad punctuation.

B. *Errors of Thought.*—
10. Repetition of ideas.
11. Irrelevance.
12. Omission of facts.
13. Introduction of wrong facts.
14. Failure to grasp ideas.
15. The misunderstanding of ideas.

C. *Errors of Grammar.*—
16. The misuse of the Article.
17. Wrong Tense-sequences, and other difficulties with the Verb.
18. Misuse of Prepositions, Adverbs, Adjectives, Nouns, Pronouns, and Conjunctions.

Errors clearly grammatical, such as come under Class C, are considered in Part IV. The treatment of such errors does not come, strictly speaking, within the scope of a book on Composition designed for the use of college students. It is assumed that such students possess a working knowledge of the rules of English Grammar, and Part IV is intended more as a handy reference to the correct use of the different Parts of Speech than as a text-book of Grammar. The student, however, should be able to find in this section a solution to most of his grammatical difficulties.

The errors mentioned in Class B under the heading *Errors of Thought* are those which are the outcome of carelessness, ignorance, and lack of thought. The student as well as the teacher should ever be on the watch against such errors, the one to avoid, the other to detect. Most of the errors due to carelessness or thoughtlessness could be avoided by the student if a few minutes were devoted by him at the end to a revision of his work, and it is the duty of the teacher to insist upon such

revision. Ignorance and the inability to think clearly are more serious drawbacks. The only remedy for ignorance is the slow and patient acquisition of information on a variety of subjects by careful and extensive reading of good novels, magazines, newspapers, etc. As for the power of thinking clearly, the development of this faculty is slower in some than in others. But diligent practice in the different types of composition discussed in Part II ought to improve the student greatly in this respect.

The errors in Class A are those with which this book is most directly concerned, for these are the errors which every writer of good English should avoid. They are not so much offences against Grammar as against the very spirit and genius of the language. The writing of good English, it must be recognised, requires something more than the knowledge of grammatical rules, and special attention must therefore be paid to such errors as arise from an incomplete understanding of the peculiarities of the language. The seven chapters of which Part I is composed are, accordingly, devoted entirely to a consideration of these errors and the means for their rectification.

In my opinion, at least two hours should be set apart every week to such exercises as those discussed in Part II. Every exercise should be carefully corrected, and the teacher should take the trouble to go over every exercise with each one of his students separately. Every mistake should be patiently explained until the student understands the nature of the error he has committed, as well as how it might have been avoided. Tutorial work of this nature if done really well is bound to repay both the teacher and the student a hundredfold.

It cannot, in conclusion, be too often repeated or too strongly emphasised that a command of good English can

be obtained only by *wide reading and much practice in the art of writing*. The one must supplement the other. The mind of a student must be well stocked with information and with ideas, and side by side with this he must acquire the art of expressing those ideas in his own words in the most forcible and interesting manner. The more practice he has in exercises of the kind intended to develop his powers of expression, the more familiar he will become with the niceties of the language. A command of good English is not to be obtained by any other means.

COLLEGE COMPOSITION

PART I—LANGUAGE

CHAPTER I

COMMON ERRORS: INDIANISMS

1. If we define *good* English as essentially that which is spoken and written by cultured Englishmen, we exclude much that passes for good English but is really not English at all.

In the first place, good English is something more than *correct* English. Correct English is grammatical English. Good English is *idiomatic* English. There is as much difference between the two as between the man who is regarded as honest because he has kept on the right side of the law and avoided the jail, and the man of true integrity.

Secondly, idiomatic English is (see §§ 94, 95) not necessarily grammatical. The living language occasionally outruns the rules of grammar, and we cannot, therefore, rely entirely upon these rules in the matter of idiom. The province of idiom is one which grammarians have long despaired of controlling.

Mr. H. W. Fowler defines idiom as "the method of expression characteristic of, or peculiar to, the native speakers of a language." Now, even the native speakers of a language develop dialectal differences if separated from one another by geographical barriers of one kind or another. We are told by philologists that dialects are formed when even so small an obstacle as a river divides a people. Peculiarities of speech begin to arise, and in England itself we find the phenomenon of almost as

many dialects as there are counties. If we look beyond England we find that the English of the Scotchman, the Welshman, and the Irishman, reveal characteristic peculiarities even more striking. In America also, we see that a similar process is going on under conditions even better calculated to produce a new kind of English. The expressions characteristic of, or peculiar to, the American people, are termed *Americanisms*, and on this analogy* we might perhaps use the term *Indianism* to denote those turns of expression characteristic of, or peculiar to, Indians, who speak and write the English language 6,000 miles away from the country of its origin.

What has happened is merely a natural process. But though it is going on under our very eyes, we do not seem to be conscious of it. If our object is to speak and write good English, we must be awake to the danger and on our guard against it.

2. Let us see how it happened and is happening in India. For the last hundred years or so we Indians have been taught in schools and colleges to speak and write English. A good many of us do this amazingly well, so well indeed that even the Englishman is often surprised at our mastery of his language. But what we have been taught, and what most of us are fairly familiar with, is formal English based upon rigid grammatical rules. Our unfamiliarity with English idiom, with the living language, often leads us into making the most appalling blunders. *Punch* has frequently shown us the comical aspect of these.

In the next place, too often we acquire this formal

* The analogy should not, of course, be pressed too far, for obvious reasons.

English, not from the "native speakers of the language", but from our own countrymen, who have themselves in all probability learnt the language in a similar way. The cleavage that is established becomes more and more pronounced with time, and it is not difficult to imagine that, if the process goes on, there will develop in course of time a real Indian-English language which will have so many expressions and peculiarities characteristic of our people that it will be unintelligible to an Englishman. Something perhaps may be done to arrest this process by collecting from time to time such of these expressions as have become current, by analysing the manner in which they have come into existence, and by trying to avoid them. It is with some such intention as this that the present chapter has been included in this book.

The enquiry how Indianisms come into existence provides an interesting study. The following suggestions are by no means exhaustive, but they afford material to go upon.

3. Many Indianisms are the outcome of direct translation from the vernacular, or are based on analogy with vernacular expressions. The following will serve as examples:—

(*a*) *You are going to Madras, is it not?* (are you not?)
He will do this for me, is it not? (will he not?)
We must do our very best, isn't it? (must we not?)
He is a wonderful fellow, is it not? (is he not?)

The expression *Is it not?* often used with questions of this kind is incorrect in English except where the first part of the sentence begins with *It is*, e.g., *It is going to rain, is it not?* In all other cases English requires a corresponding ending, as shown within brackets for the

sentences given above. This is a mistake which even highly educated Indians make, and is traceable to the influence of the vernacular, in which such questions generally end only in one way. Whether it be Kanarese (Allavo?), Malayalam (Allayo?), or Tamil (Illaya?) the ending is the same no matter how the question begins, and unconsciously we make the inoffensive *Is it not?* serve the same purpose, forgetful of this English peculiarity, which even the language of her nearest neighbour does not have in common with her. *N'est ce pas?** in French is equivalent to our vernacular interrogative ending, and, the cause being the same, it is interesting to note that Frenchmen make the same mistake in English, that we do.

(*b*) *Who all were there? I asked him what all he saw.*

The use of such phrases as *who all* and *what all* is very handy and fills what may be called "a felt want" in English, but all the same it is not correct. It is direct translation from the vernacular that gives rise to such expressions. *Who were there?* certainly does not convey as much, but it is on the safe side. *I asked him to tell me all he saw* is not so concise, but it is correct.

(*c*) *I will go and come.* Another instance of translation, based on our reluctance to use the word *go* when leaving a person or house without any reference to a return, lest it bring bad luck and we *never* return. The word *go* carries in the vernacular the double significance of going away from the particular person or house, and of going from the world (dying). Hence the superstitious reluctance to use the word by itself, when saying farewell.

* Cf. similar use of *nicht wahr?* in German (= *is it not true?*)

(*d*) *We are going to go there now.* Also due to translation from the vernacular. *We are going there now* is correct and equally expressive.

(*e*) *Have you given key to the watch?.* A laborious way of saying *Have you wound up the watch?* and obviously due to the fact that the vernacular does not contain a good equivalent for the verb *Wind.*

(*f*) *I failed to get a job and so I am keeping quiet.* An excellent reason, no doubt, for not making a noise, but that is not what the person concerned here means. The unfortunate fellow merely intends us to know that he is *doing nothing*, that he is *unemployed.* *Keeping quiet* is a very common expression, and in the circumstances rather comical.

(*g*) *He went to the back-side of the house.* It was to *the back of the house*, that he went. *Backside* has only one meaning in English to-day, and that is *buttocks.* It is no longer used in the sense in which, for example, it is used in the Bible—"He (Moses) led the flock to the back-side of the desert." Exodus, Chap. 3, v. 1.

(*h*) *Keep* and *put.* We often lose sight of the distinction between these two words because the vernacular makes no such distinction. *Keep* implies retention, *put* merely the act of placing. I may therefore *keep* a thing in my own house, but it would be incorrect to say that *I kept it in my friend's house*, unless this sense of retention is intended. What I did was merely to *put* it there; the *keeping* was done by him.

4. Differences in Social Customs give rise to some Indianisms.

(*a*) *Have you taken your meals?* Why we use the plural in this connection it is difficult to say, seeing that

we rarely take more than one meal at a time. *Have you had your food?* would be a better way of putting it. An Englishman asking this question would specify the meal, e.g., *Have you had your dinner? Have you had your tea?* The point is, perhaps, that we do not distinguish between the two meals of the day, whereas Englishmen do. They not only have breakfast and dinner, but lunch and tea as well. Note that when we do distinguish between the meals, we use the singular, e.g., *night meal, midday meal.*

(*b*) *My husband wanted to buy two floor-carpets yesterday, but he forgot to take his money-purse.* In England *carpets* are used only on the floor, and purses only for carrying money, so it is not necessary to qualify these words. In India, however, it is different. Similarly, *Bed-sheet,* which like *money-purse* is also another instance of translation.

5. Distortion of Idioms results in some very peculiar effects.

(*a*) *The lady found it very difficult to make both her ends meet.* (Both ends.)

(*b*) *I am not on talking terms with him.* (Speaking terms.)

(*c*) *There was a pin-drop silence.* (This kind of silence is very common in India.)

(*d*) *I wanted to run away, but he held me by the hand and would not leave off.* (*Let go* is what is meant. *Leave off* means *discontinue, desist from.*)

(*e*) *You must stick up to him no matter what happens.* (Stick to.)

6. Official Correspondence is responsible for some incorrect expressions.

(*a*) *Please do the needful.* It is certainly convenient to say this, and is another example of an Indianism which fills a felt want in English, but is incorrect. *Please do what is necessary* should be used instead.

(*b*) *Leave was availed of at once.* Avail is a reflexive verb and cannot be used in this way. *He availed himself of leave at once,* is the proper way of putting it. An Englishman would more naturally say *He took a day off,* or, *He took the chance of a holiday.*

(*c*) *He was duly born, duly passed his B.A., was duly married, and duly died.* The insertion of the word *duly* on every possible occasion is inexplicable. Use it very sparingly.

(*d*) *Taluq-war, class-war, field-war, village-war.* Hideous compounds such as these are known only to those who labour in Government offices, and relate to tabulation work.

7. Professional Jargon, especially of the Law Courts, is no doubt responsible for many an expression that appears strange to English ears.

(*a*) The constant use of the word *property* to denote *land,* i.e., that particular kind of property known as landed property, reveals a good sense of the law, perhaps, but a bad sense of logic. It also reveals the fascination that long words have for us, e.g., *the property on which he proposed construction* for *the land on which he proposed to build.* (*Construction,* it may be noted, is the vernacular verbal noun.)

(*b*) *A hanging judge* is an occasional phenomenon in England, but the majority of magistrates in India are *trying magistrates.* No doubt they are, very!

(*c*) No distinction is made between the words *remedy* and *medicine*, which are used as synonymous. If every medicine prescribed by the doctor were a remedy the world would be a much happier place than it is.

8. Influence of 18th and 19th Century English Prose. This frequently produces in us a love for big words and involved constructions. The desire to use a long word where a short and simple one would do is fostered by Newspaper English (Journalese) which in India is still far below the standards of simplicity and style set by the best newspapers in England. What other reason can be given for such a beginning to a letter as this: "I have the honour to request that you will be so good as to furnish me with information as to whether. . . ." when it would be simpler to say: "I have the honour to enquire whether. . . ."? Johnson's fine-sounding words and Gibbon's stately periods fascinate us just as much as the sentimentalities of the Victorian novelists, and this is no doubt why most of the English prose of Indian writers is long-winded and overburdened with long words.

9. The following list of words and expressions characteristically misused by us is not exhaustive, nor do such misuses amount always to Indianisms. Many of them are Indianisms of long standing, while most of the rest are Indianisms in the making, and the student would therefore be well advised to make careful note of all of them and to avoid their incorrect use.

Ass, Donkey. *Ass* as a term for the animal is not now used. An Englishman, should he come across this animal, would say, not "There's an *ass*," but "There's a *donkey*." The word *Ass* is now used merely as a very mild term

of abuse without any specific reference to the animal named. *Don't be an ass,* or *Don't make an ass of yourself,* or even, *You ass!,* means merely, *Don't be a foolish fellow, Don't behave foolishly, You foolish fellow!* Ignorance of this has caused much indignation and resentment, for most of us are accustomed to interpret this term as an exact equivalent of the Tamil word *Kaluthai,* the Malayalam *Kazhutha,* or the Kanarese *Kaththai.*

There are a number of such other words used by the Englishman in one way, and interpreted by us in another. See *Fellow, Nonsense, Rascal.*

Being, Doing. In the sense of *to be, to do,* their use is wrong and misleading. *I gave him a rupee for being particularly attentive to his work the next day* illustrates the wrong use. Clearly *for being* should be replaced by *to be. I employed him for doing odd jobs about the house.* What is meant is that the man was employed *to do* odd jobs, but what the sentence really means is that I took him into my service as a reward for his *having done* odd jobs about the house. *For being, for doing,* etc., imply action in the past, sometimes continuing into the present, and therefore are equivalent to *for having been, for having done,* e.g., *He was punished for being impertinent, I praised him for doing his work well.*

Before. Often incorrectly used for *ago,* e.g., *I saw him one month before,* or what is still worse, *I saw him before one month.* Say *I saw him a month ago.*

Blink. Frequently used by us in the sense of *be confused,* e.g., *When I asked him a question he blinked.* This use is unknown in England. *Blink* really means

work the eyelids, e.g., *I could see him blinking in the glare of the headlights.*

Case. *In case* must be carefully distinguished from *if*, which does not mean the same thing. We often use *in case* as equivalent to *if*. *I shall take my umbrella in case it rains*, is perfectly correct, but *I shall take my umbrella if it rains* does not convey the same meaning. The first sentence implies that there is no rain at the time of starting.

Compromised. *He was compromised* is sometimes used in the sense of *He had made a compromise*, or *consented to a compromise*. This use betrays ignorance of the two very different meanings of the word *compromise*. *He was compromised* really means that he was placed in a compromising situation, *i.e.*, a false position in which his interests were endangered.

Dangerous. We hear this word frequently misused in some such way as the following:—*I hear so and so is dangerous—Both my father and my uncle have been dangerous for more than a week—I saw him when he was dangerous.* The word *dangerous* is used in these sentences in the sense of *dangerously ill*, a construction which it will not bear. *Dangerous* used in this way would imply that the person referred to is mad and that it is dangerous to approach him.

Do. *What to do?* This expression is unknown in English, though its equivalent is commonly used in French (*que faire?*), as well as in our vernaculars. We should say—*What am I (was I) to do? What is (was) to be done?—What can I (could I) do?—What could I have done?* Or affirmatively, *I was helpless.—It cannot (could not) be helped.—There was nothing I could do.*

I will do one thing. This is another equally common expression, also drawn from the vernacular. Say *I will tell you what.*

Emergent. In English *emergent* means *emerging from.* To talk of an *emergent case* in the sense of a case which requires urgent or immediate attention is erroneous. Yet the word is often used in this sense.

Enjoyed. *I enjoyed thoroughly. Enjoy* must have an object, and this expression is incorrect. *I enjoyed myself thoroughly,* or *I enjoyed the evening thoroughly* would be correct.

Family-man. *A man with a family* is very much to be preferred. (Rarely used in England and when used generally implies *humorous* reference to overburdening domestic cares.)

Fear for. Often misused for *afraid of. I fear for you* does not mean that I am afraid of you, but that *I am anxious on your behalf,* which is quite a different thing.

Fellow. This word seems to have been a term of insult about the middle of last century, but it is now a very mild expression and is often, indeed, used in an appreciative sense. See *Ass, Nonsense, Rascal.*

Females. The familiar practice of referring to women as *females* is repugnant to all thinking Indians, and is one of the worst indictments of the place which is accorded to women in Indian Society. The word *female* merely indicates *sex.* A human being belongs either to the *male* sex or the *female* sex. But to call women *females* is an outrage on decency. It implies that a woman is nothing more than an animal. The words

male and *female* serve a useful purpose when used as terms of classification according to the sexes. When so used they are correctly used. But to talk of the *females* in one's house or one's family, or what is still worse, of *female inmates*, is indecent, and humiliating, not to say obscene. Say *women*.

Fist, is never used as a verb in England. But it is commonly so used in India, e.g., *he fisted him*. Such usage is, of course, wrong. (See *Neck* below.)

Follow. *I will follow you* is often used by us in the sense of *go with you*, and this is wrong. The influence of the vernacular is no doubt traceable here also. *Follow* implies *coming after* (at a definite distance or after a definite interval), not *going with*.

From, Of. These two prepositions are generally confused in such sentences as the following:—*Sadly, I took leave from my wife. He took leave of his employer for a month.* The point to remember is that the expression *take leave of* is used in the sense of *part from* or *say goodbye to* a person, while *take leave from* is used in the sense of *obtain permission from one's employer to stop work for a time.*

From: with. In such sentences as *I parted with my friends, He was forced to part from his money*, the one preposition is used for the other. A common mistake. You part *from* people, but *with* things.

Go over there, go to you. These are common expressions, which, however, sound very strange to those accustomed to good English. In a letter in which you announce a visit, it is the commonest thing to say *I hope to go over there next week*, or in talking to a friend, *I will go to you to-morrow*. The word *come* should be

used in such contexts, e.g., *I hope to come over next week; I hope to come to Madras next month; I will come over to-morrow,* or *I will come and see you to-morrow.*

Guts. During the tennis season one frequently hears of players *bursting their guts. "I have burst two of my guts"* says one. Another complains that *all his guts have gone.* What is meant, of course, is that their *racket strings* have snapped. It is true that the strings of a racket are made from the intestines of an animal, and that this material is called *gut.* Even so, Englishmen do not talk of *gutting* their rackets, but of *stringing* them. As for *guts,* the plural, meaning the stomach and digestive apparatus generally, one simply *never* mentions such things in polite society. Note, however, the colloquial use of *guts* to mean *pluck.*

Health Phrases. *I hope you are keeping good health.* Say *enjoying good health,* or much more naturally, *I hope you are well.*

He seems very much reduced. Say *he looks much thinner,* or merely *he looks very thin* (not *lean*).

I have been in (or *on*) *sickbed.* Say *I have been ill in bed* or *I have been in bed with influenza* (etc.).

High Time. *It is high time to do something in the matter* illustrates the perfectly proper use of the expression. *High time* implies the urgent necessity, owing to delay in the past, of something that does not properly belong to them. matters to a head. But we frequently hear *neck* as a verb is used, not in this sense, but in the sense of *Fist* above.) different, as in the sentence *for college without* *the court adjourned* (quite wrongly) which there is absolutely no sense at all,

see **Ought,**

is another of those words into which g
d to take this word too literally, as meaning
in

getting late, some definite prescribed time having been reached, or exceeded, or (as in the first sentence) being about to be reached.

Hope implies *pleasurable* anticipation. In any other sense the use of the word *hope* would be wrong. *I hope to get fever soon* illustrates the wrong use of the word. *I fear I am going to have fever* would of course be the proper way of putting it. *You are going to Madras, I hope* is meaningless unless for some reason or other you wish your friend to go to Madras. I have heard some people say *How are you I hope?* the obvious intention being to ask after your health and to convey the hope that you are well. It is clear that this is a telescoped form of *How are you? I hope you are well.* The traditional answer to this question is *By your favour, all well.*

Leave in the sense of *holidays* is a usage peculiar to our country. *What are you going to do during the leave?* is a question which we hear frequently asked. Any dictionary will tell you that *leave* means nothing of the kind.

Like, Want. Noun clauses are often misused after such words as these, e.g., *We like that you come and see us. We want that you come and see us.* . . Say *We should* prepositio*to come and see us*, or *We want you to come and* You part *from* p

Go over there, go to y often used in the sense of *male* sions, which, however, sou because it means something accustomed to good English. In*mbers of my family did* announce a visit, it is the commonest t*y family*. Another *to go over there next week*, or in talkin horrid, is *family will go to you to-morrow*. The word *cosed to it*. Say

the members of his family. (cf. similar wrong use in *Syndicate members, Council members, Female Education,* etc.).

Match-Stick, Match Box. *Stick* is tacked on to *match* by analogy from the vernacular. *Match* by itself is expressive enough. *Match box* means nothing more than the box in which matches are kept. What we mean when we ask for a match box is *a box of matches,* i.e., not the box merely but the box *with* the matches. (Other familiar but incorrect expressions are *India-rubber pieces, Stamp-book,* etc.).

May is frequently misused for *Could* or *Might. May* implies that permission is granted, and is obviously inappropriate when used by a subordinate to a superior, e.g., a lecturer advising the Principal or a senior professor—*You may ask them to write their essays at home. You might tell.* . . . or *You could tell.* . . . would, of course, be the proper way of putting it. (See footnote to § 239).

Must is frequently misused in the sense of *ought to. He must have become a Collector five years ago,* means not *He ought to have* or *he should have become a Collector five years ago,* but *it is certain that he became a Collector five years ago.* The wrong use of *ought,* and *should,* for *must,* is equally common. See **Ought, Should** below.

Neck, Neck out. The use of *neck* as a verb is unknown in England. (See *Fist* above.)

Nonsense. This is another of those words into which we read a meaning that does not properly belong to them. We are inclined to take this word too literally, as meaning something in which there is absolutely no sense at all,

as equivalent therefore to idiotic, or even worse. When an Englishman calls a thing nonsense he merely means it is silly, or that it is childish, nothing more. See *Ass, Fellow, Rascal.*

No other go. *I had to do it; there was no other go.* What is meant is that there was no help for it. *I had to do it; it couldn't be helped* is the correct way of putting it. More formally one might say *I had no alternative.* The expression *No other go* is, no doubt, a corruption of *no go. It's no go* in colloquial English means *nothing can be done.*

Off is often confused with *of*, e.g., *In this way he robbed off from his friend more than ten thousand rupees.* Say *In this way he robbed his friend of more than ten thousand rupees.* (cf. *disposed off* for *dispose of*).

Omitted to, Failed to for *did not* is a common circumlocution which betrays our love for the longer word and the longer way of saying things.

On the contrary: On the other hand. We very commonly use *on the other hand*, when the context requires *on the contrary.* When two statements or ideas are directly opposed to each other, and attention is to be drawn to this opposition, the second of these statements needs to be introduced by *on the contrary*, not *on the other hand*, which merely implies contrast. The following examples illustrate their correct use:—*I did not intend any offence; on the contrary I meant to compliment you. He has not finished his essay; on the contrary he has only just begun it. That man is not my friend; on the contrary, he is my worst enemy. Pecuniary troubles on the one hand, and official worries on the other, made his life a misery. Duty required him to obey his father; on*

the other hand, love dictated a different course of action. Note that an expressed or understood *on the one hand* goes before, when *on the other hand* is used.

Ought, Should misused for *must*. We frequently say *He ought to have gone* or *he should have gone*, when we should say *he must have gone*, because all that we mean is that *it is certain that he has gone. Ought to have* and *should have* imply that it was his duty to go, but he failed to discharge that duty *and did not go.*

Past. *For the past one week.* Say *for the past week.*

Prepositions. It is not too much to say that you can judge a man's command of English by the way he manages his prepositions. Certain prepositions go with certain words, and not a few idioms depend for their vigour upon these tiny words. We frequently insert a preposition where one is not wanted, and as frequently omit one where its use is indispensable. The first list contains examples of the former, and the second of the latter.

List 1.

1. He picked *up* a quarrel with me.
2. Her anger was roused *up* by the insult.
3. He inquired *as to* whether. . . .
4. The thermometer rose *up* to 100° F.
5. Pitt was sprung *up* from a low class.
6. Scott gives *out* a good description of the battle.
7. Will you take *up* Poetry to-morrow? (*Take up* implies a new set of classes.)
8. I ordered *for* a drink.

9. Have you enough *of* money? (When *enough* is used as an adjective, as here, *of* should be omitted. *Of* has to be added only when *enough* is used as a noun, *e.g.*, I have had *enough of* this.)
10. There is no use *of* sending. (It is no use sending, or There is no use *in* sending.)
11. They discussed *about* the matter.

List 2.

(This list includes also instances of the dropping out of Articles and Pronouns.)

1. He replied me in the negative. Say *replied to me.* The mistake is made on a false analogy with *answered.* (*He answered in the negative*).
2. Will you fight this cause? (fight *for*).
3. He is a man who keeps appearances (keeps *up*).
4. He is unable to move from bed (from *his bed*).
5. The magistrate passed order (passed *an* order). (Vernacular again.)
6. The evidence must be considered as utter falsehood (*an* utter).
7. He enquired him (*of* him).
8. They were talking something (*about* or *of* something).
9. He sided him (sided *with* him).

Pulling on Well. *They are pulling on well.* Say *pulling well together. Pulling together* = working in harmony. Note that the common expression *Pulling on* (he is pulling on) in the sense of *getting on somehow* is unknown in England.

Purchase is rarely used in England in the sense of *buy*. It is used only in the figurative sense, e.g., *He purchased victory by sacrifice*. We use *purchase* when *we mean buy*, and actually prefer the longer word.

Put up. *He puts himself up at. . . .* or *He is put up at. . . .* are both wrong. *He is putting up at. . . .* is the correct way of expressing this idea. (To be used sparingly). *Put up* in England implies a temporary lodging.

Rascal. At one time the word *rascal* was a term of grave reproach similar to *blackguard*. But it has gradually lost most of its sting. Used in familiar and friendly speech between people who know one another it has no offensive signification whatever. On the contrary it is an indication of intimacy.

Rather Very is very commonly used in this state of combination. The two words are intended to strengthen one another. Actually they cancel out. *Rather* means *not very, a little, somewhat*. To say that a person was *rather very tired* is equivalent to saying that he was *somewhat very tired*, which is meaningless. The meaning intended is that the person was *extremely tired*. *Rather very* does not convey this meaning, however.

Reading. *I am reading in the sixth form.* Say *I am in the sixth form.* But *I am reading for Honours* is correct.

Sceneries. *I hope you enjoyed the beautiful sceneries at Ooty. Scenery* implies the total effect of *many scenes*. If a plural is wanted say *bits of scenery*, or better, *scenes*. Other instances of our using the plural are *Meals, Drainages, Advices. Drainage* means a system of drains. The only possible plural for this would be

drainage systems. Advices is used only in a commercial sense. The plural of *advice* in any other sense would have to be *pieces of advice*, or better, *much advice*. (See above for *meals*).

Sick. Like Americans and a good many Scotchmen we frequently use this word predicatively (e.g., *I am sick, my brother fell sick*), in the sense of suffering from some bodily disorder. Such usage is wrong, for in modern English this sense has been transferred to the word *ill*. Say *I am ill, he fell ill, my brother is ill*, etc. *Sick* is now used predicatively to mean *vomiting* or *ready to vomit*, or to denote the mental state of weariness, boredom, or disgust, e.g.,

"I am half sick of shadows, said
The Lady of Shallot."

Note however that it is still used attributively in the original sense, e.g., *a sick friend, sick children, etc.*

Since is often misused for *for*. *I have worked here since one year* is incorrect because the preposition which denotes duration of time is *for*, not *since*. Say, *I have worked here for one year.*

The point to be noted is that *since* has the force of *from a point of time specified in the past*, e.g., *since last Christmas, since last Sunday, since yesterday afternoon*, etc. This being the case the verb denoting action from that point of time onwards, to a moment in the present or to an intermediate moment, has necessarily to be either in the Perfect Tense or the Past Tense, e.g.:—*There have been no quarrels since his return from England. There had been no quarrel since then until this event happened. I have worked here since then.* The Present Tense with *since* would be meaningless. *I am working*

here since then, Since yesterday he is better, are incorrect. Say *I have been working* or *I have worked*, and *has been better.*

In these examples *since* is a preposition. Note that *since* can be used as an adverbial conjunction and as a simple adverb also, e.g.:—*We shall say no more about it since you have apologised.* (Conj.). *I have not met him since.* (Adv.). The question of tense does not arise when *since* is used as a conjunction.

Soon is often misused for *quickly*. *Soon* is a question of time, *quickly*, of pace or speed. Thus it would be quite correct to say *he walked quickly* or *he wrote quickly*, but *he walked soon* or *he wrote soon* is wrong. *He returned soon* implies that he went and came back in a short while. *He returned quickly* merely tells one that his return was made quickly, i.e., he executed the return journey at a quick pace.

Take. *When do you take your bed?* Say *When do you go to bed?* The influence of the vernacular again, I suspect.

Take Leave. *I shall take leave.* This is a very common expression in India. We frequently use it when we are about to say goodbye. Say *I think I must be going, goodbye*, or *I am afraid I must go*, or *I am afraid I must be going*, or something to that effect. Much depends on the degree of intimacy.

Too is often mistaken as equivalent to *very*. *The Victorian era produced too many statesmen of high character. I liked him too much.* The mistake is due to ignorance of the fact that *too*, which is really equivalent to *more than necessary*, implies an *undesirable excess* of a thing.

Turn Turtle. *The witnesses turned turtle.* What is meant is that they went back on their statement. To express it in this way, however, is ridiculous.

Used to is frequently used wrongly as an auxiliary to form a *present* tense denoting habitual action. *We used to take our meals at eight p.m.* Say *we generally dine at eight* or *we generally take our food at eight. Used to* implies a habit which once prevailed, but has been discontinued.

There is an *archaic* use of *use to* in Elizabethan English, e.g., *Be merciful unto me as thou usest to do unto such as love thy Name;* and there is a *modern* use of *to be used to* followed not by an Infinitive but by a noun (often a verbal noun) with the sense *to be accustomed to, to be in the habit of,* e.g., *I am not used to hard work* (accustomed to), *We are not used to drinking wine* (in the habit of).

Verbs present a great many difficulties. These difficulties are discussed more fully in Chapter XXIV. The following list contains examples of a few of the more glaring errors. 1, 2, 3 and 4 show how verbs accompanied by prepositions require careful handling, and illustrate common mistakes. 5 shows our strange preference for the passive voice. 6, 7 and 8 illustrate how we frequently misuse tenses of verbs. 9 deals with the misuse of the Verbal Noun.

1. *They foisted him with the thing* (foisted the thing on him).

2. *He disposed it off* (he disposed of it).

3. *He tore it off. He tore it up. Off* should be used only if the thing torn was off a wall or board or something similar. Tore it *up* means tore it into *pieces.*

4. *I picked the bones. I picked up the bones.* There is a great deal of difference between the two.

5. *It is not understood. . . . It should be reported.* This evasiveness is regrettable. Use the Active voice wherever possible. It is more direct and more forcible.

6. *I am* for *I have been. I am record keeper from 1907. Have been* implies that you are still record keeper, and there need not be any anxiety on this score.

7. *Had been, had gone. I had been to Madras last week, I had gone to Ooty this year.* These sentences illustrate a very common misuse of these expressions. Say *I went. . . .* The pluperfect *had been, had gone* relates to some action of the past anterior in reference to some other past action mentioned. The following sentences illustrate their correct use: *I had gone to Madras when you called, I had been to Ooty when you met me at Coimbatore.*

8. *Would. I hope you would do it.* This is a typical example of an error in tense-sequence into which even well educated people fall. The use of *would* requires the use of the past tense in the principal clause. *I hoped you would do it.* There is perhaps no mistake more common than this. (But *I wish you would do it* is correct).

9. *Verbal noun misused*:

(*a*) instead of the infinitive, especially after *know*, e.g., *Do you know swimming?* Say either *Do you know how to swim?* or *Can you swim? I have to be absent for attending a funeral* is another instance. Say *to attend.*

(*b*) with *for* instead of a noun, e.g., *we go for walking.* Say *we are going for a walk.*

Vomit is considered an indelicate word, and is therefore not used. (See note on *Sick* above). An elegant variation is *He cannot keep anything down.*

What If? Say *why not?* or *what does it matter?* This is certainly better English.

Wish. It is a common mistake among us to use this word as though it could stand by itself. It cannot. *I wished him when I saw him* is meaningless. It should be *I wished him good evening when I saw him.* Otherwise say *I greeted him when I saw him,* or *I saluted him.*

Why not we go? It is quite good English to say *Why not go?,* but to interpose a noun or pronoun between *not* and *go* is to make it an Indianism. Say *Why should we not go?* or *Why shouldn't we go?*

10. Some idea of the necessity of correcting ourselves on such points as these, will have now become apparent. It is obvious that even as things are to-day, the peculiarity of some of our expressions is so pronounced that there is a good deal of room for misunderstanding and confusion. If we are to speak good English it must be our duty to take careful note of such expressions as are likely to cause misunderstanding, and to avoid their use.

CHAPTER II

THE CORRECT USE OF WORDS

11. No writer worth the name makes a conscious effort while at work to employ the rules of grammatical construction, any more than a man who can ride a bicycle or drive a motor-car makes a conscious effort to keep his balance or to pull the proper levers. Practice has so perfected him that these things come automatically. In the beginning, of course, he experiences great difficulty. Each movement of hand or eye or foot requires his undivided attention, and is made with careful premeditation. Soon, however, he learns to synchronise these movements and to do quite a number of things at the same time. The cyclist is able to keep his balance, pedal, steer, ring the bell, as well as keep a look-out for possible obstructions. Similarly, the motorist quickly learns to work hand and foot together when changing gear, without taking his eyes from the road. After a time these movements become mechanical, and no conscious effort is needed to make them. In the same manner one learns the rules of grammar and of grammatical construction while acquiring the principles of the language. Laboriously we pick our way through adverbial modifications and adjectival clauses; even more laboriously we strive to parse and to analyse, to distinguish between different types of sentences, and to probe the mysteries that keep a paragraph together. But once we know what these things are, and practice has stamped these rules and regulations firmly in our mind, they form part of our mental equipment and trouble us no further;

we obey the rules, automatically as it were, pausing to consider them only when in doubt.

What the writer strives after, when this stage has been reached, is *expression*. His aim is to present his thoughts in the most striking, the most original, and the most attractive manner. He tries, in other words, to invest his writing with a sense of *style*. When that style becomes his own, when, as Gibbon says, it "becomes the image of his mind," when he gives to it an individuality, not (it may be) definable but recognizable by others, then it becomes an expression of his personality. This is what the French mean by saying, *le style c'est l'homme meme*, and conversely, *l'homme meme c'est le style*. The style is the man, and the man is the style.

Different writers employ different styles. To revert for a moment to our analogy of the motorist (which of course must not be pressed too far) one motorist habitually drives fast, another very slowly and cautiously, a third makes a good deal of noise with his gears, a fourth moves smoothly and at a moderate speed, a fifth goes in for "stunts," and so on. Similarly, we might speak of Chesterton's style as paradoxical, of Wells's as argumentative, of Shaw's as conversational, of Carlyle's as rugged, of Addison's as elegant, of Bacon's as epigrammatic or sententious. Style thus becomes identified ultimately with the personality of the writer.

Ultimately: for the beginner, however, the immediate necessity is to acquire a good style, *i.e.*, a way of writing that shall be *clear*, *simple*, *direct* and *concise*. He may give it the individual note and make it the expression of his personality, afterwards, if he can.

Now a good style requires the knowledge of something

more than the rules of grammar. It requires (1) a good vocabulary, and (2) a knowledge of the correct use of words.

12. A Good Vocabulary. The only means of acquiring a good vocabulary is constant and careful reading. There is a kind of reading, hurried, casual, unthinking, which leaves little or no impression on the mind. In this way one reads newspapers or trashy novels just for the sake of the matter or the story. For your purpose this sort of reading is worse than useless. If you wish to improve your vocabulary you must read good books, standard authors, writers of acknowledged standing and repute, and read with concentration and care, understanding and appreciating what you read. This kind of reading will require the constant use of a good dictionary. It is worth the trouble. Look up every word that is strange to you, or of the meaning of which you are not sure. Study the use of such words, how and in what context they are used, and keep a special note-book in which to set down the information for future reference. It is only by this necessarily slow and laborious process that you can build up a good vocabulary. No one is born with a ready knowledge of the words in a language, nor is there any royal road to it. Read wisely and with care. That is the only way. The more trouble you take, the greater your reward.

13. The Correct Use of Words. A good vocabulary alone is not enough. You may know all the words in the dictionary and yet write a very bad style. What you need to know is their correct use, when, how, and where they should be used. English is a language capable of expressing the finest shades of thought and feeling, and

you are often in a difficulty to select just the right word to express your idea, the *most juste* as the French term it. The dictionary may give you several meanings to a word, or you may be faced with a number of synonyms. How are you to decide which word to choose for your purpose?

Only careful reading and practice in writing will enable you to distinguish the nice shades of meaning and pick out just the right word that your context demands. "Reading," says Bacon, "maketh a full man, writing, an *exact* man." And Gibbon tells us that "the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise." In this respect Mr. Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* and a good dictionary of synonyms which analyses the differences, should prove of great assistance. "A writer's concern with synonyms is two-fold" says Mr. Fowler. "He requires first the power of calling up the various names under which the idea he has to express can go; everyone has this in some degree; everyone can develop his gift by exercise. Secondly, he requires the power of choosing correctly out of the group at his command, which depends on his realising the differences between its items."

The beginner, for example, may not see the distinction between such terms as *boldness, daring, audacity; piteous, pitiable, pitiful; advent, arrival; person, individual; aggravate, annoy, vex; mutual, common; chronic, severe; feasible, possible; voluntary, deliberate; immanent, imminent; official, officious; affect, effect; between, among; farther, further; compliment, complement.* By hearing careless persons use such words indiscriminately, he may even be tempted to think that there is no difference between them. And yet the distinction is there, some-

times very pronounced indeed, as the careful student will find sooner or later.

14. Terms which are likely to be confused one with another fall, really speaking, into four classes:—

(1) *Words similar in form and meaning:* e.g.:—

Further, Farther. The use of the word *further* is more common, *farther* as the comparative of *far*, being used only when distance is in question. The latter is employed in the more literal sense, the former in the more abstract sense. Thus, "He did not require any further bidding."—"Have you much farther to go?" The distinction, however, is not very clear, the modern tendency being in favour of the use of *further*. Note that as a verb, *further* is always used in preference to *farther*. "He could do nothing *to further* his ambition."

Continual, Continuous. *Continual* implies not coming to an end, though there may be breaks in the action. *Continuous* implies no break between the beginning and the end, which need not necessarily be long-deferred.

Lay, Lie. *Lay, laid, laid,* is transitive, and takes an object, "The hen *laid* an egg." "You must *lay* the book down." *Lie, lay, lain* is intransitive. "He *lay* on the straw." "They should have *lain* down to protect themselves." (Note *Lie, lied, lied* means something entirely different and is used transitively as well as intransitively. He *lied* to me. He *lied* my good name away.)

(2) *Words similar in form only:* e.g.:—

Deprecate, Depreciate. *Deprecate* means express one's disapproval, usually of some action. *Depreciate* means disparage, lower in value.

Factious (turbulent, rebellious); **Facetious** (waggish, jocular); **Factitious** (artificial).

Immanent (in-dwelling); **Imminent** (over-hanging, threatening).

Ingenious (clever, skilful, inventive); **Ingenuous** (frank, open).

Official (connected with office or duties of office); **Officious** (meddlesome; used in Diplomacy to mean *informal, without prejudice*).

Compliment (expression of admiration or civility); **Complement** (that which fills up or completes).

Provident (thrifty, showing foresight); **Providential** (referable to divine care, strikingly opportune).

(3) *Words similar in meaning only*: e.g.:—

Advent, Arrival. The former is used only in connection with the arrival of some person or thing of admitted importance.

Between, Among. *Between* is used when only two people are in question. It may be used, however, for any number when there is mutual action. *Among* is used when more than two people are referred to. "The chocolates were divided *between* the two sisters." "There was a fierce quarrel *between* the three brothers." —"I distributed the money *among* the four beggars."

Boldness, Daring. Audacity, Courage. *Courage* is a complimentary attribute, usually permanent. "He is a man of courage." *Boldness* not always complimentary, is usually transient, suggestive of a rising to the occasion. "His boldness during the fire"—"I made bold to"—*Daring* suggests rashness, and *Audacity* has a strong flavour of impudence.

Person, Individual. *Individual* in the sense of *single person* should be used only when there is some idea of comparison with a crowd or body of people. "Where the safety of the nation is concerned the comfort of the individual (or individuals) must be ignored." This is correct, but in "an individual who has been of great help to the public" and "these remarks were made by a number of angry individuals" substitute *person* and *people* respectively.

Feasible, Possible. A thing is *feasible* when it is capable of being accomplished. *Possible* includes this in a much wider range of meaning. The former should be used only when it removes ambiguity. It is a mistake to confuse it carelessly with *possible* or *probable*. "A counter-attack is possible" may mean either (1) that it may happen, or (2) that it may be accomplished. If the latter is the meaning intended, *feasible* is the more correct word as it avoids ambiguity. But to say "this is the only feasible explanation" or "it is feasible that the Government will give in," where the proper word should be *possible* or *probable*, is absurd.

(4) *Words similar neither in form nor in meaning*: e.g.:—

Aggravate, Annoy. *Aggravate* implies addition to evils or troubles already existent. "The noise aggravated him" is therefore wrong. "The noise aggravated his complaint" is correct.

Chronic, Severe. *Chronic* (Gk. Chronos, *time*) means something long-standing (of disease), permanent (of invalid). It is a sign of illiteracy to confuse it with *severe* which means intense, acute.

Asset, Advantage. The word *asset* is frequently misused. Its real meaning is (Fr. *assez*, enough) that which is enough to meet liabilities. It is used very loosely and incorrectly to mean a variety of things. "His top-spin service was uniformly successful, and this *asset* (advantage) enabled him to win easily." "Long hands are *something of an asset* (serviceable) in Cricket." "A clear head is a *distinct asset* (great help) in an examination."

Mutual, Common. *Mutual* implies reciprocity. *Common* implies something shared by or affecting all those concerned alike. *Mutual friend* has gained currency, though it is wrong, from the novel by Dickens. Mutual admiration, mutual love, are correct phrases, but "the mutual enemy of India" should be "the common enemy."

The beginner is recommended, as a useful exercise, to write down as many sets of synonymous or partly synonymous words as he can, and to study the application of the words in each set by linking them to suitable terms. Take for example the words, *courageous, bold, daring, audacious, spirited, impudent.* Let him use them as adjectives with likely nouns. *A courageous soul. A bold attack. A daring rescue. An audacious fellow. A spirited reply. An impudent look.* Let him next interchange the adjectives and see to what extent they are appropriate or incongruous. He should go on doing this, until the exact meaning of each of the adjectives becomes quite clear, and is well impressed on the mind.

15. A knowledge of the correct use of words implies the capacity to avoid the use of words and phrases, which for one reason or another may be unsuitable or undesirable. A safe general principle is never to use a word or phrase likely to be unfamiliar to educated persons, one *i.e.*, which will require a footnote of explanation. The following directions about what to avoid, are based, mainly, on this principle. **Avoid** (1) *Pedantry;* (2) *Archaic words;* (3) *Newly coined words;* (4) *Foreign*

phrases; (5) *Technical terms;* (6) *Vulgarisms, Colloquialisms, Vernacularisms, Slang;* (7) *Mixed metaphors;* (8) *Tautology, Repetition,* (9) *Pleonasm;* (10) *Journalese;* (11) *Hackneyed phrases.* Let us consider each of these in some detail.

16. Pedantry. Pedantry consists in using difficult or obscure terms* just for the sake of showing off one's knowledge, when simpler words would do quite as well. Simplicity, let it be remembered, is the hall-mark of a good style. It implies clearness of *thought* as well as of *expression.* If you know exactly what to set down, your object should be to express it in the clearest possible manner, and you would naturally choose the simplest language because you desire to convey your thoughts to the mind of your reader as clearly as possible. Difficulties of vocabulary or grammar would obviously defeat this purpose, and you should seek to avoid them. The chief merit of the greatest writers is their lucidity. It is those who are not clear themselves about what they wish to say that employ a maze of high-sounding words to hide their lack of ideas, or what is worse, the confused condition of their mind.

Be *simple,* therefore, in your language. Where a simple word or phrase will serve your purpose don't use a difficult one. And generally where one word is enough, don't use two.

Thus you should prefer *begin* to *commence, spread* to *propagate, house* to *residence, went to bed* to *retired to*

* The longer words in English, the —isms and the —ologies are generally words of Latin or Greek origin while the shorter simpler words are of Teutonic origin. Pedantry, therefore, largely consists in the use of long learned words of foreign extraction in preference to simpler native derivatives.

rest, renewal to *recrudescence, happened* to *transpired* (in the sense of leak out, become known), *use* to *utilise, consists of* to *resolves itself into, my best* to *the utmost in my power, bad weather* to *unfavourable climatic conditions, showed great fear* to *exhibited symptoms of profound apprehension,* and so on.

Sometimes a big word is preferable, because in the long run it is simpler than an awkward round-about phrase expressive of the same idea. Thus it may be simpler to say *ubiquitous* or *reciprocity* or *sanctimonious* than *which is found everywhere,* or *condition expressing mutual relation,* or *making a show of piety.* Such round-about expressions are explanatory, but they make clumsy substitutes.

It is worth noting that simplicity does not necessarily involve the use of the simple sentence. The beginner should of course learn to write in short simple sentences. He will soon realise, however, that simplicity and clearness may be achieved even when long and complex sentences are used provided they are well managed, *i.e.,* well balanced, with clauses and phrases placed properly and arranged in the right sequence.

17. Archaic Words. The English language is a great living organism. It is constantly changing, some parts of it grow old and feeble and die, while new parts are always coming into existence. Sooner or later, those words and phrases which have outlived their purposes or their meaning, have lost their soul as it were, are dropped from the language. The writer of good prose avoids such *archaic* words because they have become obsolete, old-fashioned, and dropped out of use. Here are a few examples:—*methinks, right gently, I bethought*

me, albeit, howbeit, parlous, perchance, surcease, ere, erstwhile, hither, whither, heretofore, eke, I wot, yclept, quoth, thereat, it irks me, beshrew me, derring-do, gotten, certes, peradventure.

Archaic words are deliberately employed by some writers (1) when writing of a past time, so as to create the atmosphere of the period, *e.g.*, by Thackeray, Scott, Blackmore, William Morris; (2) in light humorous composition, *e.g.*, by F. W. Thomas, P. G. Wodehouse. Beginners who cannot trust their sense of fitness or congruity should have nothing to do with such words. "Thrust into a commonplace context to redeem its ordinariness, they are an abomination," says Mr. Fowler.

18. Newly Coined Words: Neologisms. Just as old words die and fall out of use, so new ones are born, and after a period of trial are added to the language. The process is a slow one, but nevertheless it goes on and is going on under our very eyes. New words are coined chiefly to meet the needs of the advancing times by scientists and inventors for their discoveries and inventions (*radium, gramophone, photograph, telephone*); by tradespeople for their goods (*Kodak, Bovril, Margarine*); by authors to express an idea for which no word exists (*bowdlerise, suffragette*); by light-hearted people who bring a word into fashion because it sounds forcible or pleasing (*highbrow, profiteer*). The words that have been instanced were neologisms at one time, but they have been accepted and have come into general use. They have been adopted into the language.

There are, however, a good many other words, which have not been so adopted—as yet; *e.g.*, *quod, graft,*

earth, listening-in, blotto, spiritism, insuccess, intellectualist, indifferentism, peckish, frothblower. These are neologisms proper, newly coined words which are on their trial. In course of time, just as *aeroplane* and *motorcar* and *suffragette* have come to be recognised, some of these also will be taken into the language. Naturally, in this process of assimilation, words connected with inventions, such as *television, listening-in,* are likely to get recognition sooner than others.

Neologisms are to be avoided, because to a reader of good taste they are almost always offensive. Using a neologism or an archaic word is like putting a weak link into an otherwise reliable chain.

19. Technical Terms. Words, or phrases used in connection with any particular industry, trade, or branch of knowledge, are called technical terms. They may be classed under two heads:—

(1) Terms which by constant use have become so familiar that their technical character has been lost, *e.g., plaintiff, mortgage, camouflage, zenith, alibi, aerial, affidavit, sonnet, head-phone, torso, petal, acid, alkali, operetta, soprano, appendicitis, alias, axiom, corollary, hypotenuse.* The use of such terms is permitted in good prose because it does not involve loss in clearness. Even so they should be used sparingly.

(2) Terms which the ordinary educated person will not understand without an explanation, *e.g., asyndeton* (omission of conjunctions for effect), *epode* (concluding part of Greek choruses), *burin* (an engraving tool), *diaper* (figured linen), *stipple* (dots used in engravings), *draff* (dregs of malt after brewing), *catalysis* (accelerat-

ed decomposition or recomposition of a substance) *jamb* (sidepost of door or fireplace), *perclose* (screen round a tomb), *lugsail* (nautical), *barratry* (legal, for cheating).

Such terms as these, belonging to the sectional vocabulary of a science, trade, sect, or game, and ugly-sounding or difficult to understand, are classed under Jargon. No good stylist will allow them to creep into his writing. They are therefore to be carefully avoided, unless your essay is on some technical subject. Nobody will understand what you mean by them if you do not take the trouble to explain their meaning, and that is often a bother; nor do they improve your style.

20. Foreign Phrases. These may also be classed under two heads:—

(1) Current words and phrases borrowed from a foreign language, which have no exact equivalents in English, and are familiar to educated people, *e.g.*, *raison d'être* (reason for existence), *status quo* (existing state of affairs), *tête à tête* (conversation between two), *alma mater* (fostering mother—University), *sub rosa* (secretly), *Deus ex machina* (providential interposition), *bona fide* (in good faith), *enfant terrible* (child that annoys by untimely remarks).

(2) Words and phrases borrowed from a foreign language which are unfamiliar, and the sense of which might be expressed equally well, if not better, in English, *e.g.*, *facile princeps* (easily the first), *amour propre* (self love), *dolce far niente* (pleasant idleness), *fait accompli* (thing already done), *non compos mentis* (of unsound mind), *modus operandi* (manner of operation), *soi-disant* (self-styled).

Those belonging to the first class are permissible in good writing, but are to be avoided as a general rule, because they do not add to the attractiveness of one's style. In no circumstances, however, should a foreign idiom be literally translated. *Under the rose* for *sub rosa,* or *head to head* for *tête à tête* sounds ridiculous.

Those belonging to the second class are positively objectionable, and should under no conditions be used. They make one's language both affected and inane. Mark Twain throws exquisite ridicule upon this class of writer (generally a certain type of journalist) in his *A Tramp Abroad* (Chapter XXX). Read what he has to say and you will be permanently cured of this tendency if you happen to be so afflicted.

21. Vulgarisms — Colloquialisms — Slang — Commercialisms — Vernacularisms. Good prose aims at dignity of style as well as clearness, and in good prose these should find no place. What may not be written, may, however, be used in conversation by educated persons, though even here there are some expressions which are frankly inadmissible. It is interesting to note that some expressions now used only in speech may in course of time attain sufficient respectability to be admitted into the language.

Vulgarisms are expressions, frankly ungrammatical or unrefined, which an educated person would never use, e.g., *kid* (for child), *turn* (fright), *bread basket* (stomach), *uncommon* (for uncommonly), *was you ill* (for were), *I am that tired* (very), *I feel bad* (unwell), *nip along* (run away).

Colloquialisms are more respectable. They are expressions which may be used in conversation by

educated persons without offending against good taste, e.g., *awfully, rub it in, you had better do this, enjoy yourself, right away, turn up, get one's back up, play second fiddle, lick into shape, by a long chalk, look him up, on the loose, the devil to pay, take down a peg, come a cropper, it's me, by this means, someone else's, peter out, in the wrong box, to go the whole hog, in the pink, go west.*

Slang. Words and phrases are sometimes invented in order to be humorous, or forcible, or vivid. Very often they are expressive, sometimes of course they are merely silly. Stylists look severely down upon slang, but in spite of them some words and phrases once classed as slang have won a footing in the spoken, and occasionally in the written language, e.g., *zoo, photo, mob, cab, taxi, piano, bus.* The following are examples of slang:—

All serene (all right); *half-baked* (silly); *off his own bat* (on his own account); *a blue funk* (state of terrified expectation); *a blue moon* (rare phenomenon); *a bob* (shilling); *done brown* (hoodwinked completely); *cave in* (succumb); *to chew the rag* (be sullen and abusive); *to chop yarns* (tell stories); *to chuck up* (abandon, surrender); *to chum up with* (make friendly advances to); *cock of the walk* (chief in a small circle); *to cotton to a person*; *to cut and run* (go off quickly); *play the deuce with* (disorganize, ruin); *what the dickens* (emphatic what); *no end of a fellow* (very fine); *fork out* (hand out); *blow the gaff* (inform against); *grub* (food); *buck up*; *look out*; *how much?* (ironical for, what?) *light out* (make off); *lump it* (dislike anything); *mind your eye* (be careful); *mug up* (get by heart); *get the needle* (get irritated); *never say die* (don't despair); *no go* (of no use); *O. K.* (all correct); *out-and-outer* (thorough-going fellow); *pan out*; *keep up one's pecker*; *peg* (drink of brandy and water—short for peg in one's coffin); *pitch a yarn*; *dibs* (money); *polish off*; *go to pot* (be ruined); *in quod* (prison); *on the rocks* (hard up); *rum* (peculiar); *settle his hash* (kill); *shell out* (pay); *kick the bucket* (die); *slap up* (very fine); *snuff out* (die); *get spliced* (married); *to split* (inform against); *what's the ticket* (what's to be done); *tin* (money); *tip the wink* (signal); *make tracks* (go off); *tuck into* (eat heartily); *turn turtle* (capsize); *twig* (comprehend); *up a tree*; *in a hole*; *in the soup*; *in a wax* (angry); *walk into* (scold); *on the hop* (moving)

The use of slang makes a conversation lively, but too much of it should be avoided.

Commercialisms. These are terms (often abbreviations) used in business. The tendency to allow them to creep into other writing should be checked. Examples are, *as per arrangement* (say according to), *per man* (to each man), *party* (person or man), *the said person* (legal) *re* (in reference to, or in regard to), *to write someone* (to write to someone), *the same* (it).

Vernacularisms. Most Indian students are in the habit of thinking in the vernacular and then translating their thoughts into English. If a good command of English is the aim of the student, this practice should be given up. Among other things it has been responsible for many curious turns of phrase, which are not English at all. The term Indianism might be applied to such expressions as *I am going to go* (for about to go, or propose to go), *I am keeping quiet* (I am doing nothing, or, I am unemployed), *What you are doing?* (what are you doing?). See § 3 for further examples.

22. Mixed Metaphors. The chief merit of a metaphor is that it gives vividness to the meaning by calling up a picture. Since it consists of an implied comparison, you should be careful not to compare the same thing to two or more different and incongruous objects in the same sentence. This is sometimes done owing to carelessness. *He was a lion in war and sailed into battle with unbridled fury.* Here a man is compared to a lion, a ship, and a horse, in one breath, and the effect, if you pause to think, is ridiculous. Shakespeare's classic line *to take up arms against a sea of troubles,* can, it is true, be explained away, but it remains a glaring

example of mixed metaphors to those not aware of the explanation. The following are further examples:—

(1) *He put the crux of the matter in a nutshell* ("*Crux*" means "cross" and can hardly go into a nutshell).

(2) *I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; but I will nip it in the bud.*

(3) *The stream of his thoughts soared into the sky, only to flutter back to the ground, and walk the earth again.*

A little careful thinking while writing, and a little careful revision afterwards, will help you to avoid mixing your metaphors.

23. Tautology: Repetition. This is a symptom that reveals the careless slip-shod writer. The deliberate repetition of a word or phrase sometimes makes a sentence more effective, more emphatic (see § 55), but the careless and unintentional repetition of words or sounds or phrases not only weakens the effect but spoils the style. Tautology is the term (of reproach) applied to such repetition. Here are some examples which should show you what to avoid:—

(1) Athletic sports are (still (far *from*) free *from* danger.

(2) He is one *of* the founders (*of* the study) *of* the origin *of* disease.

(3) I know *that* (you feel *that*) nothing (*that* can be done) can be of any avail.

(4) The *probability* of *stability* in such an *eventuality* is not to be hoped for.

(5) They *blunder* where *blunter* minds go undismayed.

(6) The article runs to *several* columns but *several* points have been made clear. (Observe that the use of the same word

in different senses does not redeem the sentence from the fault of tautology.)

(7) His first attempt was *unsuccessful, but it was succeeded* by a *succession* of further attempts the last of which was attended with *success*.

24. Pleonasm: Redundancy consists in the use of unnecessary words, *i.e.*, in the use of more words than are required to convey the sense intended. Though this kind of writing is sometimes deliberately used for the sake of effect (e.g., *lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears*) it is dangerous in unskilful hands and should be carefully avoided. Examples of Pleonasm are:—

(1) The use of such pairs of words as *unless and until, save and except, each and every, if and when, in any shape or form, more or less, of any sort or kind.*

(2) The use of such redundant phrases as *more preferable, equally as, continue to remain, both as well as, while, at the same time, but however, just as well, in case of.*

(3) The use of redundant words in a sentence, *e.g.*, He *again* made *another* attack; His ambitions were *limited only* to his sphere of life.

(4) The careless redundant use of such phrases as: *so to speak, as it were, such as it is, let us say, not to mention, etc.*

(5) The redundant use of adjectives: *e.g.*, "a *fine bright sunny* morning," where two of the terms are redundant.

25. Hackneyed Expressions: Clichés. The use of these suggests lack of originality. To shine in borrowed plumes is not altogether creditable; nor is it desirable; particularly, when one realises how quickly the shine wears off. This is the fate of all those who make a habit of using conventional phrases and all too familiar quotations: where they desire to be impressive, pointed,

or emphatic, they merely achieve flatness and bore their readers.

Unfortunately this is a habit into which one falls unless a determined effort is made to check it. Here are a few expressions so hackneyed by constant use that they have practically lost all their force:—

More sinned against than sinning; not wisely but too well; more in sorrow than in anger; the long arm of coincidence; the cup that cheers but not inebriates; the feast of reason and the flow of soul; conspicuous by absence; a consummation devoutly to be wished; take in each other's washing; there's the rub; filthy lucre; in durance vile; tell it not in Gath; to be or not to be; the fragrant weed; the madding crowd; the irony of fate; balm in Gilead; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; the powers that be; guide, philosopher, and friend; beggars description; thick as thieves; drunk as a lord; too much of a good thing.

When phrases of this kind come into the writer's mind they should be taken as a sign that he is writing bad stuff; otherwise he would not need such help.

A good many of these expressions may not even be known (far less familiar) to Indian students, and their natural tendency in the first glow of discovering such expressions would be to use them as often as possible to show off their knowledge. They are none the less hackneyed for that reason.

The best advice is to stop and think over any phrase or expression that strikes you as too familiar or likely to be too familiar to your reader. Find out whether it conveys exactly the idea you have in mind; the probability is that you will discover it is merely a phrase to which your ear has become accustomed, and that you can express your meaning better in your own words.

26. Journalese. The best class of journalism is characterised by simplicity, directness, feeling, taste, and precision in the use of words, and is therefore synonymous with good writing. The literary level of leaders in the *London Times*, or the *Manchester Guardian*, or the *Daily Telegraph*, is very high indeed, and such as is attained only by the best writers. The truth is that the editorial staff of the best English newspapers is now composed, or can command the service, of men who have achieved, or are achieving, prominence in the field of letters, and the efforts of such writers as G. K. Chesterton, A. G. Gardiner, Robert Lynd, E. V. Lucas, Hilaire Belloc and H. G. Wells, have set the highest possible standard in journalism.

But there still persists, and will persist as long as editors are careless and half starved reporters are paid by the line or the inch, a type of journalism based on circumlocution, and full of errors in thought and diction. This is natural, for the penny-a-liner has often to write against time, and usually gets no chance of revision. Secondly, the more words he employs to describe a fact or an idea, and the more the number of meaningless phrases or sentences he throws in, the more 'copy' he makes and the more payment he receives. To the language employed by such journalists, vague, slip-shod, filled with jargon and circumlocution, the disparaging term *Journalese* is applied. Good, experienced journalists, resent the application of such a term to their own writing, and very properly, because Journalese stands for (1) want of directness, (2) looseness in expression, (3) padding, (4) vagueness due to the habitual choice of woolly abstract nouns in preference to concrete ones, (5) the lack of

simplicity owing to verbiage, and (6) the use of slang, hackneyed phrases, jargon. Here are some examples of Journalese taken from the newspapers:—

(1) His conduct betrayed an utter want of sense and a complete absence of all intelligible motive. (*He behaved like a fool.*)

(2) There seems to have been an entire lack of desire for conciliation on the part of the Government. (*The Government showed no desire for conciliation.*)

(3) In spite of his absolute indigence he appeared to be in a state of extreme felicity. (*He seemed to be very happy though in utter want.*)

(4) The individual was unmistakably under the influence of intoxicating liquor. (*The man was undoubtedly drunk*).

(5) He played in a dream, as it were, and battled, so to speak, with great odds, winning fresh laurels for himself into the bargain, notwithstanding.

(6) His Excellency welcomed the deputation with a benevolent smile, listened in rapt silence and with the greatest possible attention to their leader, and ventured to remark in reply that while he viewed with serious concern the grave character of the representations which they had made to him, he could take it upon himself to promise to give them his most earnest consideration and to do the utmost that lay in his power to remedy the deplorable defects that had been pointed out, whereon the deputation respectfully withdrew.

(7) It is not, perhaps, unsafe to premise that there is not in this metropolis, not in this country, not, we may say, in this whole round world of ours, a single individual, so ignorant, or so comp'etely wanting in intelligence as to deny that the instinct of self-preservation is by far the greatest and most powerful of the instincts imp'anted in man by an all-seeing Providence.

This kind of thing is ridiculous. Don't mistake it for fine writing or imitate those who habitually *interrogate* instead of question, *venture to speak* or *proceed to offer*

an opinion every time they say something, and cannot refrain from making a *worthy pedagogue* of every schoolmaster.

The next time you take up a newspaper, be on the look out for Journalese. From what has been said you should be able to recognise it without difficulty. Avoid in your own language such silly, pompous, stilted, meaningless drivel.

27. From what has been said you have gathered some idea of the pitfalls which only a careful choice of words can teach you to avoid. The knowledge of the correct use of words comes with practice. But the practice of writing must be combined with wide and attentive reading on the one hand, and careful revision on the other.

CHAPTER III

SENTENCE STRUCTURE

28. A sentence may be defined as *a collection of words so arranged as to make sense.* This is by no means a complete definition, as you will see presently.

29. Unity of Sentence. In constructing a sentence the most important rule to be borne in mind is that it should contain *only one thought.* The *unity* of the sentence depends on this. Subordinate phrases or clauses may be added to make the meaning clearer, but anything that is not relevant to the main thought should be reserved for a new sentence. If thoughts which have little or no connection with one another are put into the same sentence, the result is a confusion of ideas. In fact such sentences betray the muddled condition of the writer's mind.

Sentences that lack unity are usually the result of (1) carelessness or haste, (2) loose thinking, (3) attempts at compression. Look at the following sentences:—

(1) It cannot be said that there was a large gathering of members on the occasion, several ladies being among those present.

The presence of the ladies had nothing to do with the smallness of the gathering, and should have been mentioned in a separate sentence.

(2) Like a ghoulish spectre gloating over the victim at its feet stand the Suttee stones in Ajmere, in a small clearing, with the gnarled branches of the tree which stands sentinel over them stretching across the clutching hands of a harpy.—(*Illustrated Weekly of India, November 17th, 1929.*)

As it stands the sentence lacks unity. Two ideas have been brought together which it would have been better to keep distinct. Note the gain in clearness when the sentence is split into two by placing a full stop after *clearing,* omitting *with,* and changing *stretching* into *stretches.*

(3) For an Eastern country Ceylon finds remarkably few critics, and almost all who have known it confess that it has had for them a peculiar charm of its own.—(*The Times Literary Supplement, November 21st, 1929.*)

This is an instance of confusion of thought. The word critic means *a judge of merit.* As such he apportions praise as well as blame. In popular usage, however, the word is used more often in the limited sense of *one who finds fault.* If the writer of the sentence intended to give this meaning to the word, *and* is meaningless. It should have been *as.* If the wider meaning was in the writer's mind, the sentence lacks unity, as the ideas then become separated. The confusion in the expression seems to have arisen from the writer having had both meanings in his mind.

(4) The latter went out now with Staplehurst, who was twenty years younger than himself and whom he had not known when at Headquarters ten years ago, but with whom he had become friendly through Susan, who received so many visits from her brother, and who herself was now an old friend of this Brine town Postmaster, of whom Duncan Lemesurier approved strongly.—**Austin Phillips, The Yellow Goddess, 1929.**

This is an atrocious sentence. To make its meaning a little clearer, it should be split up into three sentences at least:—

The latter went out now with Staplehurst, who was twenty years younger than himself. He had not known him when at Headquarters ten years ago, but had become friendly with him

through Susan, who received so many visits from her brother. She herself was now an old friend of this Brine town Postmaster, of whom Duncan Lemesurier approved strongly.

Even so, we are left in doubt as to which of the two, Staplehurst or Duncan Lemesurier, is Susan's brother.

The question has often been asked whether a **Parenthesis** constitutes a violation of the rule of Unity. It is not considered to do so, if the parenthetical remark is short and really necessary for explanatory purposes. But a parenthesis that is lengthy or unnecessary undoubtedly constitutes a breach of Unity. In the following sentence either the parenthesis should be closed at *were*, or a separate sentence should be devoted to the entire parenthesis.

No one gave him any credit for his attempts (noble and spirited as they were, and such as few could have brought themselves to make in a situation so fraught with danger) for the simple reason that no one knew of them.

30. Simple, Complex and Compound Sentences. Consider the following:—

(1) I find my study unattractive to-day.—**H. G. Wells.**

(2) Much certainly of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends.—**Lord Avebury.**

(3) In the same way the excitement of a good talk lives for a long while after in the blood, the heart still hot within you, the brain still simmering, and the physical earth swimming around you with the colours of the sunset.—**Robert Louis Stevenson.**

(4) Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good.—**Emerson.**

(5) The duty of all who have any influence on the public is now clear.—**Edmund Gosse.**

(6) The doctrine that Might is Right, though it is true, is an unprofitable doctrine, for it is true only in so broad and simple a sense that no one would dream of denying it.—**Sir Walter Raleigh.**

(7) We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognise none of them.—**Froude.**

(8) Experience has taught us that it is not the things we fear that come to pass, but the things of which we do not dream.—**A. G. Gardiner.**

Observe that the first four of these sentences contain, each of them, only *one subject* and *one predicate*. Such sentences are called SIMPLE sentences.

The last four have *within the subject* or *within the predicate* other subjects and predicates, *i.e.*, these sentences contain clauses subordinate to the principal clause, each of which has its own subject and predicate. Such sentences are called COMPLEX sentences.

Again, some of these complex sentences, it will be noticed, are made up of two sentences joined together by a conjunction. *For* is made use of in sentence (6), and *but* in sentence (7). Sentences composed of two or more co-ordinate clauses each of which by itself would make a complete sentence, with conjunctions to link them together, are called COMPOUND sentences.

31. Periodic and Loose Sentences. This is another important distinction, based on the manner in which sentences are constructed. If you read over the sentences in the list given above you will notice that in some of them the sense is complete only when the end is reached, the meaning being suspended, as it were, to the very close, by reason of the Principal Statement being reserved to the end. Such sentences are said to be

Periodic in structure. In the others, the opposite is the case. The sense is complete before the end is reached, and a stop (or stops) may conveniently be made before the close of the sentence without leaving the sense incomplete, or the mind of the reader in suspense. This is because the Principal Statement in these sentences is made at the outset, and the qualifying phrases and clauses are made to follow, being tacked on to it rather unexpectedly. The term **Loose** is applied to such sentences, because of the looseness of their construction. Thus (1), (2), (5) and (8) are Periodic sentences, where the sense is not complete and the mind of the reader is kept in suspense, till the end is reached. (3), (4), (6) and (7) are Loose sentences. In these sentences the sense is complete before the end is reached. Note that in them the Principal Statement is made at the beginning, and the qualifying phrases and clauses are tacked on later. In (3) a stop might be made after *blood*, or *simmering*, and still the sense would be complete. In (4), (6) and (7) similar stops might be made after *mankind*, *doctrine*, and *safe*, respectively.

Here are some more sentences of both types. Examine them carefully, and observe how a Loose sentence may be changed into a Periodic sentence, and *vice versa*. Consider also whether sentences gain or lose in effect when changed from the one type into the other. A double stroke shows where each loose sentence could have stopped without leaving the sense incomplete or the mind of the reader in suspense, while italics in the periodic sentences indicate the phrase or clause by which the meaning remains suspended.

LOOSE.

(1) Love is blind|| and also heartless.

(2) Surely the voice of the public ought to be heard|| when it calls so loudly,|| and only for mercy.

(3) The English defeated the Germans at sea,|| the Americans overcame them on land.

(4) Boswell is the first of biographers|| as decidedly as Homer is the first of heroic poets,|| as decidedly as Shakespeare is the first of dramatists,|| as decidedly as Demosthenes is the first of orators.

(5) Every now and then as he flew over the trees of grass, a taller one than common stopped him,|| and there he clung,|| and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots—the loveliest colour on his wings.—**Richard Jeffries.**

(6) He distinguished himself in the debates on the Middlesex election|| by his precocious powers of eloquence,|| and by the vehement and scornful manner in which he bade defiance to public opinion.

(7) The Hero can be a Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will|| according to the kind of world he finds himself born into.—**Carlyle.**

(8) I am firmly assured that the course of action now

PERIODIC.

(1) Love is both blind and heartless.

(2) Surely the voice of the public, when it calls so loudly, and only for mercy, ought to be heard—**Johnson.** (Letter to Boswell).

(3) *Whereas* the English defeated the Germans at sea, the Americans overcame them on land.

(4) Homer is *not more* decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is *not more* decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is *not more* decidedly the first of orators, *than* Boswell is the first of biographers.—**Macaulay.**

(5) *When* every now and then a taller one than common stopped him as he flew over the trees of grass and he clung there, the eye had time to see the scarlet spots—the loveliest colour—on his wings.

(6) In the debates on the Middlesex election he distinguished himself *not only* by his precocious powers of eloquence, *but* by the vehement and scornful manner in which he bade defiance to public opinion.—**Macaulay.**

(7) *According* to the kind of world he finds himself born into, the Hero can be a Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will.

(8) I am firmly assured that the course of action now pro-

proposed is the outcome of a real desire to bring to the body politic of India the touch that carries with it healing and health, and is the method by which we may best hope to handle these high matters in the way of constructive statesmanship.

(9) What a man cannot amend in himself or others he must bear with patience, till God ordain otherwise.—**Thomas à Kempis.**

(10) Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—**Bacon.**

proposed is *at once* the outcome of a real desire to bring to the body politic of India the touch that carries with it healing and health, *and* is the method by which we may best hope to handle these high matters in the way of constructive statesmanship.—**The Viceroy's Statement, 1929.**

(9) What a man cannot amend in himself or others, he must, till God ordain otherwise, with patience bear.

(10) *While* some books are to be tasted and others to be swallowed, some few are to be chewed and digested.

If you have studied these sentences carefully you will be prepared to appreciate the significance of the following remarks:—

(1) Periodic as well as Loose sentences may be Simple or Complex, whereas Compound Sentences are necessarily loose in structure.

(2) The difference between a Periodic and a Loose sentence depends on the position of the Principal Statement. In a good Loose sentence the qualifying phrases and clauses that are tacked on to the Principal Statement have a cumulative effect as in (5) and (10).

(3) The term *Loose* is merely a technical term and does not imply reproach.

(4) A Loose sentence can be converted into a Periodic sentence, sometimes merely by rearranging its phrases and clauses as in (2), (7) and (9), sometimes by the addition of some delaying word or phrase such as

while, when, both, at once, not only . . . but, whereas, more . . . than, as in (1), (3), (4), (5), (6), (8).

(5) Sometimes the conversion of a Loose sentence into a Periodic sentence serves to make it more effective as in (1), (2), (4), (6); sometimes it quite spoils the sentence as in (5) and (10); often it makes no appreciable difference as in (7), (8) and (9). Where it makes no difference, the form of the sentence will depend on the phrase or clause needing special emphasis by being placed first or last, as the case may be.

(6) A Periodic sentence can be converted into a Loose sentence as in (2), (7), (9) merely by rearranging its phrases and clauses, or as in (1), (3), (4), (5), (6) and (8) by removing the delaying word or phrase, and making such further changes as may be necessary.

(7) Such a conversion often reduces the force of the sentence as in (1), (2), (4), (6); sometimes makes no difference as in (7), (8), (9); occasionally it increases its effectiveness as in (3), (5) and (10).

(8) There can be bad as well as good Periodic sentences, just as there can be good as well as bad Loose sentences.

If you read any piece of good English prose you will see that the writer employs both types of sentences so as to secure variety. It is a mistake to think that a good style depends upon the exclusive use of Periodic sentences. By the very nature of their construction they involve a strain upon the reader's attention, and too many periods coming one upon another may also become monotonous. Where the nature of the subject demands (as in dealing with analytical or philosophical

themes) the close attention of the reader, the period may more often be used, but Loose sentences might be employed to relieve the tension and to introduce variety. Where, however, the nature of the subject (as in narratives or descriptions) indicates the employment of the Loose sentence as more calculated to bring a picture before the reader's eye by adding touch upon touch, the Periodic sentence may be used occasionally to introduce the necessary variety.

32. Long and Short Sentences. No rule can be laid down about the exact length of a sentence. That must depend upon the sense of the sentence and the matter to be put into it. Generally speaking, however, short sentences are preferable to long ones, as the latter are apt to become diffuse, unmanageable, and obscure in meaning. The modern tendency is in favour of the brisk crisp style, which depends for its vigour, clearness, and point, on brevity. The beginner should, of course, use sentences that are short. He should learn to walk before he tries to run.

What has already been said of Periodic and Loose sentences in respect of variety, applies equally to Long and Short Sentences. A long sentence after many short sentences, or a short sentence after many long sentences agreeably breaks the monotony and enhances the effect. Note in your reading how the great masters of English prose manage the length of their sentences. The numerous model essays and prose passages included in this book should serve as a good starting point for this purpose.

Don't rush to the conclusion from what has been said that a sentence that is long is necessarily clumsy or

objectionable. Here is a long sentence which is admirably constructed and beautifully managed:

> For us the Renaissance is the name of a many-sided but yet united movement, in which the love of the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal and comely way of conceiving life, make themselves felt, urging those who experience this desire to search out first one and then another means of intellectual or imaginative enjoyment and directing them not only to the discovery of old and forgotten sources of this enjoyment, but to the divination of fresh sources thereof,—new experiences, new subjects of poetry, new forms of art.—**Walter Pater.**

This sentence might be broken up into four shorter sentences by placing full stops after *movement, felt,* and *enjoyment,* and changing *in which, urging,* and *and directing,* to *in it, it urges,* and *it directs,* respectively. But the effect would be considerably reduced and its beauty altogether destroyed.

For a long sentence, carelessly constructed, badly managed, and hopelessly confusing, see § 29, Example 4, Page 47.

33. Order of Words, Phrases, and Clauses, in a Sentence.

Two simple rules of coherence may be laid down:—

(1) Words, phrases, and clauses, should be placed as close as possible to the terms which they relate to or qualify.

(2) Qualifying phrases and clauses should *ordinarily* precede, rather than follow, the phrase or clause to which they are subordinate. This serves to keep the mind of the reader in suspense, and by throwing more emphasis on the Principal clause which follows, gives greater force to the sentence.

The following examples illustrate these rules: In each the second sentence indicates the proper and more correct arrangement.

(1) He *threw* to a very great distance the *stone*. He threw the stone to a very great distance. (Noun).

(2) They *decided* in view of the feeling, clearly expressed, that it would be a blunder to precipitate matters, *that they should not interfere*. In view of the clearly expressed feeling that it would be a blunder to precipitate matters, they decided that they should not interfere. (Noun clause).

(3) He was a *great* man of *patience*. He was a man of great patience. (Adjective).

(4) He threw the *rope* at the right moment at the horse, *which he had brought with him in his pocket*. At the right moment, he threw the rope which he had brought with him in his pocket, at the horse (Adjectival clause and adverbial phrase).

(5) The *burglar*, hearing the sound, seized his bag *filled with fear and trembling*, and waited breathlessly. Hearing the sound the burglar filled with fear and trembling seized his bag and waited breathlessly. (Adverbial phrase and adjectival clause).

(6) He *sleeps*, no matter where he is, always *soundly*. No matter where he is, he always sleeps soundly. (Adverb and adverbial clause).

(7) The *table* belonging to a lady *with three carved legs* was sold the next day by auction. The table with three carved legs, belonging to a lady, was sold by auction, the next day.

If you study these sentences carefully, you will see that it is necessary to observe the two rules that have been laid down, in the interests of clearness, coherence and force. The first rule does not admit of any exceptions, but exceptions, made necessary by the context as conducive to greater clarity, have sometimes to be made to the second, *e.g.*, "I told him that the feat which he contemplated was one that could be imitated without the slightest

difficulty," reads much better than "I told him that the feat which he contemplated was one that without the slightest difficulty could be imitated," even though the former violates the rule of Priority (as it is called). For inversion of the normal order of words and phrases in a sentence to heighten the effect, see § 56.

34. Emphasis and Balance. The most emphatic part of a sentence is the end. The beginning is rather less emphatic, while the middle is the least emphatic part of all. This should be borne in mind when distributing the emphasis in relation to the sense. A *balanced* sentence is one in which the emphasis is properly distributed. One way of distributing the emphasis is to construct a sentence in such a manner that a word or phrase or clause in one part of the sentence has a counter-part in another portion of it, *e.g.*

> (1) Dyden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.—**Johnson.**
>
> (2) The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.—**Johnson.**

The proper distribution of emphasis in relation to the sense is a matter requiring some care and attention, as otherwise the meaning will tend to become distorted. A sentence is said to lack balance when undue or insufficient emphasis is placed on words or phrases that do not deserve them. (For further examples of Balance, see § 61.)

35. The Beginning. The beginning of a sentence should be such as to indicate the nature of its contents. The subject is therefore normally placed first, and thereby acquires a certain degree of prominence. If greater emphasis is desired for the subject it can be secured by placing it last. Consider what change in emphasis is produced by alteration in the following:—

Poets no less than Professors occasionally say good things even in prose.

Good things are occasionally said even in prose by Poets no less than Professors.

Even in prose, poets no less than Professors occasionally say good things.

36. The End. The end is the most emphatic position because the reader's mind is kept in anticipation till the close of the sentence. The most emphatic sentences are those that end on a note of strength and definiteness.

(1) Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but *to weigh and consider.*—**Bacon.**

(2) The fate of General Gordon, so intricately interwoven with such a mass of complicated circumstance—with the policies of England and of Egypt, with the fanaticism of the Mahdi, with the irreproachability of Sir Evelyn Baring, with Mr. Gladstone's mysterious passions—was finally determined by the fact *that Lord Hartington was slow.*—**Lytton Strachey.**

Two things follow from what has been said in regard to Emphasis:—

(1) *If a word or phrase is not intended to be emphasised, it should not be placed either at the beginning or the end.*

(1) That children should obey their parents implicitly is desirable.

(2) She, abandoned by friends as well as relations, determined to commit suicide.

The undue emphasis given to *desirable* and *she* by virtue of their position in these two sentences, can be avoided by re-writing them thus: (1) It is desirable that children should obey their parents implicitly. (2) Abandoned by friends as well as relations, she determined to commit suicide.

(2) *It would be a mistake to place at the end of a sentence words such as prepositions which have no force of their own.*

(1) I should like to thank you and your friends for all the trouble you have ~~been at~~. (say *you have taken.*)

(2) That man's impertinence it is impossible to put *up with* (say *tolerate;* or, invert the order: *it is impossible to put up with that man's impertinence*).

(3) What did you choose that book to be read out *of to for?* (this is an extreme case.)

Note, however, that this is a matter in which, grammar lags a little behind accepted usage. "The strict grammarian" says John O'London "would insist on the preposition being correctly placed before the noun or pronoun which it governs. The difficulty is mostly felt in the case of interrogative and relative pronouns, and here idiom ranges itself against the rules of grammar. Thus *Which house are you going to?* is better English than *To which house are you going?* because it is idiomatic in English to keep the interrogative pronoun or adjective as the first word in the sentence. Also English idiom omits the relative pronoun wherever possible. *That is the room in which I slept* is correct. But it is very

much more natural, to say *That is the room I slept in.* (See § 264.)

37. Conclusion. There is more in a good sentence than meets the eye. Remember that it is the working unit of your composition, and that by your sentences you will be judged. Well-constructed sentences show not merely a command of the language, but precision, method, and clearness in thinking.

When reading an essay or a book, has not the beauty of a sentence caught your fancy now and then and stirred your imagination? Some peculiar turn of phrase, some effect of vigour or grace or rhythm appeals to you, and instinctively you try to keep it in your memory. If you read more carefully you will come across more such sentences. It is a good plan to keep a notebook in which to set them down. They have quickened your imagination and are more a part of you than all the rules of grammar or style that ever were framed in the world.



CHAPTER IV

PARAGRAPH STRUCTURE

38. Paragraphs are necessary to divide a piece of prose or verse into convenient units of thought.

Rules similar to those that apply to the structure of sentences apply also to the structure of paragraphs. A paragraph, like a sentence, should possess Unity, Coherence, and Balance.

39. Unity. Words make up a sentence; sentences make up a paragraph; and just as a sentence cannot be called a good sentence unless the words in it are so chosen and arranged as to deal with *one main thought* at a time so also a paragraph cannot be called a good paragraph unless the sentences of which it is composed are so constructed and arranged as to deal with only *one main topic or theme.* This is what is meant by the **Unity** of a paragraph. When the sentences of a paragraph are held together because of their intimate relation to the *central idea* their oneness of purpose gives unity to the paragraph. If sentences which do not relate to the central idea, and are therefore irrelevant to it, are allowed to creep into the paragraph, its unity is destroyed, and a certain amount of confusion is the result.

Here is a perfectly constructed paragraph:

> A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in their possession. It gives

him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the whole world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.—**Addison.** (*The Spectator*).

That this paragraph possesses unity is seen at a glance. The central idea, the theme of the paragraph, which is expressed in the first sentence, is that a man with a cultured imagination enjoys many pleasures denied to those who do not possess such an imagination. The sentences that follow elucidate and illustrate this thought, and this thought only. Hence the unity of the paragraph.

Here is a paragraph not so well constructed:

To be publicly put to death, for whatever reason, must ever be a serious matter. It is always bitter, but there are degrees in its bitterness. It is easy to die like Stephen with an open heaven above you, crowded with angel faces. It is easy to die like Balmerino with a chivalrous sigh for the White Rose, and an audible "God bless King James." Such men die for a cause in which they glory, and are supported thereby; they are conducted to the portals of the next world by the angels, Faith, Pity, Admiration. But it is not easy to die in expiation of a crime like murder, which engirdles you with trembling and horror even in the loneliest places, which cuts you off from the sympathies of your kind, which reduces the universe to two elements—a sense of personal identity, and a memory of guilt. In so dying there must be inconceivable bitterness; a man can have no other support than what strength he may pluck from despair, or from the iron with which nature may have originally braced heart and nerve. Yet, taken as a whole, criminals on the scaffold comport themselves creditably. They look Death in the face when he wears his cruellest aspect, and if they flinch somewhat they can at least bear to look. I believe that, for the criminal, execution within the prison walls, with no

witness save some half-dozen official persons, would be infinitely more terrible than execution in the presence of a curious, glaring mob. The daylight and the publicity are elements, which wean the man a little from himself. He steadies his dizzy brain on the crowd beneath and around him. He has his last part to play and his manhood rallies to play it well. Nay, so subtly is vanity intertwined with our motives, the noblest and the most ignoble, that I can fancy a poor wretch with the noose dangling at his ear, and with barely five minutes to live, soothed somewhat with the idea that his firmness and composure will earn him the approbation, perhaps the pity of the spectators. He would take with him, if he could, the good opinion of his fellows.|| This composure of criminals puzzles one. Have they looked at death so long and closely that familiarity has robbed it of terror? Has life treated them so harshly that they are tolerably well pleased to be quit of it on any terms? Or is the whole thing mere blind stupour and delirium, in which thought is paralysed, and the man an automaton? Speculation is useless.|| The fact remains that criminals for the most part die well and bravely. It is said that the championship of England was to be decided at some little distance from London on the morning of the day on which Thurtell was executed, and that, when he came out on the scaffold he enquired privily of the executioner if the result had yet become known. Jack Ketch was not aware, and Thurtell expressed his regret that the ceremony in which he was chief actor should take place so inconveniently early in the day. Think of a poor Thurtell forced to take his long journey an hour, perhaps, before the arrival of intelligence so important!—**Alexander Smith** (*A Lark's Flight*).

This paragraph lacks unity because it contains *three* distinct ideas to each of which a separate paragraph should have been devoted. (1) It is a serious matter to be put to death publicly no matter for what reason; (2) Criminals conduct themselves, on the whole, with commendable fortitude on the scaffold; and (3) This composure is puzzling. The passage, as it stands,

might be conveniently divided into *four* paragraphs at the places indicated by a double stroke.

Notice that the writer returns at the end of the passage to the second idea, viz., that criminals conduct themselves with composure on the scaffold, and proceeds to give an illustration of it. This is what necessitates a fourth paragraph. If the passage were re-written, this illustration, beginning with *It is said that the championship of England* could be made to go more properly at the end of the second paragraph, after the words *the good opinion of his fellows.* The passage would then be divided into three paragraphs each dealing with a separate topic.

It is worth noting that the passage is taken from one of the finest and best known essays in English Literature. In extenuation of its length and lack of unity it may be urged (1) that it was written in the middle of the 19th century when long paragraphs were fashionable, and (2) that the three different ideas relate to the common subject of the criminal in public executions. The first may be accepted as a good explanation of the length of the paragraphs in this particular essay. The second does not go very far. The question is one of immediate, not remote, relationship, and whether an idea is strong enough to stand by itself in a paragraph instead of being mixed up with other ideas.

What the student should note is, the obvious fact, that the object of dividing an essay or a chapter into paragraphs is to secure *clearness,* and clearness can be secured *only by devoting a separate paragraph to each leading thought.*

40. Length of Paragraphs. The length of a paragraph should be determined, as in the case of a sentence, by the amount of matter that is to go into it, consistent, of course, with the law of Unity. The modern tendency is against the long paragraph (as it tends to become complicated and unwieldy), and favours the shorter type as giving greater crispness and point to the style. As for the beginner, he would be well advised in any case to make his paragraphs short, since short paragraphs make for clearness and simplicity.

It should be recognised, however, that a good deal depends upon the nature of the essay. In essays of an expository nature, the short paragraph will instinctively suggest itself as more appropriate, while in descriptive or narrative essays a longer paragraph may be found necessary. Here again, what has been said of the length of sentences, in regard to variety, may be repeated. A very short paragraph after a number of long paragraphs is often found to be most effective. Sometimes such a paragraph may consist of just one short sentence. Mr. H. G. Wells in his essay on *My First Flight* (see Model Essay 15, Chap. XI) uses such a sentence paragraph at the very end of the essay with tremendous effect. He is imagining the immense possibilities of this new method of travel, and the route that he would take as a "flying tourist," over France, Spain, the Mediterranean, India, the East Indies Here he suddenly breaks off. His feelings receive striking and vivid expression in the next and last paragraph of one short line—"I find my study unattractive to-day."

41. Order of Sentences in a Paragraph: Coherence. The thought in a paragraph, to be coherent, should be connected and developed in logical order. The central idea, the theme of the paragraph, should therefore be expressed as clearly as possible at the very outset (the most emphatic position), and the sentences that follow should (1) be a smoothly connected amplification of the theme by way of elaboration or illustration, and (2) hang together in a proper and natural sequence.

Note also that the proper distribution of *emphasis*, on which the *balance* of the paragraph depends, is closely connected with the logical development of the thought. What is more, the space devoted to each sentence should be in proportion to the importance of the idea it expresses. Care should also be taken to see that the main idea stands out prominently, and is not obscured or weakened as the paragraph progresses. An excellent device that helps to emphasise the main theme is to close the paragraph on a firm note suggestive of the central idea, or (as is the habit of some writers) with a summarising sentence recapitulating the main points dealt with.

Let us now look once more at the paragraph already quoted from Addison. The main idea (that a cultured imagination provides a man with many special pleasures) is set forth in the first sentence and is therefore in the most emphatic position. The two sentences that follow tell us how pictures, statues, books, Nature herself, afford him a delight denied to others. These sentences therefore may be said to amplify the main idea, by illustrations which are placed in logical sequence. The fourth sentence rises to a *climax* (see § 73) by suggesting that every-

thing that he sees provides such a man with enjoyment, and concludes gracefully with an effective re-statement of the main theme.

This paragraph is thus seen to be excellently planned, and carefully composed. Its sentences are varied in length and structure, and the style is clear, simple, dignified, and pleasing.

Sometimes, though rarely, the central idea is not expressed at the outset, but is delayed to the middle of the paragraph, or even to the end. In such cases the sentences that come before are intended to be preparatory, and the object of the writer is to keep the reader in suspense until he springs the main idea upon him in the nature of a surprise, thereby heightening the effect. The beginner is, of course, not advised even to attempt the construction of such paragraphs.

The following, taken from an essay by Thackeray (*Nil nisi bonum*) is an example of a paragraph in which the main idea is not expressed until the end:—

> Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person at a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognising a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you love and respect more the person you have admired already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we

want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History;*—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stored away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.—**Thackeray.**

In this paragraph the author is concerned not so much with the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, as with the remarkable industry of this great scholar and the wonderful qualities of his style. This is the central idea of the paragraph, and it is stated almost with a burst at the end, acquiring, because of this unusual inverted position, a far greater emphasis than it would otherwise have. You will see this quickly enough if you rewrite the paragraph with the sentences arranged in the normal order.

42. Parallel Construction. Consecutive sentences which repeat or elaborate the same idea gain in vigour and emphasis by being formed in the same manner. *Parallel construction* is the name given to such a formation of sentences.

Here is an excellent example of parallel construction taken from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men On The Bummel.*

Shakespeare and Milton may have done their little best to spread acquaintance with the English tongue among the less

favoured inhabitants of Europe. *Newton and Darwin* may have rendered their language a necessity among educated and thoughtful foreigners. *Dickens and Ouida* may have helped still further to popularise it. But the man who has spread the knowledge of English from Cape St. Vincent to the Ural Mountains is the Englishman who, unable or unwilling to learn a single word of any language but his own, travels, purse in hand, into every corner of the Continent. One may be shocked at his ignorance, annoyed at his stupidity, angry at his presumption. But the practical fact remains; he it is that is anglicising Europe. *For him* the Swiss peasant tramps through the snow on winter evenings to attend the English class open in every village. *For him* the coachman and the guard, the chambermaid and the laundress, pore over their English grammars and colloquial phrase-books. *For him* the foreign shopkeeper and merchant send their sons and daughters in their thousands to study in every English town. *For him* it is that every foreign hotel and restaurant keeper adds to his advertisement: "Only those with a fair knowledge of English need apply."

This is a particularly good example because it contains two sets of parallel constructions in the same paragraph. The first three sentences make up one set, and the last four make up the other. Note also that the central idea is expressed in this paragraph not at the beginning but towards the middle, in the fourth sentence.

Sometimes the same device of Parallel construction is employed in the arrangement of clauses within a sentence, as in the following:—

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of shipmoney, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the

> High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our Kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and have we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been!—
> **Macaulay.**

43. From what has been said you will have gathered that the division of an essay or a piece of work into paragraphs is not a matter of the writer's whims or fancies. Well constructed paragraphs make for clearness and simplicity, and indicate among other things a capacity for clear thinking and logical arrangement.

The test of a good paragraph is that it can be easily summarised. Apply this test to the paragraphs you come across in your reading. Apply them to your own.

CHAPTER V

STYLE

44. The beginner was advised in Chapter II to cultivate a good style, before attempting to make it personal, *i.e.*, to learn to write simply, clearly, and correctly, before trying to impress upon his writing the stamp of his own individuality. Not all persons are capable of writing an individual style. Most people indeed, are content to write a good style, and have no desire to go further. But those who wish to invest their writing with something of their own personality, should begin by studying carefully the works of acknowledged masters of prose, noticing the peculiarities of each writer's style, and how one style differs from another. Then, according as one or another appeals to him more than the rest, he will be tempted to imitate the writer he admires most. He should not, however, stop with imitation. Merely to imitate the style of this man or that is an inglorious proceeding, and rather like wearing another person's shoes. What the would-be stylist should attempt to do is to build into the style he most fancies, elements expressive of himself, his individuality, so that the outcome is something distinctive and personal.

How many different kinds of style may be distinguished?* Broadly speaking, the style of a good writer may

* There are styles and styles, and an immense distance lies between good writing and fine writing. I shall, for the sake of clearness in definition, make no attempt at consistency of metaphor, but shall suggest a few styles. There is the style as boneless and

be brought under one or other of the following heads, according to its main characteristics. Note, however, that the qualities implied in these different styles are not mutually exclusive.

45. The Simple Style. The characteristics of the Simple style are (1) that it is easily understood; (2) that it avoids complicated constructions, mannerisms, exaggeration, and the use of uncommon or difficult words or phrases; (3) that it is direct and unambiguous.

The opposite of the Simple style is the style that is laboured, or pompous, or obscure, or pedantic.

The Simple style need not be confined to the treatment of simple subjects, nor does the Simple style, as already remarked, necessarily involve the exclusive use of the Simple sentence.

The following extract from Goldsmith illustrates the qualities of this style:—

> Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out

boring as porridge. There is a sugared style, a gritty style, a style drenched in scent. There is the grand style, the archaic style, the convoluted style, the prattling, the purple, and the frisky. There is the allusive style and the poetic, the flowery, the metallic, and the vague. There are innumerable styles, every one of which has its exponents and its lovers. At the risk of offending some stylists, I will add that a good style is that in which the writer expresses himself most naturally and attractively, and that a bad style is that which forces itself upon the reader's attention.—**Frank Swinnerton.**

of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed: we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain: the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Examples of books written in the Simple style are Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield,* Kingsley's *Water Babies,* and the essays of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith.

46. The Elegant Style. As its name suggests this style of writing implies refinement in *Thought* as well as in *Diction.* It carefully avoids every form of coarseness either in ideas or in the expression of ideas, and pays great attention to ease and smoothness in the flow of words. It is characterised, therefore, by Euphony and Rhythm.

Euphony consists in the use of words that sound pleasant and produce no jar on the ear. It avoids ugly, jerky, harsh-sounding words, prefers vowels to consonants because they are softer to the ear, and among the latter distinguishes the more harmonious (*n, l, r,*) from the less (*g, k, t,*). The opposite of Euphony is Cacophony, which is sometimes used by writers (e.g., Carlyle) to secure an effect of ruggedness.

Rhythm is the pleasantly regulated rise and fall of sound, produced by the suitable disposition of words and stresses in a sentence. In verse it is regular, and conforms to what are called Metrical rules. The rhythms of prose, however, are not regular, and are secured by avoiding all shocks or jars in sentences, such as may be caused by a rapid succession of commas, the frequent use of interjections, exclamations, etc.

In order to secure effects of Euphony or Rhythm, it may sometimes be necessary to sacrifice energy or even vividness, and this is the chief weakness of the Elegant style. It is the weakness which the very word elegance at once calls up in our minds, something lacking in manliness, strength. In the 18th Century the word stood for all that was graceful, refined, or fashionable, and was characteristic of the age, but to-day it carries with it a hint of reproach. The same reproach of something merely pretty and lacking in vigour, attaches also to the style.

Most writers of the 18th Century strove after elegance in style, and Addison may be mentioned as, above all others, typical of his age. The following extract is from his essay on *Tulips* contributed to the *Tatler*.

> I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed anything the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason I look upon the whole country in spring time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me, which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

47. The Graphic Style. The Graphic style enables the reader to visualise what he reads as in a picture, and it is therefore specially suited to Descriptive and Narrative writing. The more clearly and vividly the words of the writer have power to call up such a picture, the greater

is his success in this kind of writing. When reading of some event, or some description, we sometimes voluntarily exclaim, "How graphically he puts the whole thing before us!" It is as though we saw it ourselves. This is what the graphic writer aims at.

The Graphic style demands (1) some imagination on the part of the writer, (2) the use of concrete, vivid, picture-forming terms in preference to vague general terms of an abstract nature which are hard to visualise. The use of similes and metaphors helps to stimulate the imagination in this respect.

Compare these two sentences:

(1) The river runs with great swiftness between its rocky banks, and behaves as though possessed by a demon.

(2) Close in its bands of rock, the river surges tumultuously forward, writhing and leaping as if inspired by a demon.

The first is weak and colourless, and betrays a lack of imagination on the part of the writer. The second is all that the first is not. It is graphic and vivid. Here is the passage in which it occurs:

> Beyond the foot of the Falls the river is like a slipping floor of marble, green with veins of dirty white, made by the scum that was foam. It slides very quietly and slowly down for a mile or two, sullenly exhausted. Then it turns to a dull sage green, and hurries more swiftly, smooth and ominous. As the walls of the ravine close in, trouble stirs, and the waters boil and eddy. These are the lower rapids, a sight more terrifying than the Falls because less intelligible. Close in its bands of rock, the river surges tumultuously forward writhing and leaping as if inspired by a demon. It is pressed by the straits into a visibly convex form. Great planes of water slide past. Sometimes it is thrown up into a pinnacle of foam higher than a house, or leaps with incredible speed from the crest of one vast wave to another, along the shining curve between, like the spring of a wild beast—**Rupert Brooke.**

Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is a graphically written book. So are a good many of Scott's novels.

48. The Discursive Style. The chatty or Discursive style is well exemplified in the intimate outpourings of Lamb, the essays of A. G. Gardiner, and the "Works" of Max Beerbohm. It rambles on in the manner of desultory talk, appears to be attached to the subject merely in name, and admits of irrelevances and digressions according to the writer's pleasure. The desultoriness is, however, more apparent than real, for beneath it, if carefully studied, will be found some sort of a design.

The whims or fancies of the writer play a large part in this style of composition. Its meandering, easy-going character is not, however, a good model for imitation by the beginner. Great writers may write interestingly on any topic. "After all," as A. G. Gardiner says, "what does the subject matter? Any peg will do to hang your hat on. The hat is the thing." That is all very well. But don't forget that there are hats and hats. The discursive writing of a great writer may have charm, but yours may not interest anybody. It may merely bore.

The following passage is taken from A. G. Gardiner's essay *On Catching The Train,* and illustrates the qualities of this style of writing:—

> But to return to the subject. This train-fever is, of course, only a symptom. It proceeds from that apprehensiveness of mind that is so common and incurable an affliction. The complaint has been very well satirised by one who suffered from it. "I have had many and severe troubles in my life," he said, "*but most of them never happened.*" That is it. We people who worry about the trains and similar things live in a world of imaginative disaster. The heavens are always going to fall on us. . . .

And yet intellectually we know that these apprehensions are worthless. Experience has taught us that it is not the things we fear that come to pass, but the things of which we do not dream. The bolt comes from the blue. We take elaborate pains to guard our face, and get a thump in the small of the back....

Now, save once, I have never lost a train in my life. The exception was at Calais when the Brussels express did, in defiance of the time-table, really give me and others the slip, carrying with it my bag containing my clothes and the notes of a most illuminating lecture.

49. The Elevated Style. This style is appropriate only to serious subjects of some importance, and demands the use of a lofty diction to express lofty thoughts. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is a work written throughout in this dignified style, and to so imposing a subject it is excellently suited. Another writer who employs the elevated style is Edmund Burke.

The characteristics of this style are well brought out in the following passages from these two writers:—

The rise of a city, which swelled into an empire, may deserve as a singular prodigy, the reflection of a philosophic mind. But the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness. Prosperity ripened the principle of decay; the causes of destruction multiplied with the extent of conquest; and as soon as time or accident had removed the artificial supports, the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight.—**Gibbon.**

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle,

> that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.—**Burke** (*Reflections on the French Revolution*).

The chief danger of the Elevated style is that it is apt to degenerate into mere pomposity. This happens when the diction is lofty and the theme is commonplace. Gibbon made the mistake of employing in his Autobiography a style precisely similar to that of the *Decline and Fall*, and the effect was stilted and pompous. Unless you are certain that the subject or sentiment demands this style of composition, don't attempt it. If you do, what you write is sure to seem inflated and bombastic.

50. The Terse Style. The main characteristic of the Terse style is that it employs the smallest possible number of words to express an idea. It is founded therefore upon brevity, but the brevity should not be secured at the expense of clearness. Where clearness is so sacrificed the style becomes obscure.

The opposite of terseness is *diffuseness* and *prolixity*, and this is always the result of the use of too many words to make one's meaning clear.

The essays of Bacon are well known for their terse, epigrammatic style, as may be seen from the following extracts:—

> Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, writing an exact man.
>
> Of ambitions it is less harmful the ambition to prevail in great things, than that other to appear in everything; for that breeds confusion and mars business: but yet it is less danger to have an ambitious man stirring in business, than great in dependencies. He that seeketh to be eminent amongst

able men, hath a great task; but that is ever good for the public; but he that ever plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers is the decay of a whole age.

51. The Paradoxical Style. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has familiarised us all with this style of writing which he has made peculiarly his own. A paradox consists of an apparent contradiction of accepted ideas, the purpose of which is to stimulate thought, and make one look at things from a new point of view. For example, to say that *the older a man gets the younger he becomes* is so contrary to our usual way of thinking, that we are startled into wondering what can be the possible meaning of such a statement. Mr. Chesterton's writing is full of such paradoxes. Entertaining as they are, they nevertheless involve a heavy strain on the attention of the reader, to whom too much of this kind of mental gymnastics is fatiguing. It is not pleasant continually to be standing on one's head. This style is therefore not for imitation.

Here are some examples of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical style:—

(1) A city is properly speaking more poetic even than a countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones.

(2) It is the modern literature of the educated, not of the uneducated, which is avowedly and aggressively criminal.

(3) At the very instant that we curse the Penny-dreadful for encouraging theft upon property, we canvass the proposition that all property is theft.

52. The Humorous Style. The humorist is born, not made, and no one who is not gifted with a keen sense of humour can attempt this style successfully.

The humour of a piece of writing may be due to the nature of the incident dealt with, or to the way in which

it is dealt with (see § 179). The humour of *The Pickwick Papers* consists largely in the nature of the incidents related. The humour of such an essay as *Geographical Research* (by A. A. Milne, see Model Essay 19, Chap. XI) is to be looked for in the way the subject is dealt with. The humour in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's stories depends both on the incidents and the peculiarities of the style adopted by this author. The humour of Mark Twain arises for the most part from the perfect seriousness with which he says the most ridiculous things. The delicious fooling of Stephen Leacock is largely a matter of the quixotic point of view from which he insists on looking at the world.

All this is but another way of saying that if you are humorous by temperament, your humour will be reflected in your style. It is worth while taking the trouble in that case to see exactly how such humorists as those mentioned above obtain their effects. Study the situations they create, or deal with, and the manner in which they write about them. Notice above all things that they do not strive after effect. The real humorist employs considerable restraint.

53. The Poetical Style. Prose which is highly charged with sentiment, or emotion, or imagery, tends to become poetical. Poetry and imagery are the language of emotion. Sometimes prose so inspired becomes metrical also, *i.e.*, it falls unconsciously into the measured language of poetry, and is capable of being scanned. There are whole chapters in *Lorna Doone* (R. D. Blackmore) almost every line of which is metrical and breathes the sentiments of poetry. Many portions of the Bible are similarly poetical. Milton and

Wordsworth and Ruskin, too, fall unconsciously into the stride of poetry when dealing with inspiring themes in prose. To us, however, the most notable examples of poetical prose are afforded by the beautiful English translations of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's Bengali poems, to be found in his *Gitanjali*, *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon.*

As a style, however, this manner of writing is not to be encouraged. Now and then, when the mood or the occasion demands, the language of poetry may be employed, but it is bound to prove wearisome to the reader if adopted throughout the composition.

> And when the sun came forth again, hill and valley, wood and meadow, could not make enough of him. Many a spring have I seen since then, but never yet two springs alike, and never one so beautiful. Or was it that my love came forth and touched the world with beauty?
>
> The spring was in our valley now; creeping first for shelter shyly in the pause of the blustering wind. There the lambs came bleating to her, and the orchis lifted up, and the thin dead leaves of clover lay for the new ones to spring through. Then the stiffest things that sleep, the stubby oak and the stunted beech, dropped their brown defiance to her, and prepared for a soft reply. While her over-eager children (who had started forth to meet her, through the frost and shower of sleet), catkin'd hazel, gold-gloved withy, youthful elder, and old woodbine, with all the tribe of good hedge climbers (who must hasten, while haste they may)—was there one of them that did not claim the merit of coming first?
>
> There she stayed, and held her revel, as soon as the fear of frost was gone; all the air was a fount of freshness, and the earth of gladness, and the laughing waters prattled of the kindness of the sun.—**Blackmore.**

These consecutive paragraphs from *Lorna Doone* are a good example of the poetical style. Love has brought

song into the heart of John Ridd, and the world seems transformed. Note how practically the whole of it may be put into verse form without any change. The passage must be read aloud to appreciate its metrical qualities. It is sheer poetry.

54. The Vigorous Style. This is the style which most persons desire to cultivate, and it has therefore been reserved to the last for consideration in somewhat greater detail. The vigorous style is synonymous with strength, impressiveness, energy, *verve*. Forcible, vigorous writing, which is the very opposite of writing that is dull, pointless, prolix, or diffuse, has the effect of stimulating the attention and keeping it engaged without any special effort on the part of the reader. In speaking, this effect can be obtained by the use of gestures and proper intonations, but in writing we have to fall back upon certain stylistic contrivances.

To some writers, e.g., Burke, Macaulay, Belloc, Wells, Lytton Strachey, this vigorous style comes naturally, but it can be cultivated by adopting some or all of the following devices which have been found to produce the effect of force and energy.

55. Repetition. We have already seen that the careless unintentional repetition of a word or phrase weakens a sentence (§ 23). There is, however, another kind of repetition which is deliberately used for the sake of greater emphasis, greater impressiveness. Such repetition may be either of a word or a phrase, or of a word or phrase almost synonymous.

(1) *Whatsoever things* are true, *whatsoever things* are honest, *whatsoever things* are just, *whatsoever things* are pure, *whatsoever things* are lovely, *whatsoever things* are of good report;

if there be any virtue and *if there be any* praise, think on these things.—**The Bible.**

(2) Homer is *not more decidedly the first of* heroic poets, Shakespeare is *not more decidedly the first of* dramatists, Demosthenes is *not more decidedly the first of* orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers.—**Macaulay.**

(3) *Little did I dream* when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; *little did I dream* that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her *in a nation of* gallant men, *in a nation of* men of honour and of cavaliers.—**Burke.**

56. Inversion of the usual order of words. Normally, the Predicate comes after the Subject, the Noun after the Adjective that qualifies it, the Object after the Verb governing it, and the Complement of the Verb after the Subject. If this order is inverted, and what should come after is placed before, the surprise created by such inversion sometimes gives added force to the sentence. The following are examples:—

(1) Base is the slave that pays.

(2) (*a*) The woman's face, sad and careworn, touched our hearts to pity, instant and deep. (*b*) With face set, eyes burning, and body rigid, he awaited the attack.

(3) Friends, promises, honour, decency, all these he forgot in the hour of his triumph.

(4) Where law ends tyranny begins.

(5) Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—**St. John XV.**

57. Verb economy. To use the same verb to govern two or more nouns as objects makes sometimes for increased effect, e.g., "He lost his wife, his fortune and his honour at one stroke." Care should be taken to see

that the verb in such a case is suitable to each of the nouns so governed. Don't however, overdo it as in the following:—

The guest complained of feeling ill, took a drink, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life.

58. Aphorisms; Proverbs. These may often be employed with great advantage to drive an argument home. An aphorism is a condensed statement, and is particularly effective when followed or preceded by longer sentences.

(1) His studies were inspired by the conviction that *knowledge is power.*

(2) He wandered from village to village doing odd jobs here and there, and when years later he returned to his ancestral home, he was little better than a pauper.. *A rolling stone gathers no moss.*

59. The Past Participle. The repetitional use of the past participle in a sentence such as the following, gives marked emphasis to the meaning.

Bowed down by years, broken by suffering, and overwhelmed by shame, she returned to the home of her childhood, not knowing what to expect.

60. Dilemma. The dilemma gives additional point to a statement which would otherwise be bald.

If he admits the charge he is a fool, if he denies it he is a knave.

This is much more emphatically and interestingly put than "He is either a fool or a knave."

61. Balance. The balancing of word against word, phrase against phrase, clause against clause, though it lends a studied effect to one's language, sometimes makes a sentence most impressive. Balance may be of two kinds.

(1) *Balance with antithesis,* where a contrast is made within each phrase or clause, or between clause and clause, e.g.:

(*a*) When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise.—**Steele.**

(*b*) In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.—**Johnson.**

(2) *Balance without antithesis,* where the second expression gives added emphasis to the first, e.g.:

(*a*) Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—**Bacon.**

(*b*) Marriage was distasteful to her and marry she would not. For more than twenty years, until age freed her from the controversy, she resisted, through an incredible series of delays, ambiguities, perfidies, and tergiversations, the incessant pressure of her ministers, her parliaments, and her people.—**Lytton Strachey** (*Elizabeth and Essex*).

62. The Judicious use of Figures of Speech. These are discussed in the next Chapter.

For a good example of the Vigorous style see the extract from Lytton Strachey's *Florence Nightingale* (Model Essay 18, Chap. XI).

The various styles that have been described and explained (the Simple, the Elegant, the Graphic, the Discursive, the Elevated, the Terse, the Paradoxical, the Humorous, the Poetical, and the Vigorous) have characteristics, it will be noticed, that sometimes overlap. This is what was meant by saying that they are not mutually exclusive. Thus a style may be simple as well as elegant, or graphic as well as discursive, or vigorous as well as terse, or elevated as well as poetical, or at once humorous, discursive, and paradoxical. However that may be, the main thing is to avoid the faults that have been pointed out, viz., ambiguity, colourlessness diffuseness, exaggeration, obscurity, pedantry, prolixity, and pomposity.

The essays included in the Chapter on Essay-writing, and the passages provided as exercises in Epitomisation in Part III, illustrate the different styles here mentioned. Read them carefully with an eye to the style in which each is written. This is the only way to learn what a real command of the language means.

CHAPTER VI

AIDS TO STYLE: FIGURES OF SPEECH

63. When words are deflected from their normal use, or invested with a special significance for the sake of increased effect, a departure is made from the plain ordinary mode of speaking, and this departure is termed a *figure of speech*. Thus, e.g., if instead of saying, "It is wonderful", we say "How wonderful!" or "He fights like a tiger" instead of "He fights with great ferocity", or "I shall leave your roof" for "I shall leave your house," we use language that is figurative. In the first case the exclamatory form makes the words much more expressive. In the second case the comparison with a tiger immediately calls up in the mind a vivid picture of this ferocious beast, and the words acquire a greater force than by the mere statement of an abstract quality. Abstract terms blur the lines of a picture because they are difficult to visualise. In the third instance, the mention of the *roof* brings more effectively home to us the protection implied by living in the same house.

These examples serve to illustrate how figurative language lends increased energy and significance to words. A careful and discriminating use of the various figures of speech described below is an aid to style.

64. Simile. (Lat.—*similis* = like).—In a simile, a comparison is made between two things (which differ in kind) on account of some point of resemblance between them, some such word as *like, as, resemble*, being used to institute the comparison.

(1) His rage was *like* the whirlwind.

(2) Human greatness is short and transitory *as* the odour of incense in the fire.

(3) Life may be *compared to* a river.

The important thing to note here is that the things compared should be essentially different, otherwise there is no simile. The object of a simile is to make things clearer. Avoid pointless similes when there is no similarity between the things compared, or, only a misleading one, e.g., *He paddled like a lion.* A lion does not paddle.

65. Metaphor. (Gk.=*a carrying over*).—A metaphor is a condensed simile, the comparison being only implied, not expressed.

(1) The whirlwind of his rage.

(2) He spoke bitter words.

(3) The river of life.

(4) He bridled his thoughts.

(5) The news was a dagger to his heart.

(6) In the end, when the pendulum had swung to and fro for ages, and delay had grown grey, and expectation sunk down in its socket. . . . something terrible happened.—**Lytton Strachey** (*Elizabeth and Essex*).

A metaphor is more effective than a simile as it gives cause for more surprise. Note however that a metaphor which is not intelligible defeats its purpose. The use of too many metaphors involves a strain on the mind of the reader, and should be avoided. Above all things, be careful not to mix your metaphors. (See § 22.) Thus to point a moral from the hackneyed example, you may smell a rat, but you are not likely to see it floating in the air, unless there is something very seriously wrong with

you. Even if you do, nipping it in the bud is hardly the correct procedure.

66. Allegory—Fable—Parable. These, too, are figures of comparison. When a comparison is sustained through an entire story the purpose of which is to inculcate a moral, it is called an *Allegory* (Gk. = speak in other words). Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Addison's *Vision of Mirza*, Froude's *A Siding at a Railway Station* are well known examples.

The *fable* is a short allegory. It is a brief tale conveying a moral, in which birds and beasts are made to act and speak like human beings. The fables of Aesop are familiar to every one and are often used in a metaphorical sense.

> It did not take them long to find out that in their new President they had but replaced King Log by King Stork.

A parable (Gk. = comparison) is also a short story, but invested with a more serious significance. In it the moral is rather more prominent. Thus parables were used by Christ for the purpose of instructing simple people in moral truths. They are so well known that frequently these, too, are used metaphorically by writers.

> (1) See that you avoid the fate of the foolish virgins.
>
> (2) "And that one talent which is death to hide".—**Milton.**

67. Synecdoche. This consists in suggesting one thing by another, as when you put

> (1) *The particular for the general*, e.g., Give us this day our daily *bread*.
>
> (2) *The general for the particular*, e.g., *Vessel* for *ship*; *creature* for *man*.
>
> (3) *An individual for a whole class*, e.g., Some village *Hampden*; A modern *Samson*; a *Daniel* come to judgment.

(4) *The concrete for the abstract*, e.g., It was the *mother* in her that spoke thus yearningly. It is difficult to tame the *savage* in him.

(5) *The part for the whole*, e.g., A maiden of eighteen *summers;* a fleet of thirty *sail.*

(6) *The whole for the part*, e.g., It was *America* that carried off the much coveted Tennis trophy.

(7) *The material for the thing made of it;* e.g.; *Marble* for *statue;* "foemen worthy of their *steel*"; *canvas* for *painting.*

68. Metonymy. (Gk.—*meta* = change, *onoma* = name). In this figure a thing is described by naming its accompaniment. The association between the two is so close that the mention of the one suggests the other.

(1) *The sign or symbol for the thing or person symbolized*, e.g., *sceptre, crown*, for *royalty; red tape* for *official routine; bench* for *office of judge.*

(2) *The instrument for the agent*, e.g., The *pen* is mightier than the *sword.*

(3) *The container for the thing contained*, e.g., The *kettle* is boiling; from the *cradle* to the *grave.*

(4) *The maker or the author for the thing made or written:* e.g., The miner had misplaced his *Davy;* I am reading *Tennyson.*

(5) *The effect for the cause*, e.g., *shade* for *trees;* "O for a beaker full of the warm *South*."—**Keats;** "The *bright death* quivered at the victim's throat."—**Tennyson.**

(6) *The place for the thing*, e.g., *China, Morocco, Canary, Madeira, Cayenne.*

69. The Transferred Epithet. This consists in the transference of an adjective from its proper subject to some allied and therefore associated subject. Such transference is most common when some personal quality or experience is attributed to something impersonal and inanimate, e.g., *idle bed, restless pillow, sleepless night, weary journey, condemned cell, safe distance.*

70. Antithesis. (Gk.=contrast) The use of two words or phrases, the one to serve as a foil to the other by means of the contrast offered, is an aid to clearness and emphasis.

(1) He makes no *friend* who never made a *foe.*

(2) It was the *letter* that he followed not the *spirit* of the law.

(3) Men may *come* and men may *go.*
But I go on for *ever.*—**Tennyson.**

(4) When a man says that he has exhausted life, one knows that life has exhausted him.—**Wilde.**

71. Oxymoron. (Gk.—*oxus*=sharp, *moros*=dull). When two words apparently contradictory or inconsistent are placed side by side, the figure of speech used is called an oxymoron, e.g., *cruel kindness; "faith unfaithful* kept him *falsely true."*

72. Epigram. The epigram embodies a truth of some importance in terms that are terse, and on the face of it contradictory. The shock of surprise this produces stimulates attention and makes for energy in style. Too many epigrams, however, involve a heavy strain on the reader.

(1) "A *favourite* has no *friend.*"

(2) "The *child* is *father* of the *man.*"

(3) In the midst of *life* we are in *death.*

(4) By *indignities* men come to *dignities.*

73. Climax. (Gk.=ladder). In climax as the name suggests, the thoughts are arranged in a series so as to ascend in intensity and significance.

(1) Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—**Bacon.**

(2) "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime"—**Byron.**

(3) It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found: men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent. But a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees.—**Steele.**

(4) Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.—**Leigh Hunt.**

If properly used this figure adds much to the effectiveness of a sentence. The principle may be applied to the paragraph, and to the whole composition as well.

74. Anti-Climax. This is the reverse of climax, the series in this case being arranged in the descending order of intensity. The term is applied also to a series in which the impressive effect of a climax is spoiled by the unimportance or triviality of the final member (*Bathos*).

(1) At one fell swoop, he lost his wife, his children, his house, and his dog.

(2) O she was perfect past all parallel,
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine, "Incomparable oil", Macassar.—**Byron.**

(3) He conquered provinces, kingdoms, the whole world, but he suffered from a sore in his foot.

The effect of this figure whether intentional or not is always ludicrous. It is therefore often deliberately used in humorous writing.

75. Exclamation. This is a figure of speech that arrests attention.

(1) "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express

and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"—**Shakespeare.**

(2) "O what a fall was there my countrymen!"—**Ibid.**

76. Aposiopesis. (Gk.—*siopao* = be silent). This consists in a sudden break in the utterance by which the sentence is left incomplete, as if it were not necessary to proceed, or as though the speaker or writer were unable to do so.

(1) I go on a dangerous quest. If I return I shall bring fame and fortune with me, but if I do not—

(2) I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—

77. Interrogation. A question challenges attention, all the more if it occurs in the midst of a number of plain straightforward sentences. It brings the reader up with a jerk, with mind alert and curious as to the answer. Sometimes the question may be merely rhetorical and require no answer at all. Obviously, in order to be really effective, this figure of speech should be used sparingly and in the porper place.

(1) Who is there that by taking thought unto himself can add one cubit unto his stature?—**The Bible.** (*The Sermon on the Mount*).

(2) The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it. "I do well to be angry" was the burden of her cry. How many just men were there at Scutari? How many who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief? Were there ten? Were there five? Was there even one? She could not be sure. —**Lytton Strachey** (*Florence Nightingale*).

78. Innuendo. (Lat. = nodding). This consists in saying something depreciatory in an indirect manner,

i.e., by hinting or implying, or insinuating a thing without plainly saying it.

(1) He did not consult physicians, for he hoped to die without them.—**Sir William Temple.**

(2) To my steward I have left nothing, as he has been with me for the last fifteen years.

79. Irony. (Gk.—*eironeia*=dissembling). In this figure the contrary of what is meant is expressed, the real meaning being conveyed by the tone, or the manner, or the context in which it appears. It is often used in satire, and requires some skill.

(1) "And Brutus is an *honourable* man"—**Shakespeare.**

(2) He drinks, smokes, and gambles, and may therefore be said to possess all the fashionable *virtues.*

80. Euphemism. This is a milder form of irony and consists in conveying a disagreeable truth so as not to give offence, by substituting a pleasant-sounding word or phrase for one which, though more exact, is harsh and unpleasing. The satirical intention, is not, however, usually present. Sometimes euphemism degenerates into mere circumlocution and pomposity, and this should be avoided.

(1) "He is *one of the light-fingered gentry*", for "He is a *pickpocket.*"

(2) "He *breathed his last*" for "He *died.*"

(3) "His ambitions were realised but it *involved the removal of half a dozen people from his path,*" for, "He had to *murder* half a dozen people to realise his ambitions."

(4) I don't say he stole the money, but he certainly *appropriated what did not belong to him.*

81. Sarcasm. Unlike irony, the effect in sarcasm is produced by saying exactly what is meant, but in such a way as to imply ridicule or censure or contempt.

(1) "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."—**Shakespeare.**

(2) We could give him credit for brains, if all men were born with brains.

(3) He would be the finest fellow on the face of the earth, if God had created none else.

82. Litotes. This consists in placing a negative before a word signifying the opposite of what is intended in order to give greater emphasis to the meaning. The same principle is employed when a double negative is used to imply an affirmative.

(1) He is a citizen of *no mean* city.

(2) The fellow is *no fool.*

Litotes is really an under-statement for the purpose of emphasis. Further examples are, *Rather,* in the sense of *very much indeed,* and *he little knows.*

83. The Identical Assertion.

(1) I am what I am.

(2) Fact is fact.

(3) Sensation is sensation.

(4) What I have written, I have written.

By asserting of a thing, that it is what it is, additional impressiveness is gained, and greater significance given to the sense. This is brought out by a little reflection.

84. Personification. In this figure inanimate objects are invested, for the sake of greater vividness, with human life, qualities, and attributes. This is a tendency natural to man in moments of intense feeling. Hence it is found more often in poetry than in prose.

(1) Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean, roll!—**Byron.**

(2) The year is dying, let her die.—**Tennyson.**

(3) Love is a word of questionable import; and over the doings of Elizabeth there hovered a vast interrogation.—**Lytton Strachey.**

When the personification is related to the emotions of the agent, *i.e.*, when inanimate objects are made to sympathise with the feelings of a person, it is called a *Pathetic Fallacy,* e.g.,

(1) The stars looked down with pity on him.

(2) The trees nodded their heads and their leaves whispered to each other as though they knew his secret.

(3) The wind and the rain and the thunder echoed the tumult in his soul.

85. Apostrophe. This consists in the speaker or the writer turning away from his subject to address directly something which occupies his thoughts as though it were present.

(1) O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason!—**Shakespeare.**

(2) O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?—**The Bible.**

(3) O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?—**Cowper.**

This figure is often combined with Personification, Interrogation, and Exclamation as in the examples given above.

86. Vision. In Vision (sometimes called Historic Present) some past or future event is described as if actually taking place before one's eyes.

(1) I see before me the gladiator lie.—**Byron.**

(2) I behold a time when peace shall reign over the whole world, of which it was written in olden days that "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid".

87. Hyperbole. Exaggeration for the sake of greater emphasis is a common practice, but it should be used within proper limits, or else one's sense of truth will be too greatly shocked.

(1) Rivers of blood; swift as thought; tired to death.

(2) All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.—**Shakespeare.**

88. Onomatopoeia. (Gk. = *word-making*). This is the trick by which a sound is actually imitated in the word used to express it, e.g., *buzz, hum, bang, moan, clang, hiss, croak, grunt, cuckoo,* etc. Analagous to this is the device of poets by which a subtle correspondence between sound and sense is obtained, e.g. :—

(1) I heard the water lapping on the crag.
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.—**Tennyson.**

(2) The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.—**Ibid.**

(3) Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves. . . .
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels.—**Ibid.**

89. Alliteration. When words beginning with or containing the same letter or sound are used in a sentence for the sake of effect, the figure of speech used is called Alliteration.

(1) After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.—**Shakespeare.**

(2) The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.—**Coleridge.**

Care should be taken, however, to avoid pointless repetition of the same sound, which is a fault, e.g.,

The man who marries money makes a most miserable mistake.

90. Assonance. The identity of vowel sounds in words (e.g., *habit, malice; doom, soon*) is known as Assonance.*

(1) It *seems* that he *frequently preened* himself on this acquisition.

(2) If doughty *deeds* my lady *please*
Right soon I'll mount my *steed.*

(3) Will *no* one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers *flow*
For *old* unhappy far-off things,
And battles long *ago.*—**Wordsworth.**

This and the two preceding figures are more commonly used in poetry.

91. The Pun (*Paranomasia*). This figure of speech involves the use of words that sound alike, or the same word in different senses, in the same sentence.

He kept his *spirits* up by pouring *spirits* down.

Darkness set in and the worthy *knight* found himself *benighted* indeed.

He is wealthy, and though he is a boor I love him for his charming *manors.*

The pun is a cheap form of wit, and Dr. Johnson despised it as such. It should be used sparingly, if used at all.

* Distinguish carefully from Rhyme. Rhyme is the identity of sound between words or verse-lines extending from the end to the last fully accented vowel and not further; e.g., *sleep, deep, creep; beauty, duty.* In Example 3 *flow* and *ago* rhyme; so also *sings* and *things.*

92. The use of figures of speech makes for liveliness and variety in writing. Individuality in style is founded to a large extent upon a judicious use of them. The important thing for the beginner to note is that there should be no straining after effect. Figurative language that seems laboured and artificial stands self-condemned.

CHAPTER VII

AIDS TO STYLE—(*Continued.*)

Idiom: Punctuation: Spelling

1. IDIOM

93. The term *idiom* is derived from the Greek *idios*, meaning *own*, and is used to describe the forms of expression peculiar to a language. Thus, English idiom is different from French, or Latin, or Italian idiom. Idiom attaches to words and phrases special meanings (often far removed from their actual meaning) which cannot always be conveyed in translation, and for this reason the translation of an idiomatic phrase from one language into another is difficult. This test of translation is, indeed, the only real test of idiom. *How do you do?* is simple enough in English, but *Comment faites-vous faire?* which was Voltaire's translation of it in French, sounds very clumsy. Similarly *A la bonne heure* in French literally means *in good time*, but this is hardly the significance which is attached to the phrase in France, where its more exact equivalent is *very well*. The literal translation of the Latin *Ex-cathedra* is "from the chair", but there is no such idiom in English, and it must therefore be considered as equivalent to "authoritatively", or "with authority". *Ab ovo usque ad mala* (from the egg to the apples—of a Roman banquet) may mean nothing to modern Englishmen, though full of meaning to the old Romans. The English translation of it would be "from the beginning to the end." In other words, we endeavour to translate idioms, as far as possible, by a corresponding idiom in the language into which we are translating, and this is often far from satisfactory.

94. Idiom, then, is expressive of the living speech of a people. It is the life-blood of the language, vigorous and vital as compared to the dry bones of grammar, which, after all, are mere codifications from *established* usage. But this usage is constantly changing, and is occasionally ahead of grammar. (Only occasionally, because though grammar and idiom are distinct, they are generally in alliance). The following are examples of idiomatic phrases which violate the rules of grammar, but which have been sanctioned by usage:—

(1) *That's me—It's me,* instead of the more correct *That's I, It's I.* Strict grammarians used to frown severely on the use of *That's me—It's me,* but they are now almost reconciled to it.

(2) *The room I slept in, The times we live in,* are now allowed. It would be more grammatical to put the preposition before the verb and say *The room in which I slept, The times in which we live,* but it would be less idiomatic.

(3) *Some one else's* is now preferred to the more correct *Some one's else.*

(4) *By this means, There is heaps of material, Who do you take me for,* are all grammatically wrong, but idiomatically correct.

(5) *To really appreciate* is a Split Infinitive* and therefore grammatically a blunder. It is still condemned in many

* In this connection, it is worth while pointing out what is a Split Infinitive, and what is not. A good many people have hazy ideas on this subject, and those who condemn the Split Infinitive, without knowing what it is, go to ridiculous lengths in order to avoid what is after all grammatically quite correct. *To boldly challenge,* and *To boldly be challenged,* are split infinitives, but *To be boldly challenged* is not a split infinitive. It is merely an instance of dividing *be* from its complement by an adverb. See Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* Page 558.

quarters as indefensible, but there are responsible writers who hold the view that there is no objection to its occasional use, particularly when such use avoids ambiguity, e.g., *He considered it desirable to further increase facilities for the spread of education in India* would not mean quite the same thing if the position of *further* were altered to after *desirable*, or *facilities*, or before *spread*, or *education*. The only course for the writer who is intent on further increasing facilities, is to split the infinitive.

95. Just as what is idiomatic is sometimes ungrammatical, so also what is grammatical is sometimes unidiomatic, e.g.:—

(1) We aim *to prove* it. *At proving* is the idiomatic expression.

(2) A *hardly* won fight. Say, A *hard* won fight.

(3) I doubt *that* they really mean it. Use *whether* instead.

(4) With a view *of* establishing himself. With a view to establishing himself.

(5) He is regarded a good fellow. He is regarded *as* a good fellow.

96. Different Idiom Formations. The following are a few of the different ways in which idioms have been formed:—

(1) Pairs of words or short phrases that go together, for the sake of emphasis, e.g.:—*off and on; now and then; high and low; here and there; for better, for worse; black and blue; fast and loose; slow and steady; rough and tumble; far and wide; down and out; spick and span; slow and sure; ups and downs; through and through; hard and fast; enough and to spare; through thick and thin; at sixes and sevens; the long and short; over and above; far and away; part and parcel; sackcloth and ashes; from first to last.*

(2) A preposition followed by a noun, or word used as a noun, e. g.:— *by far; for ever; on hand; by chance; in fact; at length; in general; at leisure; of late; for once; at hand; in hand.*

(3) Idioms made up of metaphors, e. g.:—*Keep the wolf from the door; hold at bay; keep one's head above water; make both ends meet; an axe to grind; throw out of gear; grind the face of; run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; break ground; hand over hand; from hand to mouth; strike while the iron is hot; join hands with; look daggers; hit the nail on the head.*

The number of such idioms is continually increasing.

(4) Idioms borrowed from other languages, e.g.:—

(*a*) *That goes without saying* is the translation of the French *Ça va sans dire.*

(*b*) *With a grain of salt* is from the Latin *Cum grano salis.*

(*c*) *Now or never,* from the Latin *Nunc aut nunquam.*

(*d*) *To pass the time,* from the French *Pour passer le temps.*

(*e*) *Upon the carpet* from the French *Sur le tapis.*

(*f*) *Holy of Holies,* from the Latin, *Sanctum sanctorum.*

97. English is a language particularly rich in idioms, and the beginner is sure to be puzzled by the peculiar nature of some of them. Thus, you may *come to grief,* but not to joy; you may *cook a man's goose,* but not his

hen; you may be *cool as a cucumber*, but not as a pumpkin; the mob may *run riot*, but not canter or gallop; a thing may be *dirt cheap*, but not mud cheap; the country may *go to the dogs*, but not to the cats; you may see *eye to eye*, but not nose to nose; you may *harp on the same string*, but not fiddle on it; you may *bury the hatchet*, but not the axe; your arguments may *hold water*, but not beer or wine; you may *laugh in your sleeve*, but not in your pocket or your collar; you may be inclined to *have larks*, but not crows or parrots; you may fall *head over heels*, but not heels over head; your friend may *play you false*, but not act you false; you may *rob Peter to pay Paul*, but not Paul to pay Peter; finally you may *go mad*, and then it would be *all up* with you, for no grammarian would ever let you go sane again. It is all very sad.

Note that not all idioms are admissible in good prose. Some are colloquial and allowed only in conversation. Such expressions as *cook a man's goose, dirt cheap, go west, carry on, in the pink, go the whole hog, in the wrong box*, etc., are really slang, and therefore to be avoided in writing.

98. Conclusion. The knowledge of idiom is not to be acquired without some trouble. The best advice to the beginner is to read widely and to keep a notebook in which to set down all the idiomatic expressions he comes across, with their meaning, and to study their use. He should also consult on every possible occasion a good Dictionary of Idioms, and familiarise himself with the ways of the language. He will find this both entertaining and instructive.

II. PUNCTUATION

99. Punctuation is a great aid to clearness.

In English the following stops are used to divide sentence from sentence, or one part of a sentence from another:—The *Comma* (,); the *Semi-colon* (;); the *Colon* (:); the *Full Stop* (.); the note of *Interrogation* (?); the note of *Exclamation* (!); *Quotation marks* (" "); the *Apostrophe* ('); *Brackets* () or []; *three dots* (...); the *Hyphen* (-); the *Dash* (—). Each of these stops indicates a different kind of pause to the careful reader: a slight pause at the Comma, a little longer one with a drop in the voice at the Semi-colon, a longer pause still and more drop in the voice at the Colon, a pause for reflection at three dots, and a definite pause and a definite drop in the voice at the Full Stop.

The proper use of these stops helps the reader to understand the meaning more easily, by indicating the relation between words, phrases, clauses, and sentences. If he is reading the passage aloud, they tell him exactly what pause to make so that the connection between the different parts of a sentence or paragraph, may be made evident. They are also frequently of great use in avoiding ambiguity of meaning, as the following examples will show:—

(1) *Among the subjects discussed, early marriage, the caste system, and the purdah in particular, were hotly debated.* (A comma after *purdah* is necessary to make the meaning quite clear).

(2) *He wished to give his students a deeper interest in their studies and mischief, idleness, and ignorance, less scope.* (A semi-colon after *studies* is necessary to bring out the correct meaning. A comma will not suffice).

(3) *An ornamental table, the property of a lady with three finely carved legs, is for sale.* (It seems a pity to deprive this celebrated lady of such finely carved supports, but it has to be done in the interests of justice, and punctuation will perform this delicate operation for you.)

(4) *The Schoolmaster says the Inspector is a fool.* (Punctuation will reveal the fool).

100. The Comma. A frequent use of the comma makes the style jerky, and is to be avoided. It should be used only where a slight pause is necessary to make the meaning clear. The following rules may be laid down for the use of this stop, which should be inserted:—

(1) *between subordinate clauses in complex sentences,* e.g.:

The course of action which you contemplate, and which you consider to be necessary, will not ease the situation.

(2) *between short co-ordinate clauses,* e.g.:

I think you are wrong, and I feel it is my duty to say so.

(3) *before and after phrases which separate the verb from its complement,* e.g.:

He is, from every point of view, a thoroughly competent workman.

(4) *after words, phrases, or clauses, placed at the beginning of a sentence,* e.g.:

Courageously, he undertook the leadership of the expedition.—Straining every muscle, he made a spurt and won the race.—In spite of every attempt on the part of the Captain, the ship could not be freed from the rocks.

(5) *before and after words, phrases, and clauses, which follow their nouns or pronouns,* e.g.:

The General, angry, and the Adjutant, indifferent, there was no hope of my getting what I wanted.—The judge, looking

sternly at the accused, delivered judgment.—The Socialists, who clamour for an equal distribution of property, will now have it all their own way.

(6) *between words and phrases in apposition,* e.g.:

Napoleon, the Man of Destiny, as some have called him, was a most wonderful general.

(7) *to indicate the omission of a word, or words,* e.g.:

To have knowledge is good, but to possess wisdom, better.—Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—**Bacon.**

(8) *between the different words in a list or series,* e.g.:

We live by admiration, faith, and hope.—She was good, wise, and beautiful.—It was a swift, united, well-timed, dangerous movement. (Note that in the last example no comma has been placed after *dangerous*. Where the series consists of Adjectives, a comma is not inserted between the last Adjective and the Noun).

(9) *after a Verb of Saying, which introduces something in Direct Speech, but not if the quotation is very short,* e.g.:

He exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, come quick!"—The drowning man shouted "Help!"

(10) *before and after all short parentheses,* e.g.:

The poor fellow, I am sorry to say, died the same evening.

(11) *after each Preposition, when there are two Prepositions to one object,* e.g.:

This car is superior to, and cheaper than, the one I saw yesterday.

(12) *after each Adjective, when there are two or more Adjectives to one Noun,* e.g.:

His wealth was the chief, one might say the only, source of his influence.

(13) *after each pair in a series of words or phrases in pairs,* e.g.:

> Here and there, now and then, off and on, every odd moment he could spare from his arduous labours, he devoted to this great work of charity.

(14) *both before and after such words or phrases as* finally, at least, however, moreover, in short, firstly, secondly, of course, on the whole, to sum up, well, indeed, at last, *except when they begin or end a sentence,* e.g.:

> The result, on the whole, may be deemed satisfactory.—It was impossible to do anything else, of course.—Well, the only thing that remains to be considered is the question of supplies.

101. Errors in the use of Commas. These arise from using too many commas, or too few, or omitting one of a pair of commas. Guard against such errors.

102. The Semi-Colon. The Semi-colon is not so much used to-day as it used to be, and this is a pity. It marks a rather longer pause than the Comma, and is used to separate

(1) *long co-ordinate clauses,* especially when such clauses contain other phrases or clauses, themselves divided from one another by a comma:

> The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape.—**Steele.**

(2) *short co-ordinate phrases or clauses, which are not connected by a conjunction:*

> He had travelled for years on the continent; he had friends everywhere; he had studied the conditions of foreign states, the intricacies of foreign diplomacy, with all the energy of his acute and restless mind.—**Strachey.** See also under Comma (7).

(3) *Parallel clauses,* or clauses which the writer desires to emphasise by providing a longer pause between them:

> The coconut tree gives us food; it gives us drink; it gives us rafters; it gives us material for roofing; it gives us oil; it gives us rope; it supplies us, indeed, with nearly all the necessaries of life. (See also previous example, and under Parallel Construction, § 42).

103. The Colon. The Colon is another stop which has fallen upon hard days. It is only slightly less strong than a Full Stop, and people seem to prefer the latter. And yet, a style gains in individuality by the discriminating use of the Colon and the Semi-colon. Note that a Colon does not require the use of Capitals after it.

A Colon should be used—

(1) *when what follows confirms, repeats, or amplifies the previous statement, without introducing altogether new matter.* In the latter case a full stop should be used:

> It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so.—**(Hunt.)** Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. —**(Hazlitt.)**

(2) *before enumerations, when it is generally followed by a dash,* e.g.:

> The following articles were found in his pocket:—a pencil, a pen-knife, a thimble, a bit of chalk, and a piece of string.

(3) *to introduce a quotation, or an example,* e.g.:

> This quotation from Tennyson is to the point: "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."—The following is a good example:

(4) *between two brief antithetical co-ordinate clauses unconnected by a conjunction*, e.g.:

Art is long: Time is fleeting.—Man proposes: God disposes.

104. The Full Stop marks the end of a sentence, and should be used only when the sense of the sentence is complete. The Full Stop is also used to mark abbreviations, e.g.:—M. L. C. (Member, Legislative Council); e.g., (for example—*exempli gratia*): B.A. (Bachelor of Arts); Kt. (Knight); Rev. (Reverend); Feb. (February); C. O. D. (Cash on Delivery); V. P. P. (Value payable post).

105. The Note of Interrogation is required when a direct question is asked, e.g., *Who is that man?* An indirect question needs only a full stop, e.g., *It may be asked who that man is.*

The question mark is required after interrogative sentences which are in the form of statements or assertions, e.g., *You came here to see your father? You thought you were doing the right thing?*

Note, however, that no question mark is needed at the end when a polite request is made in an interrogative form, e.g., *Will you please look into this matter at once.—Could you kindly speak to your brother about my appointment.—May I assure you of my hearty co-operation.*

When enclosed in brackets after a word or figure, it signifies that what immediately precedes is open to doubt, e.g., *Your wealthy (?) friend is begging for a job.—He said he was 108 (?) years old.*

106. The Note of Exclamation is used to denote joy, sorrow, surprise, etc., or, when addressing some one.

'O what a fall was there my countrymen!'—Miserable man! you have been well punished already.

107. Quotation Marks are employed to enclose a quotation, or words in Direct Speech.

"Do you not agree with me?" I asked my friend.—"I do," he replied, "was it not Shakespeare who observed: 'Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice'?"

Note, in the second example, (*a*) how the verb of saying breaks up the quotation marks, (*b*) that a quotation made by a speaker is put in single (not double) quotation marks, and (*c*) where the question mark is placed.

108. The Apostrophe marks the possessive form except in the case of pronouns. It also indicates the omission of a vowel or of a syllable, or syllables, e.g.:— Ramchunder's book; parents' responsibilities; I'll; couldn't; Hon'ble; Ven'ble.

109. Brackets indicate the use of a Parenthesis, e.g.:

But like many others of his kind, Hubert Le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known) drifted speedily away into the provinces; and I like everyone else ceased to remember him.—**Max Beerbohm.**

110. Three Dots after a Full Stop mark a pause for reflection, or indicate something left to the imagination of the reader, e.g.:

(1) Thank Heaven! I have caught it. . . . (**A. G. Gardiner**).—
(2) And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies....
(3) He is a very good fellow, but fearfully jealous. I need hardly say more. . . .

111. The Hyphen is used

(1) to divide a word into two parts, when at the end of a line there is not sufficient space for the whole word. In the latter case care must be taken to insert the hyphen only at the end of a syllable.

(2) To separate vowels which require to be pronounced separately, e.g.:—*Pre-ordained; co-ordinate; pre-eminent.*

(3) To indicate the parts of a compound word, e.g., *self-willed; large-handed; kind-hearted; never-to-be-forgotten occasion; down-in-the-mouth feeling.* (Note that the use of made-up compounds such as the last two is not to be encouraged).

Well-established compounds such as *blacksmith, dozen-fall, handwriting, hardware, letterpress,* require no hyphen. Be careful not to insert a hyphen between an Adverb and the Participle which it qualifies. Not, *clearly-expressed, wrongly-imagined, poorly-paid,* but *clearly expressed, wrongly imagined, poorly paid.*

112. The Dash. The following examples illustrate the use of the Dash:—

(1) He was born in the town of L——.

The well known firm of Engineers ——, took him into their service. (*To indicate omission of a word or words, or part of a word*).

(2) All was lost—health, happiness, honour, friends. (*Enumerations*).

(3) At last he was wealthy and famous—but what were wealth and fame to him without her? (*long pause to show break in thought*).

(4) I—er—think—I—mean—er—I—feel—er— (*faltering speech*).

(5) He swam the whole distance—no small feat of endurance—without showing the slightest sign of fatigue. (*Parenthesis**.)

(6) His anger was terrible—the insensate anger of a beast. (*To indicate words in apposition*).

113. Conclusion. It is necessary to pay attention to your punctuation, because careless punctuation spoils a good style. The modern tendency is to use the smallest possible number of stops, but no good writer will dispense with a stop if it is necessary for the sake of clearness.

Make punctuation a habit. It is a habit which promotes as well as indicates clear thinking. Always make it a point to devote a few minutes at the end of your work to revising and correcting errors in punctuation. It pays in the long run.

III. SPELLING.

114. Until the sixteenth century English spelling was mainly phonetic, *i.e.*, the spelling corresponded to the pronunciation, as it still does in modern German. In modern English, however, pronunciation in many cases has drifted far from the spelling, with the result that, as it stands at present, English spelling is full of absurd and confusing anomalies. These anomalies make the lot of the beginner very hard indeed, and he wonders in vain why such words, for example, as *mute, rite, late, vote,* should have a final *e* when it is silent; why *but* and *put, some* and *home, wound* and *sound,* should be spelt in the same way when they are pronounced differently; why *believe,*

* The parenthetical remark, it is now seen, may be divided off by commas, or brackets, or dashes. A parenthesis is most emphasised when enclosed in brackets, less emphasised within dashes, and least within commas. The nature of the remark should indicate what marks should be used.

receive, sheep and *cream, drum* and *come, bird* and *curd, vain, pane, reign, straight* and *freight, letter* and *centre, phase* and *praise,* should not be spelt in the same way since they are pronounced alike; why there should be a *u* in *colour* or *humour* when it is not to be found in *horror* or *debtor;* why such words as *rogue, catalogue, tongue* should be furnished with a *ue* at the end which is not pronounced; why the consonant should be doubled in *travelled* and *appalled,* when it is not, in *appealed* and *benefited;* and so on.

115. Spelling Reform has already done a good deal in America to simplify matters and make things uniform, e.g., *color, center, traveler,* etc.; but in England, attempts at such reform (though they have been sponsored by such great authorities as Professor Skeat, Dr. Furnival, Dr. Sweet, Dr. Henry Bradley, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Dr. Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate) have not been successful, and the old anomalies continue. The latest exponent of easy English spelling is Professor R. E. Zachrisson, of Upsala University, who has invented a system of simplified spelling, the object of which is to ease the adoption of English as a world language. The Professor, who is a Swede, is convinced of the supreme claims of English in this direction, and has based his system on old English orthography in an age when the language was more phonetic than it is to-day. Some idea of his system may be obtained from the following example:—

> The furst prod'uction ov Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* was a grate suc'es. Wen the curten fel there wer loud calls for the author. The audiens wer stil cheering wen Mr. Shaw ap'eerd, but there was wun man in the galery who was booing all the time. Mr. Shaw lookt up at the galery, and sed very

seeriusly: "Yes sur, I quite agr'ee with you, but what can wee too doo ag'anste the hole hous?"

116. To what extent this system will be successful remains to be seen. Meanwhile as the anomalies persist, the beginner may find the following hints useful.

(1) Nouns ending in *y* preceded by a consonant change the *y* to *i* and add *es* to form the plural, e.g.:—*lady, ladies; folly, follies.* The singular of such words originally ended in *ie.*

When the *y* is preceded by a vowel, add *s*, e.g.:—*boy, boys; way, ways; storey, storeys.*

(2) Verbs ending in *y* form their third person singular, and their past tense, in a similar manner, e.g.:—*cry, cries, cried; pray, prays, prayed.*

(3) Nouns ending in *s, x, ch, sh,* form their plural by adding *es,* e.g.:—*lass, lasses; box, boxes; church, churches; dish, dishes.*

(4) Nouns ending in *o* preceded by a consonant, also form their plural by adding *es,* e.g.:—*mango, mangoes; tomato, tomatoes.* Note however, the following common exceptions: *pianos, mementos, tiros, grottos, cantos.*

(5) Nouns ending in *f* or *fe* form their plural by changing *f* or *fe* into *ves,* e.g.:—*leaf, leaves; wife, wives.* The following are common exceptions: *briefs, chiefs, roofs, hoofs, reefs, griefs, fifes, gulfs, proofs, safes.*

(6) Before a suffix beginning with a vowel, silent *e* is dropped, e.g., *come, coming; endure, endurable; rate, rating.* Note that the *e* is retained to soften *c* or *g*, as in *serviceable, courageous, singeing, abridgement.* It is retained in *dyeing* to distinguish it from *dying.*

(7) In compound words *ll* frequently becomes *l*, e.g.:—*thrall, enthral; till, until; all, almost; full, fill, fulfil; skill, full; skilful.*

(8) A word ending with a single final consonant, frequently (though not always) doubles that consonant, when a syllable is added to the word, e.g.:—*wool, woollen; appal, appalled, appalling; cram, cramming; flog, flogging; run, running, runner; travel, traveller, travelling, travelled; war, warring; bat, batting.* The following are common exceptions: *beat, beating; appeal, appealed; benefit, benefited.*

(9) Before adding *ous*, final *our* becomes *or*, e.g.:—*valour, valorous; humour, humorous.*

(10) In diphthongs (ie, ei) which rhyme with *see*, the *i* goes before the *e* unless the diphthong is preceded by *c*, e.g.:—*belief, receive, field, deceive, siege, piece, liege.* The following are exceptions: *seize, weird, either, neither.*

(11) In such words as *affect, aggrieve, accident, appear, announce, allow, arrange, assist, attain, correct, command, collect, immerse, irradiate, illume, opponent, occur, succeed, suffer, surrender, symmetry, syllogism,* the double consonant may be accounted for by the law of Assimilation, the final consonant of a prefix becoming the same as the first consonant of the root of a word. Note how the Latin prefixes *ad, con, in, ob, sub,* and the Greek prefix *syn* have been modified in the words given above.

117. Conclusion. Bad spelling like bad punctuation, spoils a good style. It is worth while taking the trouble to correct your spelling mistakes, which are due, more often, to carelessness rather than ignorance.

PART II—COMPOSITION

CHAPTER VIII

PARAPHRASING

118. Any good dictionary will tell you that a paraphrase (Gk. *para,* alongside; *phrasis,* a telling) is a re-statement of a text or passage expressing the meaning of the original in another form, for the sake of its clearer and fuller exposition. What is aimed at in a paraphrase, therefore, is a free rendering of the sense of the passage in order to secure greater clearness and simplicity. Hence, when you are asked to paraphrase a passage (usually a poem or part of a poem*) the most important thing to remember is that you are expected to render the meaning of the passage in *your own words.* Next, don't forget that the object of your paraphrase is *to express the meaning with the utmost clearness and simplicity.* It is not the mere substitution of one word for another.

119. Now, you cannot do either of these things well, if you do not understand (or understand only partially), the meaning of the passage set. You cannot make clear to others what is not clear even to yourself.

* The diction of Poetry being markedly different from that of prose, passages set for paraphrasing are usually in verse. Sometimes, however, the passage set may be in prose, written either in an archaic style, in which case it must be turned into modern idiom, or in a style so difficult, artificial, or elaborate, as to require considerable simplification.

Your *first* endeavour should therefore be to master the sense of the passage, to get hold of *the central idea*. For this you may have to read the passage over several times attentively. Don't grudge the time spent on this, for the success of your paraphrase will depend ultimately on your success in grasping the thought or thoughts expressed or implied in the passage before you. The more clear the meaning of the passage becomes to you, the more light is shed on the sense of particular words or phrases which at first may have seemed vague or doubtful.

Next, set this meaning down, as far as possible in your own words, preserving the spirit of the original.

Then, improve upon what you have written. Aim at *clearness* and *simplicity*: clearness, in conveying the thoughts expressed or implied in the passage; simplicity, of language. These are two very different things.

Finally, make a fair copy, if necessary.

120. Clearness. Thought in Poetry is generally more condensed than in Prose, and, in paraphrasing, a little elaboration may be necessary to bring out the full force of an idea. Often, also, there may be allusions, references, or figurative language, which will require elucidation. You should be able to show that you understand their significance.

Sometimes, where the poetic effect is heightened by repetition or diffuseness, the original may have to be condensed for the sake of clearness. Generally speaking, however, in the paraphrase there should be an equivalent for *everything* in the passage set.

121. Simplicity. Poetry has a diction all its own. When paraphrasing verse, remember that you are chang-

ing its form, and that therefore some of the characteristics of the verse-form have to be eliminated. There are certain words, certain phrases, certain constructions which are peculiar to poetry. These should find their proper equivalents in prose.

(1) Such words as *sere, lea, mead, grot,* are used only in poetry.

(2) Phrases or expressions such as *flower of light, her wild wild eyes, I see a lily on thy brow,* are highly poetic, and prose equivalents should be found for them.

(3) Inversions of the normal order, the use of the second person *thou, ye,* and ellipses, are common in poetry. The necessary changes or additions should be made when rendering into prose.

When however the language of the original is already so simple that it would be futile to attempt to simplify it any further, care should be taken not to make the sense more difficult by merely giving less simple dictionary meanings. The essence of simplicity in language is directness and economy of words. Choose your words carefully and make your explanations clear, but where one word will produce the effect you aim at, don't use two. What is more, try to preserve the spirit of the original (its general style, solemn, sad, lively, or humorous) as far as possible. If there are passages in direct speech in the original it would be preferable to keep to the direct form in your paraphrase also, as it helps to maintain the similarity in style.

122. What not to do. So much for what you *should* do. There are also a few things which you should carefully refrain from doing.

(1) *Avoid* making your paraphrase a mere literal translation. A paraphrase means something more than just word-substitution.

(2) *Avoid* introducing ideas into your paraphrase which are not in the original.

(3) *Avoid* omitting ideas which are in the original.

(4) *Avoid* all comment or criticism of the original. Your views may be most interesting, but they have not been asked for, and are not wanted. Confine your attention rigidly to the passage before you.

(5) *Avoid* making any reference of any kind to the author of the passage, even if you happen to know who it is. *Never* begin your paraphrase with such words as *The poet says*, or *The poet tells us*, or *The poet is of the opinion*. You have nothing to do with the poet.

(6) *Avoid*, above all things, attempts to improve upon the original. It is not likely that you will succeed, but it is desirable that you shou'd remember that an exercise in paraphrasing is not set for this purpose.

123. In conclusion, remember that your paraphrase should be a readable piece of prose, intelligible even to those who have not seen the original. A paraphrase is a good test of your capacity (1) to understand clearly the meaning of a passage, and (2) to express that meaning in another form in your own words.

Keeping these directions in mind, let us now try to paraphrase a few selected passages.

124. (1) **The Noble Nature.**

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be:
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

Having read this carefully through, more than once if necessary, **the first question** to be asked is, *What is the central idea?* and **then,** *What other ideas are expressed or implied which grow out of the main one?*

The central idea in this poem is that the character of a man is made *better* neither by growing in bulk like a tree, nor by merely living for a long term of years.

This thought is illustrated by considering, on the one hand, the case of an oak tree which grows to a huge size, lives for many hundreds of years, only to fall at length a log, *dry, bald, and sere;* on the other hand, that of a lily (*the flower of light*) which, although it lives for the short space of a few hours only, is far more beautiful.

It is clear from these considerations that we may see *just* beauties in *small proportions,* and that life may be perfect in *short measures.*

What really matters (this is implied) in the case of a man, then, is not mere length of life or growth of body, but the nobility of his nature, the goodness of his actions.

The meaning of the poem may now be set down roughly thus:

> A man's character is not made *better* either by growing in bulk like a tree, or by merely living for a long term of years. An oak tree grows to a huge size, lives for many hundreds of years, only to fall at length a log, *dry, bald, and sere;* whereas a lily which lives only for a few hours in May is far more beautiful. It is the very *flower of light.* Thus we see that *just* beauties may be observed in *small proportions* and that life may be perfect in *short measures.* It follows, therefore, that what really improves a man is the practice of true nobility.

Next, observe that there are certain expressions (italicised above) which are essentially *poetic,* and which

must therefore be altered to the needs of prose. *Make better* suggests improvement, development. *Dry, bald, and sere,* may be turned into 'leafless and withered.' *May* stands for Summer. *Flower of light* is a highly poetic expression which it is difficult to render adequately in prose. *Light* here stands, for joy, cheerfulness, in the metaphorical sense also. The phrase therefore is intended to convey the meaning of 'flower born of light and radiating joy and cheerfulness.' In *just beauties* the word *just* means *true,* and the phrase is equivalent to 'that which is truly beautiful and worthy of appreciation', or 'characteristics of real beauty'. *Small proportions* means 'objects on a small scale,' therefore, *little things.* It is *size* that is referred to here, whereas in *short measures* the poet is thinking of *time,* and alludes therefore to life that is short-lived.

This is the manner in which you should *think, analyse,* and *understand* the passage. Now how shall we put down all this clearly and to the point? In other words how shall we write out the paraphrase? In some such way as this:

> A man is not like a tree. An oak tree grows to a huge size, and lives for hundreds of years, only to fall at last to the ground a leafless and withered log. Even so, a man may live many years without becoming noble in character: his body has grown stronger, but he has not become a better man.
>
> On the contrary, Nature shows us that the smallest of her creatures may be very beautiful and perfect in their way, although they are short-lived. A lily that blossoms in summer, though it lives but for a few hours, is far more beautiful than the great oak, and during its brief life its radiant whiteness sheds joy and cheerfulness on all around. So, in the lives of men, real beauty of character may be seen in the simple and humble, and life though short may be made perfect by noble deeds.

Don't imagine that this is the only possible paraphrase of this poem. Ten different persons will write it in ten different ways. Why not try and express it in your own way?

125. (2) **The World.**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares its bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

They move us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that might make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

Wordsworth.

This is one of Wordsworth's most famous sonnets. The central idea in the poem is that we are so preoccupied with the concerns of the material world that we have lost touch with the world of Nature about us. The sea and the roaring winds are given as instances of Nature's manifestations which leave us cold and unmoved.

In the second half of the poem, a personal note is struck in seeking a remedy for this lamentable state of affairs. For myself (the poet informs us), rather than follow a way of life that makes me dead to the beneficent influences of Nature, I would be a Pagan (note the implied hit at his own religion) and believe in a

multiplicity of Gods and Goddesses (like, e.g., the Greeks of old). For that would make me less lonely and unhappy by bringing me into more intimate touch with Nature.

We may now set down the sense of the poem briefly:

> We are so pre-occupied with material things that we have lost touch with Nature. The sea and the wind and the moon leave us cold and unmoved. Great God, I would rather be *a pagan suckled in a creed outworn* than go on living a life that deadens me to the beneficent influences of Nature. For, as a pagan, I should be more intimately in touch with the spirit of Nature, and therefore less lonely and unhappy.

Notice that a distinction is drawn by the poet between the world and Nature. By *world* he means the material world, the daily concerns of life in which we immerse ourselves to the exclusion of everything else. The word *soon* means 'early' and the expression *late and soon* is equivalent to 'always, all the time.' *Sordid* implies low selfish ideals and condemns those who prefer worldly things to the inspiring beauties of nature. A *pagan* is a non-christian. *Suckled in a creed outworn* means, nursed in beliefs that are now discredited. It is clear that the poet has in mind the gods and goddesses of the ancient Greeks. *Lea* is poetic for *meadow*. *Proteus* is one of the Greek gods, a sea-god, who, according to Greek mythology, had the singular power of changing himself into whatever shape he pleased. *Triton* is another sea-god, and was supposed to have the forefeet of a horse, the tail of a fish, and a shell trumpet. Hence the reference to his *wreathed horn*.

Now for the paraphrase:

> We are so absorbed in material concerns, and our energies are so wasted in the pursuit of wealth and worldly

enjoyment that we have separated ourselves from the world of nature, which no longer means anything to us. The selfish calculating life that we live has deadened our hearts and deprived us of all sensibility. For now nothing moves us. Neither the loveliness of this moonlit expanse of ocean, nor the fierce roaring winds, quiet now and gathered up like the petals of sleeping flowers, evoke in us any response. Sights and sounds such as these do not appeal to us, for Nature and we have nothing in common now.

Great God, I would rather be a pagan like the Greeks of old and believe in all their Gods and Goddesses than continue in this modern materialism. For, as a pagan, I should be less lonely and unhappy, because from this beautiful meadow where I stand I might then obtain peeps at Nature as she really is; see perhaps the sea-god Proteus rising from the waves, or hear old Triton blow a trumpet call on his spiral shell.

126. (3) **La Belle Dame Sans Merci.**

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful—a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet;
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulléd me asleep;
And there I dream'd,—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too;
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide;
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Keats.

The poem consists of a question (the first three verses), and an answer (the remaining nine).

THE QUESTION. Oh Sir Knight, what is it that afflicts you, and why do you wander all alone in this barren region looking so pale and sad when everyone else is happy and contented?

THE ANSWER: I met a beautiful fairy lady and fell in love with her. She gave me sweet roots and wild honey to eat, and in her strange language she seemed to assure me of her love. Then she took me to her fairy cavern, and there she wept and sighed, and I kissed her. Presently she sang me to sleep and in my sleep I dreamed a dream. In this dream I saw kings and princes and warriors, all pale as death, and one and all they cried out, as if in warning, "*La belle Dame sans Merci* has enslaved you." When I awoke from this horrible dream I found myself here on this hillside. The spell cast by the beautiful fairy is still on me, and that is why I wander here alone and unhappy.

That, roughly, is the gist of the poem. You should know that it is one of the most beautiful poems in English Literature. Indeed some critics consider that it represents the high-water mark of romantic poetry in England.

Notice the pathos of the poem, and, what may be called, its *atmosphere*. An air of strangeness, of mystery, hangs over it. The knight is under the strange spell of the beautiful but pitiless fairy, and is condemned to wander alone on the cold hillside.

In paraphrasing the poem, although most of its beauty will be destroyed, we should try to reproduce this atmosphere of mystery and romance. Observe that the poet attempts an archaic style to be in keeping with this atmosphere, and that though the language of the poem is simple in itself, some of the words and expressions are highly poetic. Note also how, in a line or two, the poet sets before us the bleakness of the landscape. *The sedge is wither'd from the lake, and no birds sing.* Contrasted with the restlessness and unhappiness of the Knight is the sense of peace and contentment in the hearts of others, even of animals. *The squirrel's granary is full, and the harvest's done.*

Lily on thy brow and *fading rose* are poetic conceits expressive of the intense pallor on the knight's face. Such words as *mead*, *zone*, *grot*, *gloam* are used only in poetry, and should be rendered in prose, by *meadow*, *girdle*, *cavern*, and *twilight*, respectively. The beauty of the fairy and her strangeness are outlined in three suggestive phrases, *long hair*, *light foot*, *wild eyes*. The last is almost untranslatable. Keats himself likes the expression so much that he repeats it in the eighth verse with redoubled force. More than anything else it suggests the strangeness of the fairy.

The paraphrase may now be attempted:

"Oh, sir Knight, why do you wander all by yourself in this bleak region where even the reeds in the water have dried up and the very birds refrain from singing? This is a season of rest and contentment. The harvest has been gathered in from the fields, and even the storehouse of the squirrel is now well stocked. But your forehead, pale as a lily, is bedewed as though with the agony of a fever, and your cheeks are fast losing their colour."

"Down in the meadows" replied the Knight, "I met a lady as beautiful as a fairy, with long hair and tripping feet, and in her eyes was a strange fire which I found irresistible. I set her on my horse, and walked by her side, and all that day I looked at her and her only, for she was always leaning sideways towards me and singing a strange fairy song. I gathered sweet-smelling flowers for her, and made a wreath for her head, bracelets for her arms, and a girdle for her waist, and in return she merely made a low sound as of pain or grief, in her melodious voice, and looked at me as though she loved me. By and by when I was hungry she gave me roots that tasted sweet and wild honey to eat and fresh dew to drink; and I am certain that in her strange language she said 'I love you truly.'

"Presently we reached the fairy cavern where she lived. When we arrived there she wept and sighed as though her heart would break. And I felt so much pity and love for

her that I took her in my arms and kissed her four times on those wonderful eyes of hers. And there, in her fairy cavern I fell asleep listening to her sweet songs, and in my sleep I dreamed a dream. Alas that I should have done so, for I cannot forget the sorrow of it! In that dream I saw Kings and princes and warriors all as pale as death, and one and all they cried out to me, 'Beware! *La belle Dame sans Merci,* the beautiful lady without pity, has you in bondage!' In the dim light I saw their ghastly lips open wide to utter this terrible cry of warning, and I awoke and found myself on the cold slopes of this hill, and here I have wandered ever since. So now you know why it is I stay on alone and unhappy in this bleak region where even the reeds in the water have dried up, and the very birds refuse to sing."

127. (4) Let us now attempt the paraphrase of a passage in prose.

Perseverance is the very hinge of all virtues. On looking over the world, the cause of nine-tenths of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings and darken and degrade so much of their history, lies not in the want of talents, or the will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, in flying from object to object, in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties, so large that no human force can conquer them. The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable valley to flow in. Commend me therefore to the virtue of perseverance. Without it all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to market proves to be slate or cinders.

Read the passage very carefully, particularly the second sentence which is uncomfortably long, and may confuse you at first. Let the main ideas, which may be set down as follows, sink into your mind.

All other virtues depend upon perseverance. Nine-tenths of the unhappy failures which occur in men's undertakings are due not to the want of talents but to not applying them

steadily and perseveringly. Without perseverance all the remaining virtues will be found to be valueless.

Note that the second sentence is very important, and should be analysed carefully. It is too long to be paraphrased in one sentence, and should be split up into as many sentences as there are ideas in it. The brook is an illustration of the manner in which difficulties multiply if not overcome at the very beginning.

The paraphrase, then, should run somewhat as follows:

All the other virtues turn upon the virtue of perseverance, as on a hinge. If we look at the world we shall see that nine men out of ten fail in their projects and cover themselves with ruin and disgrace, because they are lacking in perseverance. They are not wanting in brains or knowledge, nor do they lack the desire to employ them, but they lack steadiness. They do not concentrate their energies on the attainment of their object. They are undecided and waver between two courses of action. They are frequently changing from one thing to another; and they are easily discouraged by disappointments. The result is that their difficulties multiply to such an extent that a time soon comes when it is beyond the power of any man to overcome them. The smallest stream if allowed to run on unchecked will soon grow wider and wider, until presently, having cut its way deep down, it finds itself flowing through mighty valleys. It is then impossible to stay its course.

Let me therefore cultivate the all-important virtue of perseverance, without which all the other virtues become quite valueless; like the gold of fairies which shines and looks genuine in your purse, but which when you come actually to use it, has turned, you discover, into worthless rubbish.

128. You have now some idea of how a paraphrase should be attempted. A final caution* is to go over what

* Sometimes you may be asked to give only the *substance* of the passage set. Then it is not a full-length paraphrase that

you have written, carefully, with a view to correcting any mistakes you may have made in grammar or idiom or spelling, or in the subject matter, and to make out a fair copy if necessary.

In PART III of this book a number of carefully selected passages have been brought together as exercises in paraphrasing. No prose passages are included in this section for the obvious reason that suitable paragraphs for this purpose may be found in the exercises provided in the section devoted to Epitomisation.

Attempt as many of these as you can. Remember perseverance is the hinge of all the virtues Not only will this improve your powers of expression, it will also acquaint you with some of the finest poems as well as some of the finest passages in English Literature. This in itself should prove a liberal education.

is required, but something much briefer. *Substance* = *gist, essence, pith* of a matter. What you should try to do when asked for the substance is to set down a readable *summary* of the meaning of the passage.

CHAPTER IX

EPITOMISATION

129. The story is told of a certain Stationery Office the bottles of gum issued from which bore the following instruction:—"In ordinary use the best and most nearly immediate result is secured by using only such an amount of gum as will just uniformly moisten the surface without leaving any obvious excess to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of a gummed postage-stamp just moistened as ordinarily applied to a letter." In the days of retrenchment this item was not overlooked, and on the bottles of gum issued thereafter, this wonderful sentence was replaced by the terse direction, "*Apply thinly.*"

The story illustrates the possibilities of epitomisation. The passion for condensation need not necessarily take so extreme a form, but it is clear that it is a useful accomplishment to be able to make a quick readable summary of a passage, throwing into relief, as it were, the important points in it, and omitting all matter of a subsidiary or unnecessary nature.

The accomplishment, however, is one which cannot be acquired without some practice.

130. As a form of exercise in English composition, the making of such summaries or *epitomes*, as they are called, [Gk. *epi*=upon,-*temno*=to cut] is calculated to improve your powers of understanding and expression. Habits of careless reading and slip-shod writing are only too common amongst students, and nothing

provides a stronger corrective to such habits than the practice of epitomising passages. For, epitomisation, by training you to read carefully and attentively, develops concentration. By practice in compression you learn to economise words, and therefore to be precise. What is more, by constantly striving to get at the core of a passage and the intention of the writer, you gradually develop a quickness of apprehension which is in itself a fine training for the mind, an indispensable preparation for no matter what form of study.

131. In making an epitome it is necessary to bear in mind that what is required is not a mere disconnected list of the important points in the original. That may be enough in an office where one deals with long letters, reports, documents, etc., and where the most important consideration is time. A good epitome should contain all the important points it is true, but it should be something more. While being an abridgement of the original, it should also be a piece of good, readable, and continuous prose.

132. When setting about an epitome what you should do *first* is to read the passage carefully over, several times if necessary, until you feel that,

(1) you understand it as a whole.
(2) you have grasped the intention of the author.
(3) you perceive the outstanding points.

If you do not understand the passage, or fail to grasp the intention of the writer, or find yourself unable to pick out the important points, you cannot even begin to make an epitome of what is before you. If you did, you would certainly write nonsense, which is much worse than writing nothing.

Now the passage you are dealing with may be *narrative* in character, or *descriptive*, or *argumentative*, or *philosophical*. In the case of a narrative extract, it is obviously important to get a very clear idea of the events narrated and the people introduced into the story. It is only then that the chief points in the narrative will stand out. A descriptive passage is more taxing to the imagination, for you will have to visualise the whole thing as vividly as possible and then decide which parts of the picture are the most essential for your epitome. If the passage before you is argumentative, you must first grasp the sense of the writer's main proposition, and then follow his argument step by step logically. A philosophical passage demands complete mastery of the subject matter. This may be difficult on account of its abstract nature, but once the ideas are clear to you, your work is more than half done.

The most important things, then, are, (1) To read, (2) To understand, (3) To select. The next thing is to attempt to reproduce in your own words, and in a condensed form the effect of the original. The effect is important. If the epitome is to be a miniature version of the original, its style and spirit should be a faithful reflection of the latter, humorous, fanciful, pathetic, or solemn, as the case may be.

133. The following directions should be observed in making this reproduction:—

(1) Write down, in order, the important points in the passage, so as to form a framework for your epitome.

(2) Find out how long your epitome should be, *i.e.*, the number of words it should approximately contain.

About *a third of the length of the original* is usually prescribed.

(3) Then write out your epitome, having a general idea of the whole extract in your mind, and the framework you have drawn up, before you. Write as simply, clearly, briefly, and interestingly as you can. See that the parts of your epitome bear the same balance and proportion in relation to one another, as the parts of the original. Otherwise your epitome will distort the effect.

(4) Add nothing to your epitome which is not in the original, and omit nothing which is important.

(5) See that the epitome is of the prescribed length. Make a second draft, if the first is not satisfactory, correcting for length, bad style, want of balance, omissions, irrelevance, etc.

(6) Make a fair copy.

134. The following faults are commonly found in epitomes, and care should be taken to avoid them:—

(1) Avoid writing your epitome in a very small hand in order to give the impression of conciseness. A trick of this kind is ridiculously easy to see through, and you will deceive nobody but yourself in the end.

(2) Avoid comments of your own and other irrelevances. Confine yourself rigidly to the statements in the original. An epitome is not the place for airing your views.

(3) Avoid stealing phrases from the original. Use your own words *as far as possible.** It is a confes-

*It is as well to be clear on this point. I am firmly convinced that an epitome, as an exercise in English composition, should be in the student's *own words* as far as possible. The mere putting

sion of failure to steal phrases from the passage you are epitomising.

(4) Avoid emphasis on the wrong points. This is often due to not understanding the original fully, or to preconceived notions.

(5) Avoid exceeding or falling short of the prescribed length by more or less than five words.

(6) Avoid bad style. Compression sometimes leads to the construction of sentences that lack unity. Guard against this. Careless slip-shod writing completely spoils the work you are doing, and defeats the purpose you have in view, which is to learn to express yourself clearly and with precision.

135. Assuming that your epitome is now finished, what means have you of judging its merit? The answer is not far to seek. Your epitome may be considered good, indifferent, or bad, according as it satisfies all or some or none of the following conditions:—

(1) If it contains all the essential points in the original.

together of phrases or sentences abstracted from the passage set for epitomisation may develop a student's powers of selection and judgment, but it will not improve his composition, *i.e.*, his power of expression, his command of the language. In an office, quick summaries of letters, reports, or other documents may be required, but here *time* is the chief consideration (as I have pointed out in §131), and it may be desirable, even necessary, to keep to the language of the original. In such a case there is no thought of the official concerned wasting his time or his ingenuity in putting things in his own words. With a student, however, it is different. These exercises are specifically intended to develop his powers of composition in English, and in my mind I have always made this the distinction between *Epitomisation* and *Precis-writing*, though, really speaking, they mean the same thing.

(2) If it contains nothing irrelevant or superfluous.

(3) If its arrangement is logical, and a sense of balance and proportion has been observed.

(4) If it is clear, precise, readable, and in good English.

(5) If it maintains the style and spirit of the original.

(6) If it is of the correct length. This of course is very important. Your epitome should not be too long or too short. The former is the more common fault and, of the two, very much the more serious one.

(7) If it is in your own words.

The following examples are worked out as models to show you how an epitome is made:—

136. (1) **The Attack on Newgate.**

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils as it were from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although the glass fell from the window sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs blistered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and rendered giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile; still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it men were going always. They never slackened in their zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard, that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that although they knew the pain, the thirst, and pressure to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting-fits, and were not crushed or burnt, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand and dashed with water from a pump; of which bucketfulls were passed from man to man among the crowd; but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the fighting to be first, that, for the most part, the whole contents were spilled upon the ground without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the roar and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile, heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire above the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladders, and some of these, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these fire-brands on the roof, or down into the yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful; which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horrors of the scene; for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that they were in danger of being burnt alive. This terrible fear spreading from cell to cell and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailings, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise, which was loudly heard even above the shouting of the mob, and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair, that it made the boldest tremble.—**Charles Dickens.**

Here is a vivid description of the attack made by a furious mob on Newgate jail. What is the picture that is formed in the mind, and what are the outstanding features of it? An excited crowd is surging at the entrance to the building, about the locked door of which a great fire has been kindled. The heat is intense. In their frenzy the people set fire to every part of the jail within their reach, and presently the prisoners within realise that they are in danger of being burnt alive. Their agonised shrieks are heard above the frantic shouts of the mob and the roaring of the flames, and make the boldest shudder.

Let us set the main points down:

(1) The fire is well tended by the eager surging crowd in spite of the terrible heat. Paint, glass, lead from roofs, sparrows in the eaves, all suffer.

(2) The struggle of the crowd to reach the front, in spite of the danger; their thirst; water which is brought is spilled.

(3) The efforts of those nearest, to keep the fire going and to make the blaze spread.

(4) The terrible plight of the prisoners within. Their appalling shrieks heard above all other noises.

Let us note, next, the length of the original. It contains 471 words. The epitome, to be a third of this in length, should contain only 157 words. Now, having the main points before us and the sense of the passage in mind, let us write out the epitome.

FIRST DRAFT.

The eager crowd surged round the fire and kept it well alight, regardless of the heat which was so intense that it blistered the paint on the houses opposite, sent the glass out of windows, made the iron and lead on the roofs red-hot and caused the sparrows to fall from the eaves giddy and fluttering into the blaze.

The struggle to reach the front was very fierce and those nearest the fire were in danger of being pushed in. Those who fainted or fell were carried away to an adjoining inn-yard to be revived. The scramble was so fierce that though bucketfulls of water were passed along to quench their raging thirst, most of it was spilt.

Those nearest to the fire sedulously heaped up the blaze, while others strove to cast great burning fragments on to the roof or down into the courtyards inside. Their success caused the scene to become even more hideous; for now the prisoners beginning to realise that they might be burnt alive uttered the most appalling screams, which could be heard above the roar of the flames and the shouts of the crowd.

This effort is slightly too long. It contains 190 words, and it has therefore to be condensed a little more. The question is, what shall we omit? It is a little difficult to decide, but, on reflection, the details suggestive of the intense heat, the paint, the glass, etc., seem to take up rather more space than they should. There would appear also to be some repetition in the second paragraph which could be avoided. Let us try again:

FINAL DRAFT.

The eager crowd surging round the fire kept it burning fiercely regardless of the intense heat, which damaged even the houses opposite, and caused the sparrows to fall from the eaves giddy and fluttering into the blaze. The struggle to reach the front was so fierce that those nearest the fire were in danger of being pushed in. Those who fainted were carried to an adjoining inn-yard to be revived, and though bucketfulls of water were passed along to quench the raging thirst of the crowd, most of it was spilt.

Those in front sedulously fed the flames, while others on ladders cast great burning fragments on to the roof, or down into the courtyards inside. Their success made the scene even more hideous, for now the prisoners, beginning to realise that they might be burnt alive, uttered the most appalling screams, which could be heard above the roar of the flames, and the shouts of the crowd.

That brings it down to 158 words, and perhaps we might be content with this epitome. Notice how redundancies have been removed; how a more concise effect has been obtained by altering phrases and the construction of sentences without altering the meaning; how the spirit and the style and the intention of the author have been adhered to.*

* Compare the two drafts carefully and observe the changes the first draft has undergone:—

137. (2) The Rise of the English Drama.

No single mind in single contact with the facts of nature could have created out of itself a Pallas, a Madonna, or a Lear; such vast conceptions are the growth of ages, the creations of a nation's spirit; and artist and poet, filled full with the power of that spirit, have but given them form, and nothing more than form. Nor would the form itself have been attainable by any isolated talent. No genius can dispense with experience...Noble conceptions already existing, and a noble school of execution which will launch mind and hand at once upon their true courses, are indispensable to transcendent excellence; and Shakespeare's plays were as much the offspring of the long generations who had pioneered his road for him, as the discoveries of Newton were the offspring of those of Copernicus.

1. In line 1 *and* has been eliminated by changing *surged* into *surging*.

2. *Well alight* has been altered to *burning fiercely*, the latter being more expressive.

3. In line 2 *the heat which was so intense that it* has been condensed into *the intense heat which*.

4. The details of the damage to the houses opposite have been omitted.

5. In line 7 *very fierce and* has been changed into *so fierce that* as being more forcible.

6. In line 9 *or fell* has been dropped as unnecessary.

7. In line 10 *the scramble was so fierce* has been omitted because the same idea has been expressed already. Note how the two sentences have been combined.

8. In line 13 *nearest to the fire* and *heaped up the blaze* have been changed to *in front* and *fed the flames*, respectively, with the consequent gain of three words.

9. In line 14 *strove to cast* has been changed to *cast*, and in lines 15 and 16 *caused to become* has been altered to *made*, thus gaining four words.

1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9 are examples of "pruning", i.e., seeing whether what you have written can be expressed equally well in fewer words; 2 and 5 are attempts at expressing the same idea in a more forcible manner.

No great general ever arose out of a nation of cowards; no great statesman or philosopher out of a nation of fools; no great artist out of a nation of materialists; no great dramatist except when the drama was the passion of the people. Acting was the special amusement of the English, from the palace to the village green. It was the result and expression of their power over themselves, and power over circumstances. They were troubled with no subjective speculations; no social problems vexed them with which they were unable to deal; and in the exuberance of vigour and spirits they were able, in the strict and literal sense of the word, to play with the materials of life. The mystery plays came first; next the popular legends; and then the great figures of English history came out upon the stage, or stories from Greek and Roman writers; or sometimes it was an extemporised allegory. Shakespeare himself has left us many pictures of the village drama. Doubtless he had seen many a Bottom in the old Warwickshire hamlets. He had been with Snug the joiner, Quince the carpenter, and Flute the bellows-mender, when a boy we will not question, and acted with them, and written their parts for them; had gone up with them in the winter's evenings to the Lucy's Hall before the sad trouble with the deer-stealing; and afterwards when he came to London, and found his way into great society, he had not failed to see Polonius burlesquing Caesar on the stage, as in his proper person Polonius burlesqued Sir William Cecil. The strolling players in *Hamlet* might be met at every country wake or festival; it was the direction in which the especial genius of the people delighted to revel.—**J. A. Froude.**

Here is an instance of a passage which contains certain difficulties which have first to be cleared. This is essential for the correct understanding of the passage. In all such cases of allusions and references which you do not understand, consult a dictionary or an encyclopaedia, or in the *last* resort ask someone who knows.*

* These things may not be permitted in class or at an examination. The suggestions are meant for home-work.

Let us in the first place remove such difficulties from the passage before us. What is a Pallas, a Madonna, a Lear? You may have heard of Newton, but who is Copernicus? What are Mystery plays, and who are Bottom, and Snug, and Quince, and Flute, and Polonius, and Sir William Cecil? Finally, what and where is Lucy's Hall?

Pallas was the Greek goddess of wisdom and war. Here obviously it stands not for the goddess but for the statue of the goddess. *Madonna* is a name given to the Blessed Virgin Mary, especially in works of art, and here stands for a painting of her. *Lear* refers to Shakespeare's play. The phrase *a Pallas, a Madonna, or a Lear,* is therefore equivalent to great works of art, in the fields of sculpture, painting, and literature, which these typify. *Copernicus* was a great Polish astronomer of the 16th century. He established the fact that the sun is the centre of the planetary system. *Bottom, Snug, Quince,* and *Flute,* are rustic characters that appear in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream. Polonius* is an important character in *Hamlet.* He is supposed to be a caricature of *Sir William Cecil,* Queen Elizabeth's chief adviser. *Lucy's Hall* was the residence of Sir William Lucy, a Warwickshire magnate, for stealing whose deer Shakespeare got into trouble at Stratford! This is the *deer-stealing* which is referred to, and which is supposed to be the cause of Shakespeare's flight from Stratford to London. *Mystery* or *Miracle plays* were religious plays based on the life of Christ and other subjects taken from the Bible and performed in churches during religious festivals. They are one of the sources of the English drama.

Now that these difficulties are cleared let us try to grasp the sense of the passage. The intention of the writer is to show that the English drama arose out of the passion of the people for play-acting, and that the plays of Shakespeare which were the offspring of the accumulated experience of his predecessors reveal this passion.

Let us set the main points of his argument down.

(1) All great works of art are the expression of the spirit of a nation.

(2) No man however great can produce such works without building upon the experience of his predecessors, e.g., Shakespeare, Newton.

(3) The English nation produced a great dramatist like Shakespeare because the drama was the passion of the people. They had leisure and high spirits, and the drama developed out of their enthusiasm for play-acting. Mystery plays came first, then plays based on popular legends, and these led the way to the more dignified plays of the Elizabethan dramatists.

(4) Glimpses of this passion for the drama, as seen both in the villages and in London, are to be had in Shakespeare's plays.

The passage contains 434 words. The epitome should consist therefore of 145 words; in any case not more than 150, or less than 140.

FIRST DRAFT.

All great works of art express the spirit of a nation. In the creation of such works, even the greatest genius, it matters not whether sculptor, painter, or writer, has perforce to build upon the experience of his predecessors. As Copernicus paved the way for Newton, so generations of pioneers prepared the way for Shakespeare.

The English nation produced a great dramatist like Shakespeare because the drama was the passion of the people. They had leisure and freedom and high spirits, and the drama

developed out of their enthusiasm for play-acting. Mystery plays and popular legends prepared the way for the dignified plays of the Elizabethan dramatists, founded upon History or the material supplied by Greek and Roman writers.

Shakespeare gives us in his plays glimpses of this passion for the drama as seen both in the villages and in London. The strolling players in *Hamlet* is one such glimpse. Bottom, Snug, Quince, and Flute, are doubtless memories of his happy Stratford youth, while Polonius, who caricatures Sir William Cecil, is as certainly drawn from his more prosperous London days.

This epitome is too long. It contains 180 words, whereas our limit is 150. A second draft is therefore necessary. Again, the question of what to omit, arises. Are there any redundancies which can be removed? Can any ideas be expressed more concisely? Can some things now clearly expressed be safely left to the imagination? Let us see.

FINAL DRAFT.

All great works of art express the spirit of a nation. In the creation of such works even the greatest genius has perforce to build upon the experience of his predecessors. Generations of pioneers paved the way for Shakespeare as Copernicus did for Newton.

The English nation produced a great dramatist like Shakespeare because of the people's enthusiasm for play-acting. They had leisure and freedom and high spirits, and miracle plays and popular legends prepared the way for the dignified Histories and Tragedies of the Elizabethan dramatists.

Shakespeare gives us in his plays glimpses of this passion for the drama as seen both in the villages and in London. The strolling players in *Hamlet* is one such glimpse. Bottom, Snug, Quince, and Flute, are doubtless memories of his happy Stratford youth, while Polonius, who caricatures Sir William Cecil, is as certainly drawn from his more prosperous London days.

This consists of 148 words, and is within the prescribed limits. Observe how the compression has been effected. Note that the expression *the drama was the passion of the people* in the second paragraph of the first draft is an unconscious repetition from the original, and had therefore to be altered in the final version. Be on the look out for such repetitions in your epitomes. If as a result of carelessness and want of revision you allow them to remain in your fair copy, you run the risk of being accused of phrase-stealing.

138. (3) The Character of a Gentleman

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip,

is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.—**J. H. Newman.**

On a first reading, the passage seems to bristle with a discouraging array of disconnected statements which defy any attempt at epitomisation. A little thought, however, will show that it is really not so formidable or disconnected as it might first appear. Newman's purpose is to show that almost all the virtues of a gentleman spring from the instinctive desire in him to avoid inflicting pain on others. Let us set down the main points in the development of this idea:—

A gentleman is one who never inflicts pain on others.

The following virtues which he possesses spring from this main characteristic, by which Society benefits greatly:—

(1) His *consideration* for the feelings of others, which makes him careful in all that he says and does, so as not to give offence.

(2) His *liberal-mindedness*—he puts the best construction on things.

(3) His *prudence*—he avoids making enemies.

(4) His *good sense*—he is not easily offended.

(5) His *philosophy*—he is patient, forbearing, resigned.

(6) His *disciplined intellect*—he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is frank, just, indulgent in controversy, but firm; he sees the points of view of others, knows their weaknesses.

There are 522 words in the passage. A third of this is 174, and the epitome should therefore contain between 170 and 180 words.

FIRST DRAFT.

Almost all the virtues of a gentleman spring from the desire in him to avoid inflicting pain on others. He thus adds to the comforts of society by removing from it all elements calculated to inconvenience it.

The true gentleman has infinite consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and is therefore careful in what he says or does because he does not wish to give offence to anyone. His liberal-mindedness prevents him from being mean or unfair, and enables him to put the best and most charitable construction upon everything. Prudence teaches him to be kind and gentle even to his enemies as they might at any time become his friends. He is too sensible to take offence or bear malice, and his philosophy gives him patience and fortitude in suffering and misfortune. Education has disciplined his mind and trained it to be frank, just, and indulgent in controversy. In other words it has made him realise that there are other points of view than his own, and taught him to appreciate the excellences as well as the limitations of human reason.

This draft contains 184 words. We are not far from the limit therefore; but on a second reading, it seems to be capable of further abridgement. Has anything important been left out? Has anything been misunderstood?

FINAL DRAFT.

Almost all the virtues of a gentleman spring from his desire to avoid inflicting pain on others. He thus adds to the comforts of Society by removing all elements calculated to cause inconvenience.

The true gentleman has infinite consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and is therefore careful in what he says or does because he does not wish to give offence of any kind to any one. His liberal-mindedness prevents him from being mean or unfair, and enables him to put the best construction upon everything. Prudence teaches him to be kind and considerate even to his enemies as they might at any time become his friends. He is too sensible to take offence or bear malice, and his philosophy gives him patience and fortitude in adversity. Education has disciplined his mind to be frank, just, and indulgent, in controversy, while being plain, emphatic, and firm. He appreciates the points of view opposed to his own. He understands the excellences as well as the limitations of mankind.

There are 170 words in this version, and it may be allowed to stand. Note what changes have been introduced, and ask yourself why.

139. You have now been initiated into the mysteries of epitomisation. A number of interesting passages will be found in Part III. You should find epitomising them a delightful as well as a profitable task.

The epitomisation of passages in verse should proceed on lines precisely similar to those indicated in this chapter. The poetical form being, however,

naturally more condensed than the prose form, it may perhaps be sufficient to abridge a passage in verse to one half its length. The poems provided as exercises in paraphrasing should be found suitable for this purpose also.

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CHAPTER X

EXPANSION

140. On the face of it, an exercise in expansion would appear to be precisely opposite in nature to an exercise in epitomisation. The latter is a process of condensation, the former one of enlargement. It *is* that of course, but it is something more. It is a process which calls into play your inventive as well as your reasoning faculties.

In the exercises set so far you have been supplied with ideas. All that you have been asked to do is to recast these ideas in a different form in your own words. Now, for the first time, given the leading idea you are asked to supply other related ideas which bring out its full implications and significance.

The starting point of an exercise in expansion is, for obvious reasons, generally, a well known saying, a proverb, maxim, or other trite sentiment, which though expressed in a sentence of very few words, is nevertheless packed with meaning, e. g., *Honesty is the best policy; Make hay while the sun shines; No man is completely happy.*

There is more in such statements than meets the eye, and this is precisely why they provide excellent exercises in expansion.

141. Here are a few directions which you should follow when attempting an expansion:—

(1) Devote a few minutes to thinking over and grasping the precise meaning, significance, and implications of

the statement before you. This is very important, because if you make a mistake here, all your work will be in vain.

(2) Arrange your ideas and set down the important points in the order in which they should be developed.

(3) Give, if possible, an illustration to bring out the force of the statement you are expanding.

(4) Avoid beginning your expansion with any such stereotyped or uninteresting phrase as, *The meaning of the saying is*, or *This proverb means*, or *These lines teach us*, or *Instances are not wanting to prove the truth of this statement*. Such openings are dull and indicate lack of originality.

(5) Write simply and to the point, taking care, if a limit has been set, not to exceed it. For an expansion the length usually fixed is a page, or a page and a half of *ordinary* handwriting. Keep the "I" out of your expansion. It is safest to write in the third person. (See § 159.)

(6) Carefully revise what you have written, correcting all errors of spelling, punctuation, grammar, idiom, etc.

(7) Make a fair copy if necessary.

142. The mistakes most commonly made in doing an exercise in expansion are due to:

(1) Misunderstanding the subject, or not understanding it fully.

(2) Lack of arrangement, and consequent confusion in the expression of ideas.

(3) Repetition of ideas.

(4) Inclusion of irrelevant matter.

(5) Writing too little or too much.

(6) Misquotations—wrong references. Remember a misquotation is not a quotation.

(7) Carelessness and want of revision.

Avoid falling into such errors.

The following examples are by way of illustration:

143. (1) **Honesty is the Best Policy.**

Outline. (1) *Introduction—explanatory.* (2) *Honesty engenders trust.* (3) *Honesty is its own advertisement.* (4) *Honesty spells safety.* (5) *Illustration—story of the honest merchant.*

Experience has shown that honesty is a virtue which is commendable even from a business point of view, although the man who acts honestly merely from motives of gain can scarcely be called honest.

Honesty succeeds far better, in the long run, because successful business relations depend to a very large extent on mutual trust and confidence. The honest man inspires this trust and confidence not only in those who deal with him, but also in those with whom he deals, and thereby enjoys a double advantage. Moreover, honesty advertises itself. Not only does the honest dealer retain his customers, but their number increases and his good name spreads. Then again honesty ensures safety. The man who is honest has nothing to fear. He makes no enemies, only friends who are sure to stand by him in case of need. But the dishonest man has no peace of mind. He comes to be looked upon with distrust and suspicion, and is sooner or later exposed. He makes no friends, and gets little real sympathy in times of trouble. He is frequently in difficulties, and is often compelled to incur heavy expenses to evade the consequences of his fraudulent actions. It has been well said therefore that "knavery may serve a turn but honesty is best in the end."

The following true story affords a striking illustration of the truth of this maxim. A certain very rich merchant became a bankrupt through unavoidable losses. Many years later he

invited all his creditors to a dinner, and their astonishment may be imagined when each found the money due to him, together with the full interest, placed under the cover of his plate. This signal act of honesty rendered the merchant once more a pauper, but it so endeared him to the citizens of his town that they elected him unanimously to a post of great honour and profit, which he retained to the end of his life.

144. (2) Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

Outline. (1) *Explanation.* (2) *Life and health uncertain.* (3) *Opportunities rare and fleeting.* (4) *Illustration—the defeat of Nicias.* (5) *Conclusion.*

The work of a farmer depends almost entirely on the weather. But this is a very uncertain factor, and he has, accordingly, to make the most of his opportunities. Haymaking requires bright sunshine, and as hay is ruined by exposure to rain or mist, the farmer has to be quick in getting his hay in while the weather is favourable.

In an extended sense, the difficulties of the farmer are the difficulties of all human beings no matter what their sphere of action may be. Life like the weather is uncertain. No man can tell how soon, or in what form, death may overtake him. Nor are our faculties always equally vigorous. Much depends, moreover, on the state of our health. As youth comes but once, so opportunities never repeat themselves; or if they do, the circumstances are not so favourable to our seizing them. It is therefore necessary to make the best of those that come our way. Like the careful farmer we should always be on the alert to make the sunshine of opportunity serve our needs. The man who takes things easily, who is always putting off till to-morrow what he should do to-day, who does not strike while the iron is hot, will soon find himself in the predicament of the farmer whose hay, not having been made while the sun shone, is ruined by a change in the weather.

The story of the Athenians who made war on the Syracusans is to the point. On account of an eclipse of the sun, the former postponed setting sail, though in desperate circumstances. The delay was fatal, for at the end of that time, Nicias the Athenian

general was forced to give battle, lost his fleet, and suffered a most crushing defeat.

It is necessary then to seize opportunities while they are within our grasp and use them to the best advantage; to labour, in other words, while health and strength are still with us, against a day when we shall be deprived of one or the other, or both.

145. (3) No Man is Completely Happy.

Outline. (1) *Introduction—Life's numerous evils.* (2) *Human suffering.* (3) *Our happiness dependent on others.* (4) *Happiness depends on contentment. It is human nature never to be content.* (5) *The lack of complete happiness is good for us—it turns our thoughts to God.*

So many and so varied are the evils that beset us in life, and so much are we dependent for our happiness on circumstances beyond our control, that it is not possible for any man on earth to attain to a state of perfect felicity.

Health of body and mind is an important condition of happiness. But mental and bodily suffering would seem to be the common lot of all men. We seldom realise how greatly our happiness is dependent on others. Before we can be completely happy, everyone of those with whom we come into contact in daily life, friend, servant, stranger, relation, must combine to please and humour us. Besides, our interests and our affections have so wide a range that we can be quite happy only if all those whom we know and love are happy too. The sentiment of compassion that is implanted in the hearts of all of us will prevent us from being perfectly happy so long as we are aware of even a single instance of misery or suffering. Moreover, absolute happiness is not possible except in a state of perfect contentment. But human nature is so constituted that this condition is foreign to it. The more we have, the more we want. Alexander the Great was not content with overcoming the whole world, but actually wept for more worlds to conquer.

The satisfaction of any one of the conditions named above is outside the bounds of probability. To hope for the satisfaction of all of them simultaneously is, then, to dream of the

impossible. It is no doubt this that made Solon the philosopher say that no man should be called happy till he is dead.

We may well ask whether this failure to achieve perfect felicity has not an injurious effect upon our character. On the contrary, the difficulties and sufferings that we undergo are really blessings in disguise which help to develop our character. They are the discipline of the soul, and tend constantly to remind us of God, the giver of all, and of that hereafter in which alone we may hope to enjoy perfect bliss.

146. Study the foregoing expansions carefully. Note precisely what it is that has been attempted, and how exactly it has been accomplished. Observe (*a*) how the ideas are arranged and developed logically; (*b*) the use made of the illustrative story, which sometimes shrinks as in (3) into an apposite reference or two; and (*c*) the introduction into the body of the expansion of maxims similar to and suggestive of the subject of the expansion, e.g., *knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best in the end* in (1); *strike while the iron is hot* in (2).

Next, turn to Part III, and do as many as possible of the exercises in expansion that you will find there. Take your own time in the beginning, but as practice makes things easier, limit your time. A good expansion should not occupy you for more than forty minutes.

CHAPTER XI

ESSAY-WRITING

147. You have been writing essays for several years, and probably there is nothing more distasteful to you than the thought of sitting down to write one. There is no reason why this should be so, because the writing of essays is really, and can be made, a fascinating occupation.

I

What after all is an essay?

148. "A literary composition on any subject, usually in prose, and short" is the information supplied by the Oxford Concise Dictionary. Literally, the word means "an attempt". Montaigne the great French writer, who originated this form of composition towards the end of the 16th century, called his collection of papers *essais.* They dealt with a variety of topics from a frankly personal standpoint, *i.e.,* they were *attempts* at treating certain selected subjects from an individual point of view. In England, his example was followed by Bacon, who adopted a close-packed epigrammatic style to express the fruit of his wisdom and experience. Other 17th century essayists were Overbury, Cowley, Temple, and Dryden. It was not till the 18th century, however, that the essay gained in ease and familiarity. In the hands of Addison and Steele and Goldsmith, it became an instrument of entertainment as well as of instruction by combining humour with wisdom, and gravity with grace. In the 19th century, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Hunt gave the essay a deeper note. Later writers like Carlyle,

Macaulay, Froude, Arnold, and Ruskin, however, expanded its scope and overweighted it by making it too long and elaborate. In our own time a return to the older tradition has been made. The essays of Stevenson, Chesterton, Belloc, A. G. Gardiner, Robert Lynd, Birrell, and E. V. Lucas, are in the best tradition of the essay proper, which is now indistinguishable from the highest class of journalism.

Dr. Johnson tells us that an essay is "a loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece". Johnson probably meant no more by this than that the essay is an unassuming literary form, that its range is modest, and that it makes no pretensions. If he did so he was no doubt correct, because that is what the essay is, a form of intimate self-expression, which gives one the opportunity to set down one's thoughts and feelings and experiences, so far as they are relevant to the subject of the piece, in an interesting and attractive manner; in other words, something *personal, familiar, informal,* and *pleasing.*

Now you cannot make an essay attractive, if you do not give it lightness, grace, and ease; nor can you make it interesting unless you show that you are interested yourself in what you are saying. It is here that the personality of the essayist comes in. Behind the essay is the man who wrote it, and unless it conveys an impression of that personality, as a work of art it loses much of its value.

A good essay is a work of art no less than a good poem or a good picture. It is the result of a conscious effort to produce a piece of writing at once elegant, pleasing, and expressive of the individuality (often a

particular mood) of the writer. And like any other form of art its proper execution depends upon the observance of *unity, coherence, balance, proportion,* and *consistency,* in regard to its parts. This being so, a good essay demands a certain amount of skill, not to say imagination, in the selection and arrangement of material (the artist is known by what he omits), feeling and precision in the use of words and phrases, and the capacity to produce just the right impression, strike just the right note.

149. *How then is one to become a good essayist?* How is one to acquire the necessary skill, imagination, feeling, taste? The answer is not far to seek. No one is born into the world a ready-made essayist, any more than he is born a ready-made painter, or a ready-made musician. These accomplishments are the result of careful study and patient practice, and the would-be essayist is in a similar position. He must study the best models, follow the best guides. "Whoever," wrote Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison". Add the name of Johnson himself, as well as the names of those mentioned already as being in the tradition, and this piece of advice is brought up to date.

II

Let us look now at the structure of the essay.

150. Unity. The essay is divided into paragraphs in the same manner as the paragraph is divided into sentences. We have already seen how the rule of *unity* applies to the structure of paragraphs and sentences. The same rule applies also to the structure of the

essay. There should be unity of design in the essay considered as a whole, as well as in its parts.

This unity is secured by limiting the essay to *one subject only*. Care should be taken to exclude from it all matter irrelevant to the main theme. Irrelevances creep in from your not having taken sufficient trouble to understand the subject, its exact scope and implications. It is important therefore to ponder over the wording of the subject, and to make up your mind, at the outset, as to what precisely falls within the scope of the essay, and what does not.

151. Coherence. The ideas expressed in the essay should hang together logically. In other words you should pay great attention to the arrangement of your thoughts; otherwise your essay will be confused and incoherent. See that your ideas develop one out of the other, and see also that the connexion between these ideas, if not always explicit, is always at least implied. The paragraphs of a good essay should succeed one another in logical order, revealing at once your powers of clear thinking and proper arrangement.

152. Proportion, Balance. The design of the essay will be faulty if a proper proportion is not observed as between its various parts. It is important that you should divide your essay in such a manner that the various points you wish to stress receive their due share of emphasis, no more and no less. This implies that the space devoted to the development of any idea should be in exact proportion to the importance of that idea in relation to the other ideas in the essay. Otherwise the essay will be ill-balanced. Very often this happens as the result of imperfect thought, or an inability to

appreciate the value of the material you have collected for the essay; sometimes it is due to want of time. Let your essay be properly balanced, observe a sense of proportion in developing your ideas. Don't give undue importance to a triviality, nor dismiss an important idea in a casual manner.

153. The Beginning and the End. What has already been said relates to the body of the essay, which is of course the substantial portion of it. Now the body of the essay, provided you have something to say, presents no difficulty. What really gives trouble is the *beginning* and the *ending* of the essay. In some essays, of course, abrupt beginnings and endings may be preferable and even necessary, but frequently it may be found desirable to supply the essay with an introductory as well as a concluding paragraph,—a head-piece as well as a tail-piece.

A good beginning arrests the attention of the reader, and induces him to read on. It strikes the keynote of the essay and tells him what to expect. A good conclusion, on the other hand, represents the climax of your efforts and sets a seal on the essay. A sting in the tail very often makes a good deal of difference.

Good beginnings and endings are, however, by no means easy. If they do not strike you at once, you will probably waste a good deal of time cudgelling your brains in search of them. The important thing, of course, is to see that your *beginning leads up to,* and that your *conclusion arises out of* the main theme. Don't put in irrelevant matter just because you wish to make a display of some story or quotation, or other scrap of learning that you happen to possess. In this as well as

in other things go to the best models for help and guidance. Study the works of the great essayists.

At the end of this chapter, a number of model essays have been brought together. Read them carefully. Most of the best writers are represented in this selection, and a careful examination of them should repay you a hundred-fold. The references made below are to these essays.

154. How do the best writers begin their essays?

(1) Some with a story or incident. (See Steele's essay on *Flattery*, Milne's on *Geographical Research.*)

(2) Some with a quotation. (Dickens on *Lying Awake.*)

(3) Some by laying down a proposition. (Leacock on *My College Days*, Addison on *Sir Roger at the Assizes.*)

(4) Some are direct. (Wells on *My First Flight*, Hunt on *Sleep.*)

(5) Some by a seeming irrelevance. (Lucas on *The Conjurer.*)

(6) Some are abrupt. (Gardiner, *On Catching the Train*, Lamb, *On Ears.*)

Any of these methods is open to you, but note the important fact that in *every* case the introduction is closely related to the subject of the essay, and leads straight to it. The beginner should adopt either method (3) or method (4) as being the most simple.

155. How do the best writers end their essays?

(1) Some make the last sentence or sentences richly suggestive of the whole. (Chesterton on *Detective Stories*, Johnson on *Shakespeare.*)

(2) Some add a post-script, an afterthought. (Hunt on *Sleep*. Note the cleverly arranged effect of climax in the last paragraph.)

(3) Some use a quotation. (Addison, *The Pleasures of Imagination*.)

(4) Some end on a note of warning. (Defoe on *Human Glory*, Goldsmith on *A City Nightpiece*.)

(5) Some ask a question rhetorically, and sometimes supply the answer themselves. (Lucas on *The Conjurer*.)

(6) Some by repeating or otherwise suggesting the idea in the first paragraph. (Milne on *Geographical Research*.)

(7) Some with an illustrative story or incident. (Steele on *Flattery*.)

(8) Some end abruptly. (Wells on *My First Flight*, Gardiner, *On Catching the Train*, Dickens on *Lying Awake*. The abruptness is usually due to a sudden change of thought.)

Keep your eyes open when you read, and note how good writers contrive the endings of their essays. You will find they fall into one or other of these classes. Methods (3), (6), or (7) might be attempted by the beginner.

156. The tone of the essay. A good deal depends on the *tone* of your essay. The general tendency is to make the school or college essay heavy and didactic like a sermon or a lecture. This is altogether the wrong touch to give to your work. The essay, we have seen, should have lightness, grace, an ease of language approximating almost to the flow of conversation. It

does not pretend to exhaust any subject, but gives the writer's views, and expresses his personality. It is anything but pedantic or dogmatic. Remember this when next you write an essay.

157. Remember also that there are different kinds of essays. Broadly speaking, essays may be divided into two classes, (1) *The Thought Essay*, and (2) *The Feeling Essay*. The former is generally informative in character, and rigid in form. Essays that are Expository, or Philosophical, or Argumentative, or Critical, or Historical, or Biographical, may be classed under this head. The Feeling essay provokes not thought so much as emotion. Its main purpose is not to give information but to give pleasure. In form it is less rigid and more flowing. Under this head may be gathered the following types of essay:—(1) The Descriptive, (2) The Narrative, (3) The Whimsical, (4) The Humorous.

The two classes of essays require to be dealt with in different ways. The chief difference between the modes of treatment is that the first is business-like and methodical, the second leaves a good deal to the imagination and the idiosyncracy of the writer. Thus the spirit and the style of a Biographical (see Lytton Strachey on *Florence Nightingale*) or a Critical essay (Johnson on *Shakespeare*) differ from the spirit and the style of a Descriptive (Miss Mitford on *The Wood*), a Narrative (Gardiner, *On Catching the Train*) or a Humorous essay (Milne on *Geographical Research*). Sometimes, one type of essay may borrow the characteristics of another type, perhaps out of its class. Thus a Narrative essay may be written in a Humorous or

Whimsical style (Dickens, *Lying Awake*). The Historical essay might tend to become narrative in tone, (Macaulay, *The Revolution*) or the Descriptive essay might become Philosophical (Goldsmith, *A City Nightpiece*).

Given a subject, the most important thing for you to decide is how you are going to treat it. Are you going to appeal to your reader's thought, or to his sentiment? If the latter, what particular type is indicated by your mood?

When you have a number of subjects to choose from, select that which will enable you to make the best display of your powers. Everything depends on the subject and the mood that you are in. Don't forget that you have one personality, but many moods. Some subjects, of course, suggest their own mood, and can be dealt with only in that mood, e.g., *Mother-Love, Capital Punishment, War.* But the majority of subjects might be treated in a variety of ways according to the mood you are in, or wish to assume; practical, humorous, whimsical, pathetic, argumentative, tender, poetic, or reflective. (See §§ 161—165).

158. The Personal View-point. The good essay, we have noted, reflects the mind of the writer, his thoughts, his opinions, his feelings, his experiences; expresses, in other words, his individuality. Some essayists take us very much into their confidence in their essays. They write in the first person and become intimate with us. In such essays as *On Ears* (Charles Lamb), *On Catching the Train* (A. G. Gardiner), *The Conjurer* (E. V. Lucas), we are made to feel like

privileged friends. The intimacy to which we are admitted is delightful.

159. This, however, is *not* a good model for the School or College essay, because intimate revelations which may come well from such famous writers as have been mentioned may merely look ridiculous when written by you. Remember that the worth of a personal impression depends on the worth of the personality that records it. Don't, therefore, as a rule, bring in the First Person Singular, **I**, unless you are asked specifically for your individual impressions or experiences.

The object of the preceding paragraph has been to show you that the personal standpoint does not necessarily involve the use of "I" in your essay. On the contrary, it is better to avoid it. What it does involve is the careful use of language, of words and phrases which are the mould of your own thoughts, of your own feelings, and become inevitably thereby the expression of your own personality. It is in this way that an individual style is developed. Don't repeat words or phrases or sentences simply because you have seen them used elsewhere. Invest them with meaning and significance, and use them with care and precision. Make the language your own.

The general direction not to use the First Person Singular may be extended to the other Pronouns. **We,** the First Person Plural, and the prerogative of Kings, Editors, and Fools, sounds pompous, if used throughout. **You,** the Second Person Singular, when used continually has a colloquial effect far from pleasing or dignified. **He,** the Third Person Singular, or the Impersonal **One,** makes the style clumsy and awkward, and the meaning

often confused because it involves constant repetition. The safest course is to use no pronouns at all. Occasionally you may introduce one neatly, here or there, in a sentence, but take very great care not to mix your pronouns. The woeful result of doing so may be illustrated by the following example:—"*He* who is ambitious must remember that unless *you* are prepared to work hard to attain *one's* ideals, *we* are sure to find out that disappointment is in store for *one*." (See § 230, 22 and 23.)

III

How then shall we set about on essay?

160. The following practical directions will be found useful:—

(1) Devote at least fifteen minutes to understanding the subject, to thinking it out. It is most important to realise the scope of the essay and to plan it out in your head. Determine what class of essay (Thought or Feeling) you are going to write, and in what mood.

(2) Set down the plan. Arrange and group your ideas under different heads, and link them up in the proper order. See that there is unity of design. This will be the framework of your essay. A framework is absolutely necessary for a Thought essay, which is rigid and regular in form. It is necessary for a Feeling essay in so far as a well thought out plan is always helpful; but though you have greater freedom in this type of essay, remember that more care should be taken to conceal the framework. The reader should not detect the design that underlies your effort. This is the art that conceals art.

(3) Collect material to fit your ideas and fill out your outline.

(4) Think out a suitably effective Introduction as well as Conclusion to your essay. It is not necessary to put the latter off till the very end. If the essay has been well planned you know exactly what you are going to say in the last paragraph. Remember that you are likely to be flurried in the end, for want of time, and that you are not at your best when flurried. Don't spoil a good essay by a weak or commonplace ending.

(5) Then write out your essay according to plan, observing a sense of proportion in the time and the space you devote to the development of your ideas. Suit your style to the subject. Be simple as well as sincere, in what you write, clear as well as concise, interesting as well as to the point. Don't write what you don't understand yourself. Make your essay lively and readable.

(6) Avoid bad style. (See Chapters II and V). If you use a quotation give it correctly. A misquotation can be very annoying.

(7) Don't point out the faults of the essay to your reader by including such sentences as "I know very little on this subject", "It is difficult to write anything on so dry a topic", "Badly arranged as this essay is—", or "Little as I have been able to say—". Comments on the nature of the subject set, do you no good. Leave the reader to find out your faults. He will do so quickly enough without your help. By pointing them out you make a bad essay worse.

(8) Revise carefully and correct mistakes of grammar, spelling, punctuation, bad style, etc. Rewrite

passages which seem to you too wordy or precious or flamboyant.

(9) Make a fair copy if necessary.

IV

OUTLINES FOR ESSAYS.

161. Suppose the subject set for an essay is *Sleep*, and you decide to write a matter-of-fact expository essay. This is how you should proceed to make a plan:—

(1) Introduction.

(2) What is sleep?

(3) How much sleep do we require? Conditions most favourable.

(4) The benefits of sleep.

(5) Evils arising from (*a*) too little sleep; (*b*) too much.

(6) Conclusion.

Leave the introduction and the conclusion alone for a moment, and tackle the main points.

(2) *What is sleep?* State of unconsciousness in which body has rest. Necessary for restoring energy lost by work. Sound sleep refreshing. ("Nature's soft nurse"—**Shakespeare**). Often mind active even during sleep.—Dreams—Sleep-walking (Lady Macbeth).

(3) *How much Sleep do we require and under what conditions?* Differs with age. Children 9 to 12 hours. Adults 7 to 9 hours. In old age 4 to 5. Sleep most healthy in light clothing, on hard bed, with plenty of fresh air. Different postures. Sleep during day bad. Regular habits.

(4) *Advantages of Sleep.* Refreshment to body and mind. Good sleep absolutely necessary for good health. Peace and

forgetfulness. The labourer works hard and sleeps well All equal in sleep. Suitable quotation:

"Sleep the wide blessing seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity."—**Coleridge.**

(5) *Evils.* (*a*) Sleeplessness upsets the system, induced by worry or bad health. Sometimes leads to madness; sometimes to taking drugs. Suitable quotation: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—**Shakespeare.**

(*b*) Too much of a good thing always bad. Sluggishness. Sign of indolence. Sleeping sickness quite a different thing.

That gives you a certain amount of material grouped under proper heads, and arranged in the proper manner. Now for the introduction and the conclusion. As the essay is a matter-of-fact one it would be best perhaps to begin more or less *directly*. The fact that sleep plays an important part in the life of a man inasmuch as a good third of every day is devoted to it, may be made use of for the opening paragraph. The concluding paragraph might be a suggestive summary of the leading points. You might gather up the threads of the essay in a couple of effective sentences pointing out the indispensable nature of sleep to all living things, and end with some such quotation as this, from Shakespeare, about

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Your essay is now completely mapped out. All that you have to do is to write it. Do this carefully, observing all the directions that have been given, and making the most of your knowledge and powers to render it as readable and interesting as possible. Then compare your essay with Leigh Hunt's essay on *Sleep*.

One way of dealing with the subject of Sleep has been indicated above. Here are suggestive outlines dealing with it from other points of view.

162. The Whimsical Essay—Sleep.

(1) *Introduction.* Thoughts suggested one wakeful night.

(2) *Sleeping in class. In church.* Dickens's Fat Boy.

(3) *Sleeping late.* Advantages.

(4) *Difficulty of avoiding sleep*—during examinations.

(5) *Difficulty of inducing sleep.* Various methods. Reading, counting sheep, etc.

(6) *Description of a sleepy friend.*

(7) *Conclusion.* (Abrupt. You might say that at this stage you fell asleep, or, you might end by wishing either that there were no such thing as sleep, or that one slept throughout the 24 hours.)

Compare your essay when you have written it with Dickens's essay on *Lying Awake.* Other examples of the whimsical essay are *On Ears* (Lamb), *Meditations on a Broomstick* (Swift).

163. The Reflective Philosophical Essay—Sleep.

(1) *Introduction.* Mystery of Sleep.

(2) *Period of rest for all created things.*

(3) *Implies oblivion.* Hence a way of release from the worries of the world.

(4) *Dreams:* Their significance.

(5) *Sleep and Death.*

(6) *The awakening.* A new day. A new life.

(7) *Conclusion.* Importance of making each day self-sufficing.

Compare with Defoe on *The Instability of Human Glory,* Steele on *Flattery.*

164. The Literary Essay—Sleep.

(1) *Introduction.* Phenomenon of sleep always appeals to the imagination of the artist.

(2) *Sleep in Poetry.*

(3) *Sleep in other forms of Art. Use made of it.*

(*a*) In legends, stories, novels—The Sleeping Beauty. Rip Van Winkle.

(*b*) In pictures.

(*c*) In sculpture.

(4) *Conclusion.* Sleep as the background of all activity.

See how Edward Thomas treats the subject of *Rain* from this point of view.

165. The Narrative Essay—Sleep.

(1) *Introduction.* How you are a good sleeper or a bad sleeper.

(2) *Different places in which you have slept.*

(3) *Any strange experience during sleep.* Peculiar dreams. Nightmare. Sleep-walking.

(4) *Any strange experience of a friend,* or of which you have heard.

(5) *Conclusion.* How, after all, the best place to sleep in is in one's own bed at home.

Compare with Gardiner's *On Catching the Train,* Addison's *Sir Roger at the Assizes.*

These suggestions show you in how many different ways the same subject may be dealt with, according to the mood you are in, or wish to throw yourself into. Here are a few further outlines for typical essays.

166. Rain—(*Expository*).

(1) *Introduction.* Rain provides natural water. Humanity dependent upon it.

(2) *Conditions accompanying rain.* Cloudy sky—moist atmosphere—wind, lightning, thunder.

(3) *How caused.* Evaporation of water and condensation of clouds. Part played by mountains.

(4) *Local conditions affecting rain.* Some places too much; some too little, some none. Influence of forests; cultivation.

(5) Effects. (*a*) Beneficial. *Crops, grass, etc. Tanks.*

(*b*) Evil. (1) Of too little rain—*Drought, Famine.*

(2) Of too much—*Floods, etc.*

Read *Rain* by Edward Thomas. Make outlines for Whimsical and Narrative essays on the same subject. Compare with Addison on *Pleasures of Imagination* as regards treatment.

167. Ambition—(*Reflective*).

(1) *Introduction.* All men are ambitious, little or great.

(2) *What is ambition?* Instinct for achievement. To be great, powerful, good, wise.

(3) *What ambition has done for men.* (*a*) Success

(*b*) Ruin

(4) *The lack of ambition.* Causes. Results.

(5) *Effects.* (*a*) Good.

(*b*) Bad. (1) Of too little.

(2) Of too much.

(6) *Conclusion.* We should all be ambitious.

Compare Steele on *Flattery,* Hunt on *Sleep.* Make outlines for other essays.

168. A Waterfall—(*Descriptive*).

(1) *Introduction.* Where situated and how. Height.

(2) *Scenery round about.*

(3) *The Fall itself.*

(*a*) Volume and extent; compare with others.

(*b*) The impression it makes as it falls.

(*c*) The noise.

(4) *Below the fall.*

(5) *What uses* (if any) *it is put to.*

Read Miss Mitford on *The Wood*. Outline Reflective, and Narrative essays on this subject.

169. The Glow-Worm—(*Descriptive*).

(1) *Introduction.* Well known. Its light has made it a thing of poetic significance.

(2) *Description.* Six short legs. Only the adult has wings. Richly coloured; body dark brown; thorax pink. Not a worm.

(3) *Characteristics.* Food—eats flesh, chiefly snails. Kills by anæsthetising its victim.

(4) *What lesson does it teach?*

How would you map out a Reflective essay on the same subject?

170. War—(*Argumentative*).

(1) *Introduction.* War indefensible when we consider attendant calamities, death, destruction, etc. Growing desire to settle matters by arbitration, League of Nations. If arbitration fails, on what grounds should war be waged?

(2) *For.* To check oppression, tyranny, violation of natural rights and privileges. Maintenance of personal and natural freedom. Examples:—(*a*) The American War of Independence, (*b*) The Civil War in England, (*c*) The Great War.

(3) *Against.* Loss of life—famine and pestilence that follow. Ruins agriculture and commerce. Effects felt all over the world. Inhuman.

(4) The question has to be considered from every side before deciding. Largely depends on local circumstances. Reckless aggression and sordid cowardice both to be avoided.

Read Chesterton's *Defence of Detective Stories*.

171. The Discovery of America—(*Historical*).

(1) *Early voyages.* Norsemen early in the 11th century driven by bad weather on Greenland. Interest regarding America aroused in Europe only in 15th century.

(2) *Voyages of Columbus.* Columbus an Italian, believed world was round. Proposed to sail westward to India. All rulers denied help, except Ferdinand of Spain. Set sail 1492. Storms. Loss of fleet. Mutiny. Land sighted, one of the Bahama islands, and believed to be India. Visited Cuba, Hayti (Hispaniola). Returned to Spain 1493.

Second voyage ended in failure and loss.

Third voyage 1498; resulted in discovery of mainland.

(3) *Effects of Discovery.*

(*a*) New fields of enterprise opened out. Spain enriched, and more powerful.

(*b*) Consequent decline of Spain. Opportunity seized by the English. Attack on Spanish galleons by English ships.

(*c*) English supremacy on the sea. North America becomes British.

Read Macaulay's *Revolution.* The style of the Historical essay is really a combination of the Descriptive, the Narrative, and the Reflective styles. Facts alone are not sufficient. You should be able to throw your mind backward and forward in time, range over a variety of peoples and customs, compare, contrast, generalise. The true Historian is not a mere collector of facts and dates. He interprets them in the light of the experience of the world. He is a writer of narrative, judge, artist, philosopher, moralist, all in one.

172. Florence Nightingale—(Biographical.)

(1) *Antecedents.* Family of high social position.

(2) *Preparation.* From infancy loved nature, animals. Passion for relieving human suffering. Shrank from society. Left home to learn Nursing. Became very proficient.

(3) *Achievement.* Work at Scutari, during Crimean War 1854.

(*a*) Reformed conditions in hospital—Dirt, disease, neglect, overcrowding.

(*b*) Organised supplies.

(*c*) Dealt with incompetence on the part of officials.

(*d*) Laid foundations of modern hospital nursing.

(4) *Success.* Completely successful. Feared by authority. Adored by the soldiers. "The Lady with the Lamp."

(5) *Causes.* Strict devotion to duty. Sympathy for suffering. Force of will and character.

Effects. Complete reform in hospitals. Modern nursing on scientific lines.

(6) *Conclusion.* After Scutari her health broke down and she became an invalid. Still much consulted. A heroic legend; died at 90.

Read Lytton Strachey on *Florence Nightingale.*

Biography is the art of portrait-painting in words. And this cannot be done with facts alone. Sympathy, insight, understanding, are required. Not less, balance, discrimination, judgment. The greatest biographical essayist of recent times is Lytton Strachey whose brilliant sketches have won him a world-wide reputation.

173. Dickens—(Critical).

(1) *Introduction.* Fashion of late to decry Dickens. Reaction to this beginning. Really one of the greatest writers.

(2) ***Characteristics of his writing*:—**

(*a*) Humour—Caricature. Pickwick Papers.

(*b*) Pathos. Death of Little Nell.

(*c*) Knowledge of human nature. Observation.

(*d*) Descriptions intensely vivid and full of feeling.

(*e*) Different styles to suit different subjects. *Tale of Two Cities*—in the historical style.

(*f*) Novels written with a purpose. Reform.

(3) *Compare and contrast with other novelists.* Thackeray, Galsworthy, etc.

(4) *Conclusion.* Affirm opinion expressed in the Introduction.

The critical essay demands keen literary appreciation, *i.e.*, the ability to judge, founded on good taste, wide reading, and high standards. Read Johnson on *Shakespeare*.

174. Samuel Johnson—(Character-sketch).

(1) *Introduction.* A great example of character triumphing over every form of difficulty, bodily, mental, pecuniary.

(2) *Appearance.* Large body. Not well-dressed. Face scarred by scrofula. Uncouth movements. Weak eyesight Nervous twitchings.

(3) *Habits.* Eccentric. Voracious eating. Not regular

(4) *Character*: Merits:—

(*a*) Inflexible virtue.

(*b*) Great piety; fear of death.

(*c*) Profound learning.

(*d*) Humanity. Kindness of heart.

(*e*) Passion for Talk. Clever conversationalist.

(*f*) Keen sense of humour.

Weaknesses.—(*a*) strong prejudices. (*b*) rough temper. (*c*) indolence. (Illustrate merits and weaknesses.)

(5) *Influence* of this character on others, e.g., Boswell.

(6) *Conclusion.* Summary, affirmative and suggestive of thought in Introduction.

A character-sketch may be written of anybody you know well, or any person about whom you have read enough. It may be about your village postman or about Shylock. What is required is a mind stored with impressions, and sympathy and insight and understanding to enable you to reveal the true nature of the person in question.

175. A Picnic—(Humorous).

(1) *Introduction.* How a picnic came to be decided upon.

(2) *Difficulty of choosing a spot.* Quarrels threatened.

(3) *Preparation.* Joyful anticipations.

(4) *Incidents on the way.* Things go wrong, mirth created by members of the party.

(5) *On the spot.* More things go wrong. In spite of it quite enjoyable. Funny makeshifts.

(6) *The return.*

The Humorous essay is the most difficult of all the essay forms, because so much depends on the sensitiveness and the temperament of the writer. Humorous essays are of two kinds:—

(1) Where the humour depends on the subject itself, *i.e.*, on its nature, and the incidents or situations that it suggests. The essay on *A Picnic* just outlined, is of this kind. *The Pickwick Papers* is of course the best example of this kind of humour.

(2) Where the humour depends on the way in which the subject is dealt with. There are three ways of treatment:—

(*a*) Treating a trivial or frivolous subject in a pompous dignified manner; (elevated style).

(*b*) Treating a dignified or serious subject in a flippant or frivolous manner.

(*c*) Treating any subject in a frivolous manner.

The following outlines illustrate the three methods.

176. Shoe-Laces—(pompous).

(1) *Introduction.* Indispensable to human comfort.

(2) *Different kinds of laces.* Broad, narrow, tasselled, etc., each indicative of the character of the wearer.

(3) *A thing of general utility;* the varied uses to which it can be put.

(4) *Incident (imaginary) when it saved life.*

(5) *Conceivable how for neglect of shoe-lace a great battle may be lost and empires lost and won.*

(6) *Conclusion.* Great things depend on trifles. Shoe-lace not to be despised.

Read Leacock's *College Days,* and note the grandiloquent style.

177. Exploration—(flippant).

(1) *Introduction.* How you are a great explorer yourself, and think nothing of Nansen or Stanley or Shackleton.

(2) *How you do distant journeys* or long voyages to unknown places—in your atlas.

(3) *The atlas has made you free of the world.* You are the real wanderer. The thrills of such exploration. Discovery of strange places with curious names.

(4) *Your discovery of the Poles* long before they were actually discovered by Peary and Amundsen.

(5) *The inexpensive nature of your travels.*

(6) *Conclusion.* Far better than any known method of communication so far invented; not excluding flying. Unfortunately nobody credits your discoveries, and therefore you remain unrecognised though lesser men have become famous all over the world.

Compare A. A. Milne's essay on *Geographical Research,* and *The Conjurer* by E. V. Lucas.

178. Shoe-Laces—(flippant).

(1) *Introduction.* Much more in a shoe-lace than meets the eye.

(2) *How you prefer shoe-laces to boot-laces* because they are shorter. Hence your dislike for boots.

(3) *Describe a friend* (imaginary) who goes about with his shoes unlaced because he dislikes laces. This reminds you of another who does not wear socks.

(4) *How shoe-laces break* just when you haven't a spare one.

(5) *How they come undone* in important places, and your agony to tie them unobserved.

(6) *How the ends come off*, and your attempts to put them back.

(7) *Conclusion.* A wish that somebody would invent the perfect shoe-lace, unbreakable, the ends of which will not come off, and guaranteed not to come undone under any circumstances.

The best humorous writing appears in *Punch*. Read particularly the articles by Evoe (E. V. Knox) and A. P. H. (A. P. Herbert). This will familiarise you with the Humorous essay.

Observe that the Humorous essay shows to some extent the qualities of the Whimsical essay and the Narrative essay. It is a great gift to be able to look with eyes of humour on life, and to learn to express this humour in words is a great accomplishment. Cheap humour is, however, to be avoided. Use restraint. (See § 52).

179. In conclusion it is worth while reflecting that an essay is after all only a glorified kind of Expansion. In the latter your starting point is a single idea which you have to develop and elaborate, in the former you are given not an idea but a topic, suggestive of several ideas, each of which you have to develop and elaborate, with due regard, of course, to the unity of your work as a whole.

A good essay depends on the amount of information you possess. The more widely read you are, the more material you have at your disposal, and the more references and allusions you can introduce into your writing. Therefore read widely and carefully.

Finally, make the writing of an essay a thing of pleasure. Don't set about it as though it were a task. You cannot expect anybody to take an interest in

what was not interesting even to yourself. Put as much of yourself into the essay as you can. Above all, cultivate the habit of *thinking*.

V

180. *Read the following essays carefully.*

They are intended to illustrate the various types discussed in this chapter. The most profitable method of study would be on some such lines as these:—

(1) Read and understand the essay as a whole, and in parts. Make sure that you grasp every idea in it. Take the trouble to solve such difficulties as present themselves.

(2) Analyse each essay so as to get at the framework of it. To understand a mechanism you must take it to bits. You will then be able to see exactly how the author set about his work. This should give you many a useful hint.

(3) Ask yourself in what style, or combination of styles, the essay is written. Note the peculiarities of each style, and how the proper effects are obtained.

(4) Consider the beginning and the end of each essay. Do other ways of beginning and ending suggest themselves to you? If so make a note of them.

(5) Note what it is that appeals to you in each essay. Study your own feelings and impressions as you read. If any sentences or turns of expression strike you as particularly good, mark them.

(6) What impression do you get of the personality of the writer from the essay? Find out as much as you can about the writer from some work of reference.

If you work at the essays given below in this methodical manner, and adopt the same practice in regard to all your serious reading, you should soon be in a position to appreciate the niceties of the language, and to compose a tolerably good essay yourself.

1. THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

BY

DANIEL DEFOE

(1661-1731.)

I have employed myself of late pretty much in the study of history, and have been reading the stories of the great men of past ages, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, the great Augustus, and many more down, down, down, to the still greater Louis XIV., and even to the still greatest John, Duke of Marlborough. In my way I met with Tamerlane, the Scythian, Tomornbejus, the Egyptian, Solyman, the Magnificent, and others of the Mahometan or Ottoman race; and after all the great things they have done I find it said of them all, one after another, AND THEN HE DIED, all dead, dead, dead! *hic jacet* is the finishing part of their history. Some lie in the bed of honour, and some in honour's truckle bed; some were bravely slain in battle on the field of honour, some in the storm of a counterscarp and died in the ditch of honour; some here, some there;—the bones of the bold and the brave, the cowardly and the base, the hero and the scoundrel, are heaped up together;—there they lie in oblivion, and under the ruins of the earth, undistinguished from one another, nay, even from the common earth.

> "Huddled in dirt the blust'ring engine lies,
> That was so great, and thought himself so wise."

How many hundreds of thousands of the bravest fellows then in the world lie on heaps in the ground, whose bones are to this day ploughed up by the rustics, or dug up by the labourer, and the earth their more noble vital parts are converted to has been perhaps applied to the meanest uses!

How have we screened the ashes of heroes to make our mortar, and mingled the remains of a Roman general to

make a hog sty! Where are the ashes of a Caesar, and the remains of a Pompey, a Scipio, or a Hannibal? All are vanished, they and their very monuments are mouldered into earth, their dust is lost, and their place knows them no more. They live only in the immortal writings of their historians and poets, the renowned flatterers of the age they lived in, and who have made us think of the persons, not as they really were, but as they were pleased to represent them.

As the greatest men, so even the longest lived. The Methusalems of the antediluvian world—the accounts of them all end with the same. Methusalem lived nine hundred sixty and nine years and begat sons and daughters —and what then? AND THEN HE DIED.

> "Death like an overflowing stream
> Sweeps us away; our life's a dream."

We are now solemnizing the obsequies of the great Marlborough; all his victories, all his glories, his great projected schemes of war, his uninterrupted series of conquests, which are called his, as if he alone had fought and conquered by his arm, what so many men obtained for him with their blood—all is ended, where other men, and, indeed, where all men ended: HE IS DEAD.

Not all his immense wealth, the spoils and trophies of his enemies, the bounty of his grateful Mistress, and the treasure amassed in war and peace, not all that mighty bulk of gold—which some suggest is such, and so great, as I care not to mention—could either give him life, or continue it one moment, but he is dead; and some say the great treasure he was possessed of here had one strange particular quality attending it, which might have been very dissatisfying to him if he had considered much on it, namely, that he could not carry much of it with him.

We have now nothing left us of this great man that we can converse with but his monument and his history. He

is now numbered among things passed. The funeral as well as the battles of the Duke of Marlborough are like to adorn our houses in sculpture as things equally gay and to be looked on with pleasure. Such is the end of human glory, and so little is the world able to do for the greatest men that come into it, and for the greatest merit those men can arive to.

What then is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph as these men, we call heroes, have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame and take up many pages in history? Alas! that is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subject to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes, as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turned into ballad and song and be sung by old women to quiet children, or at the corner of a street to gather crowds in aid of the pick-pocket and the poor. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into eternity and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is honour without merit? And what can be called true merit but that which makes a person be a good man as well as a great man?

If we believe in a future state of life, a place for the rewards of good men and for the punishment of the haters of virtue, how few of heroes and famous men crowd in among the last! How few crowned heads wear the crowns of immortal felicity!

Let no man envy the great and glorious men, as we call them! Could we see them now, how many of them would move our pity rather than call for our congratulations!

2. ON FLATTERY

BY

SIR RICHARD STEELE

(1671-1729.)

An old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; 'but', continued he, 'not quite the man you were, when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living, as we then conversed with?' He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had quite the contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age; and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, 'that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address.' When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends, for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator,* implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which we lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness,

as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, 'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of anything above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying, 'The times are so ticklish, that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation,' answered with an air of surliness and honesty, 'If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face.' He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, 'You abuse a man but to his face?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I flatter him.'

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

The best of this order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

From *The Tatler.*

3. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719.)

A Man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by everyone that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon

the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down his dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them

both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house, had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance to my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's

conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

From *The Spectator*.

4. PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719.)

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination, or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like

occasion. We cannot, indeed, have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the fancy and the imagination. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confest, that those of the imagination are as great and transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a description in

Bireshwar Sekhar

Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of anything we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasure as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but

like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtile disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

From *The Spectator.*

5. A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

BY

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745.)

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside-down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now

handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be —grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

Noble
Read and reflect.

6. A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774.)

The clock has just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the pages of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality!—Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cried, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been sacrificed to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all

the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

From *The Bee*.

7. ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774.)

2779

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which to a person of a contemplative turn is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles I accidentally fell into a company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair, the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person,

declared, that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant, who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by this means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English; who though undoubtedly

brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as

they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And in fact, you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off, without doing any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may

exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is; and if it were not—But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?—But if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, *viz.*, a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

8. SHAKESPEARE

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784.)

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirrour of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole

system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of *Shakespeare* it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excells in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authours. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this authour is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady and

a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person; it will be difficult to find any, that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakespeare* has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with

life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world; Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirrour of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

From *The Preface.*

9. A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP

BY

LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859.)

This is an article for the reader to think of when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired

enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes; for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes, however, excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of 't'other doze'—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day few people think of sleeping, excepting after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well; much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your

head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying 'Just so' to the bark of a dog; or 'Yes, madam,' to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the most excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer-time, out in a field. There is, perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one which a tired person takes before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great

zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head, to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy lounger will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly; he may sit proudly; he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the seashore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry the moderns outvie the ancients and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago, in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto 1, st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

> He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
> And, through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
> To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
> Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
> And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
> His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
> Doth ever wash: and Cynthia still doth steepe
> In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
> Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.
>
> And more to lull him in his slumber soft
> A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
> And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
> Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the soune
> Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune.
> No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
> As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
> Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes,
> Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimyes.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It

seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his *Dream*. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and 'bid him creep into the body' of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

> This messenger tooke leave, and went
> Upon his way; and never he stent
> Till he came to the dark valley,
> That stant betweene rockes twey.
> There never yet grew corne, ne gras.
> Ne tree, ne nought that aught was.
> Beast, ne man, ne naught else;
> Save that there were a few wells
> Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
> That made a deadly sleeping soune,
> And runnen downe right by a cave,
> That was under a rocky grave,
> Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
> There these goddis lay asleepe,
> Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
> That was the god of Sleepis heire,
> That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir-presumptive, in sleeping and doing 'none other work.'

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets: they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under

bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music:

> Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
> Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
> On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
> In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
> Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
>
> And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
> Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
> Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
> Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
> And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

10. ON EARS

BY

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834.)

I have no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. —I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the

mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel 'quite unabashed,' and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music*.—To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel.—*Water parted from the sea* never fails to move it strangely. So does *In Infancy*. But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S—, once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W—n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising *God save the King* all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour,—on his return he was

pleased to say, 'he thought it could not be the maid!' On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being —technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less-cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at, from its being super-eminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, is as conjuring as Baralipton.

It is hard to stand alone in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut)—to remain as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more

than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immoveable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment;* or like that—

> —Party in a parlour,
> All silent, and all DAMNED!

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to

supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—"Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene turns upon a sudden, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist."

Something like this 'scene-turning' I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend Nov—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

> —rapt above earth,
> And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly',—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple Tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tricoronated like him-

self!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

From *Essays of Elia*.

11. THE WOOD

BY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(1787-1855.)

A wood is generally a pretty place; but this wood—imagine a smaller forest, full of glades and sheep-walks, surrounded by irregular cottages with their blooming orchards, a clear stream winding about the brakes, and a road intersecting it, and giving life and light to the picture; and you will have a faint idea of the Pinge. Every step was opening a new point of view, a fresh combination of glade, and path, and thicket. The accessories, too, were changing every moment. Ducks, geese, pigs, and children, giving way, as we advanced into the wood, to sheep and forest ponies; and they again disappearing as we became more entangled in its mazes, till we heard nothing but the song of the nightingale, and saw only the silent flowers.

What a piece of fairy-land! The tall elms overhead just bursting into tender, vivid leaf, with here and there a hoary oak, or a silver-barked beech, every twig swelling with the brown buds, and yet not quite stripped of the tawny foliage of autumn; tall hollies and hawthorn beneath,

with their crisp, brilliant leaves, mixed with the white blossoms of the sloe, and woven together with garlands of woodbines and wild-briers—what a fairy-land!

Primroses, cowslips, pansies, and the regular open-eyed white blossom of the wood anemone (or to use the more elegant Hampshire name, the windflower), were set under our feet as thick as daisies in a meadow; but the pretty weed that we came to seek was coyer; and Ellen began to fear that we had mistaken the place or the season. At last she had herself the pleasure of finding it under a brake of holly—"Oh, look! look! I am sure that this is the wood-sorrel! Look at the pendent white flower, shaped like a snow-drop, and veined with purple streaks, and the beautiful trefoil leaves folded like a heart—some, the young ones, so vividly, yet tenderly green, that the foliage of the elm and hawthorn would show dully at their side—others of a deeper tint, and lined, as it were, with a rich and changeful purple!—Don't you see them?" pursued my dear young friend, who is a delightful piece of life and sunshine, and was half inclined to scold me for the calmness with which, amused by her enthusiasm, I stood listening to her ardent exclamations—"Don't you see them? Oh, how beautiful! and in what quantity! what profusion! See how the dark shade of the holly sets off the light and delicate colouring of the flower! And see that other bed of them springing from the rich moss in the roots of that old beech-tree! Pray let us gather some. Here are baskets." So, quickly and carefully we began gathering leaves, blossoms, roots and all, for the plant is so fragile that it will not brook separation—quickly and carefully we gathered, encountering divers petty misfortunes in spite of all our care, now caught by the veil in a holly-bush, now hitching our shawls in a bramble, still gathering on, in spite of scratched fingers, till we had nearly filled our baskets and began to talk of our departure.

We had nearly threaded the wood, and were approaching an open grove of magnificent oaks on the other side, when sounds other than of nightingales burst on our ear, the deep and frequent strokes of the woodman's axe, and emerging from the Pinge we saw the havoc which that axe had committed. Above twenty of the finest trees lay stretched on the velvet turf. There they lay in every shape and form of devastation: some bare trunks, stripped ready for the timber carriage, with the bark built up in long piles at the side; some with the spoilers busy about them, stripping, hacking, hewing; others with their noble branches, their brown and fragrant shoots, all fresh as if they were alive—majestic corses, the slain of to-day. The grove was like a field of battle. The young lads who were stripping the bark, the very children who were picking up the chips, seemed awed and silent, as if conscious that death was around them. The nightingales sang faintly and interruptedly—a few low frightened notes like a requiem.

Ah! here we are at the very scene of murder, the very tree that they are felling; they have just hewn round the trunk with those slaughtering axes, and are about to saw it asunder. After all, it is a fine and thrilling operation, as the work of death usually is. Into how grand an attitude was that young man thrown as he gave the final strokes round the root; and how wonderful is the effect of that supple and apparently powerless saw, bending like a riband, and yet over-mastering that giant of the woods, conquering and over-throwing that thing of life! Now it has passed half through the trunk, and the woodman has begun to calculate which way the tree will fall; he drives a wedge to direct its course; now a few more movements of the noiseless saw, and then a larger wedge. See how the branches tremble! Hark, how the trunk begins to crack! Another stroke of the huge hammer on the wedge, and the tree quivers, as with a mortal agony, shakes, reels, and falls. How slow, and solemn, and awful it is! How like to

death, to human death in its grandest form! Cæsar in the Capitol, Seneca in the bath, could not fall more sublimely than that oak.

Even the heavens seem to sympathise with the devastation. The clouds have gathered into one thick, low canopy, dark and vapoury as the smoke which overhangs London; the setting sun is just gleaming underneath with a dim and bloody glare, and the crimson rays spreading upward with a lurid and portentous grandeur, a subdued and dusky glow, like the light reflected on the sky from some vast conflagration. The deep flush fades away, and the rain begins to descend; and we hurry homeward rapidly, yet sadly, forgetful alike of the flowers and the wetting, thinking and talking only of the fallen tree.

From *Our Village*.

12. LYING AWAKE

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812-1870.)

'My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coliseum at Rome, Dolly's Chop-house in London, and all the farrago of noted places with which the brain of a traveller is crammed; in a word, he was just falling asleep.'

Thus, that delightful writer, Washington Irving, in his Tales of a Traveller. But, it happened to me the other night to be lying: not with my eyes half closed, but with my eyes wide open; not with my nightcap drawn almost down to my nose, for on sanitary principles I never wear a nightcap: but with my hair pitchforked and touzled all

over the pillow; not just falling asleep by any means, but glaringly, persistently, and obstinately, broad awake. Perhaps, with no scientific intention or invention, I was illustrating the theory of the Duality of the Brain; perhaps one part of my brain, being wakeful, sat up to watch the other part which was sleepy. Be that as it may, something in me was as desirous to go to sleep as it possibly could be, but something else in me would not go to sleep, and was as obstinate as George the Third.

Thinking of George the Third—for I devote this paper to my train of thoughts as I lay awake: most people lying awake sometimes, and having some interest in the subject—put me in mind of Benjamin Franklin, and so Benjamin Franklin's paper on the art of procuring pleasant dreams, which would seem necessarily to include the art of going to sleep, came into my head. Now, as I often used to read that paper when I was a very small boy, and as I recollect everything I read then as perfectly as I forget everything I read now, I quoted 'Get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant.' Not a bit of it! I performed the whole ceremony, and if it were possible for me to be more saucer-eyed than I was before, that was the only result that came out of it.

Except Niagara. The two quotations from Washington Irving and Benjamin Franklin may have put it in my head by an American association of ideas; but there I was, and the Horse-shoe Fall was thundering and tumbling in my eyes and ears, and the very rainbows that I left upon the spray when I really did last look upon it, were beautiful to see. The night-light being quite as plain, however, and

sleep seeming to be many thousand miles further off than Niagara, I made up my mind to think a little about sleep; which I no sooner did than I whirled off in spite of myself to Drury Lane Theatre, and there saw a great actor and dear friend of mine (whom I had been thinking of in the day) playing Macbeth, and heard him apostrophizing 'the death of each day's life,' as I have heard him many a time, in the days that are gone.

But, Sleep. I *will* think about Sleep. I am determined to think (this is the way I went on) about Sleep. I must hold the word Sleep tight and fast, or I shall be off at a tangent in half a second. I feel myself unaccountably straying, already, into Clare Market. Sleep. It would be curious, as illustrating the equality of sleep, to inquire how many of its phenomena are common to all classes, to all degrees of wealth and poverty, to every grade of education and ignorance. Here, for example, is Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her palace, this pleasant blessed night, and here is Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of Her Majesty's jails. Her Majesty has fallen, many thousands of times, from that same Tower, which I claim a right to tumble off now and then. So has Winking Charley. Her Majesty in her sleep has opened or prorogued Parliament, or has held a Drawing Room, attired in some very scanty dress, the deficiencies and improprieties of which have caused her great uneasiness. I, in my degree, have suffered unspeakable agitation of mind from taking the chair at a public dinner at the London Tavern in my night-clothes, which not all the courtesy of my kind friend and host Mr. Bathe could persuade me were quite adapted to the occasion. Winking Charley has been repeatedly tried in a worse condition. Her Majesty is no stranger to a vault or firmament, of a sort of floorcloth, with an indistinct pattern distantly resembling eyes, which occasionally obtrudes itself on her repose. Neither am I.

Neither is Winking Charley. It is quite common to all three of us to skim along with airy strides a little above the ground; also to hold, with the deepest interest, dialogues with various people, all represented by ourselves; and to be at our wit's end to know what they are going to tell us; and to be indescribably astonished by the secrets they disclose. It is probable that we have all three committed murders and hidden bodies. It is pretty certain that we have all desperately wanted to cry out, and have had no voice; that we have all gone to the play and not been able to get in; that we have all dreamed much more of our youth than of our later lives; that—I have lost it! The thread's broken.

And up I go. I, lying here with the night-light before me, up I go, for no reason on earth that I can find out; and drawn by no links that are visible to me, up the Great Saint Bernard! I have lived in Switzerland, and rambled among the mountains; but why I should go there now, and why up the Great Saint Bernard in preference to any other mountain, I have no idea. As I lie here broad awake, and with every sense so sharpened that I can distinctly hear distant noises inaudible to me at another time, I make that journey, as I really did, on the same summer day, with the same happy party—ah! two since dead, I grieve to think—and there is the same track, with the same black wooden arms to point the way, and there are the same storm-refuges here and there; and there is the same snow falling at the top, and there are the same frosty mists, and there is the same intensely cold convent with its menagerie smell, and the same breed of dogs fast dying out, and the same breed of jolly young monks whom I mourn to know as humbugs, and the same convent parlour with its piano and the sitting round the fire, and the same supper, and the same lone night in a cell, and the same bright fresh morning when going out into the highly rarefied air was like

a plunge into an icy bath. Now, see here what comes along; and why does this thing stalk into my mind on the top of a Swiss mountain!

It is a figure that I once saw, just after dark, chalked upon a door in a little back lane near a country church—my first church. How young a child I may have been at the time I don't know, but it horrified me so intensely in connexion with the churchyard, I suppose, for it smokes a pipe, and has a big hat with each of its ears sticking out in a horizontal line under the brim, and is not in itself more oppressive than a mouth from ear to ear, a pair of goggle eyes, and hands like two bunches of carrots, five in each, can make it—that it is still vaguely alarming to me to recall (as I have often done before, lying awake) the running home, the looking behind, the horror of its following me; though whether disconnected from the door, or door and all, I can't say, and perhaps never could. It lays a disagreeable train. I must resolve to think of something on the voluntary principle.

The balloon ascents of this last season. They will do to think about, while I lie awake, as well as anything else. I must hold them tight though, for I feel them sliding away, and in their stead are the Mannings, husband and wife, hanging on the top of Horsemonger Lane Jail. In connexion with which dismal spectacle, I recall this curious fantasy of the mind. That, having beheld that execution, and having left those two forms dangling on the top of the entrance gateway—the man's, a limp, loose suit of clothes as if the man had gone out of them; the woman's, a fine shape, so elaborately corseted and artfully dressed, that it was quite unchanged in its trim appearance as it slowly swung from side to side—I never could, by my uttermost efforts, for some weeks, present the outside of that prison to myself (which the terrible impression I had received continually obliged me to do) without presenting it with

the two figures still hanging in the morning air. Until, strolling past the gloomy place one night, when the street was deserted and quiet, and actually seeing that the bodies were not there, my fancy was persuaded, as it were, to take them down and bury them within the precincts of the jail, where they have lain ever since.

The balloon ascents of last season. Let me reckon them up. There were the horse, the bull, the parachute, and the tumbler hanging on—chiefly by his toes, I believe—below the car. Very wrong, indeed, and decidedly to be stopped. But, in connexion with these and similar dangerous exhibitions, it strikes me that that portion of the public whom they entertain is unjustly reproached. Their pleasure is in the difficulty overcome. They are a public of great faith, and are quite confident that the gentleman will not fall off the horse, or the lady off the bull or out of the parachute, and that the tumbler has a firm hold with his toes. They do not go to see the adventurer vanquished, but triumphant. There is no parallel in public combats between men and beasts, because nobody can answer for the particular beast—unless it were always the same beast, in which case it would be a mere stage-show, which the same public would go in the same state of mind to see, entirely believing in the brute being before-hand safely subdued by the man. That they are not accustomed to calculate hazards and dangers with any nicety, we may know from their rash exposure of themselves in overcrowded steam-boats, and unsafe conveyances and places of all kinds. And I cannot help thinking that instead of railing, and attributing savage motives to a people naturally well disposed and humane, it is better to teach them, and lead them argumentatively and reasonably—for they are very reasonable, if you will discuss a matter with them—to more considerate and wise conclusions.

This is a disagreeable intrusion! Here is a man with his throat cut, dashing towards me as I lie awake! A re-

collection of an old story of a kinsman of mine, who, going home one foggy winter night to Hampstead, when London was much smaller and the road lonesome, suddenly encountered such a figure rushing past him, and presently two keepers from a madhouse in pursuit. A very unpleasant creature indeed, to come into my mind unbidden, as I lie awake.

The balloon ascents of last season. I must return to the balloons. Why did the bleeding man start out of them? Never mind; if I inquire, he will be back again. The balloons—This particular public have inherently a great pleasure in the contemplation of physical difficulties overcome; mainly, as I take it, because the lives of a large majority of them are exceedingly monotonous and real, and further, are a struggle against continual difficulties, and further still, because anything in the form of accidental injury, or any kind of illness or disability is so very serious in their own sphere. I will explain this seeming paradox of mine. Take the case of a Christmas Pantomime. Surely nobody supposes that the young mother in the pit who falls into fits of laughter when the baby is boiled or sat upon, would be at all diverted by such an occurrence off the stage. Nor is the decent workman in the gallery, who is transported beyond the ignorant present by the delight with which he sees a stout gentleman pushed out of a two pair of stairs window, to be slandered by the suspicion that he would be in the least entertained by such a spectacle in any street in London, Paris, or New York. It always appears to me that the secret of this enjoyment lies in the temporary superiority to the common hazards and mischances of life; in seeing casualties, attended when they really occur with bodily and mental suffering, tears, and poverty, happen through a very rough sort of poetry without the least harm being done to any one—the pretence of distress in a pantomime being so broadly humorous as to be no pretence at all. Much as in the comic fiction I can

understand the mother with a very vulnerable baby at home, greatly relishing the invlunerable baby on the stage, so in the Cremorne reality I can understand the mason who is always liable to fall off a scaffold in his working jacket and to be carried to the hospital, having an infinite admiration of the radiant personage in spangles who goes into the clouds upon a bull, or upside down, and who, he takes it for granted—not reflecting upon the thing—has, by uncommon skill and dexterity, conquered such mischances as those to which he and his acquaintance are continually exposed.

I wish the Morgue in Paris would not come here as I lie awake, with its ghastly beds, and the swollen saturated clothes hanging up, and the water dripping, dripping all day long, upon that other swollen saturated something in the corner, like a heap of crushed over-ripe figs that I have seen in Italy! And this detestable Morgue comes back again at the head of a procession of forgotten ghost stories. This will never do. I must think of something else as I lie awake; or, like that sagacious animal in the United States who recognized the colonel who was such a dead shot, I am a gone 'Coon. What shall I think of? The late brutal assaults. Very good subject. The late brutal assaults.

(Though whether, supposing I should see, here before me as I lie awake, the awful phantom described in one of those ghost stories, who, with a head-dress of shroud, was always seen looking in through a certain glass door at a certain dead hour—whether, in such a case it would be the least consolation to me to know on philosophical grounds that it was merely my imagination, is a question I can't help asking myself by the way.)

The late brutal assaults. I strongly question the expediency of advocating the revival of whipping for those crimes. It is a natural and generous impulse to be indignant at the perpetration of inconceivable brutality, but I

doubt the whipping panacea gravely. Not in the least regard or pity for the criminal, whom I hold in far lower estimation than a mad wolf, but in consideration for the general tone and feeling, which is very much improved since the whipping times. It is bad for a people to be familiarized with such punishments. When the whip went out of Bridewell, and ceased to be flourished at the cart's tail and at the whipping-post, it began to fade out of the madhouses, and workhouses, and schools, and families, and to give place to a better system everywhere, than cruel driving. It would be hasty, because a few brutes may be inadequately punished, to revive, in any aspect, what, in so many aspects, society is hardly yet happily rid of. The whip is a very contagious kind of thing, and difficult to confine within one set of bounds. Utterly abolish punishment by fine—a barbarous device, quite as much out of date as wager by battle, but particularly connected in the vulgar mind with this class of offence—at least quadruple the term of imprisonment for aggravated assaults—and above all let us, in such cases, have no Pet Prisoning, vain-glorifying, strong soup, and roasted meats, but hard work, and one unchanging and uncompromising dietary of bread and water, well or ill; and we shall do much better than by going down into the dark to grope for the whip among the rusty fragments of the rack, and the branding iron, and the chains and gibbet from the public roads, and the weights that pressed men to death in the cells of Newgate.

I had proceeded thus far, when I found I had been lying awake so long that the very dead began to wake too, and to crowd into my thoughts most sorrowfully. Therefore, I resolved to lie awake no more, but to get up and go out for a night walk—which resolution was an acceptable relief to me, as I dare say it may prove now to a great many more.

13. THE REVOLUTION, 1689

BY

T. B. MACAULAY

(1800-1859.)

On the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth of February, the court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of Peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth; and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed Their Highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the Estates of the Realm, requested the Prince and Princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name and in that of his wife, answered that the Crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. 'We thankfully accept,' he said, 'what you have offered us.' Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct, and that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly

recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons, then reverently retired from the Banqueting House and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards.

All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle drums struck up; the trumpets pealed; and Garter King at Arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England, charged all Englishmen to bear, from that moment, true allegiance to the new sovereigns, and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have, during the last sixty years, overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors.

The Continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the

utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions, similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of shipmoney, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our Kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament, and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been!

With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in Continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dinted with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigour. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument: but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no legislative act could be passed, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up, that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, that no tool of power could plead

the royal command as a justification for violating any right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental laws stood in no need of a new constitution.

14. ON CATCHING THE TRAIN

BY

A. G. GARDINER

(1865 — .)

Thank heaven! I have caught it.... I am in a corner seat, the compartment is not crowded, the train is about to start, and for an hour and a half, while we rattle towards that haven of solitude on the hill that I have written of aforetime, I can read, or think, or smoke, or sleep, or talk or write as I choose. I think I will write, for I am in the humour for writing. Do you know what it is to be in the humour for writing—to feel that there is a head of steam somewhere that must blow off? It isn't so much that you have something you want to say as that you must say something. And, after all, what does the subject matter? Any peg will do to hang your hat on. The hat is the thing. That saying of Rameau fits the idea to perfection. Some one was asking that great composer if he did not find difficulty in selecting a subject. 'Difficulty? A subject?' said Rameau. 'Not at all. One subject is as good as another. Here, bring me the *Dutch Gazette*.'

That is how I feel now, as the lights of London fade in our wake and the fresh air of the country blows in at the window. Subject? Difficulty? Here, bring me the *Dutch Gazette*. But while any subject would serve, there is one of particular interest to me at this moment. It came into my mind as I ran along the platform just now. It is

the really important subject of catching trains. There are some people who make nothing of catching trains. They can catch trains with as miraculous an ease as Cinquevalli catches half-a-dozen billiard-balls. I believe they could catch trains in their sleep. They are never too early and never too late. They leave home or office with a quiet certainty of doing the thing that is simply stupefying. Whether they walk, or take a bus, or call a taxi, it is the same: they do not hurry, they do not worry, and when they find they are in time and that there's plenty of room they manifest no surprise.

I have in mind a man with whom I once went walking among the mountains on the French-Italian border. He was enormously particular about trains and arrangements the day or the week before we needed them, and he was wonderfully efficient at the job. But as the time approached for catching a train he became exasperatingly calm and leisured. He began to take his time over everything and to concern himself with the arrangements of the next day or the next week, as though he had forgotten all about the train that was imminent, or was careless whether he caught it or not. And when at last he had got to the train, he began to remember things. He would stroll off to get a time-table or to buy a book, or to look at the engine—especially to look at the engine. And the nearer the minute for starting the more absorbed he became in the mechanism of the thing, and the more animated was his explanation of the relative merits of the P. L. M. engine and the North-Western engine. He was always given up as lost, and yet always stepped in as the train was on the move, his manner aggravatingly unruffled, his talk pursuing the quiet tenor of his thought about engines or about what we should do the week after next.

Now I am different. I have been catching trains all my life, and all my life I have been afraid I shouldn't catch

them. Familiarity with the habits of trains cannot get rid of a secret conviction that their aim is to give me the slip if it can be done. No faith in my own watch can affect my doubts as to the reliability of the watch of the guard or the station clock or whatever deceitful signal the engine-driver obeys. Moreover, I am oppressed with the possibilities of delay on the road to the station. They crowd in on me like the ghosts into the tent of King Richard. There may be a block in the streets, the bus may break down, the taxi-driver may be drunk or not know the way, or think I don't know the way, and take me round and round the squares as Tony Lumpkin drove his mother round and round the pond, or—in fact, anything may happen, and it is never until I am safely inside (as I am now) that I feel really happy.

Now, of course this is a very absurd weakness. I ought to be ashamed to confess it. I am ashamed to confess it. And that is the advantage of writing under a pen name. You can confess anything you like, and nobody thinks any the worse of you. You ease your own conscience, have a gaol delivery of your failings—look them, so to speak, straight in the face, and pass sentence on them—and still enjoy the luxury of not being found out. You have all the advantages of a conviction without the nuisance of the penalty. Decidedly, this writing under a pen name is a great easement of the soul.

It reminds me of an occasion on which I was climbing with a famous rock climber. I do not mind confessing (over my pen name) that I am not good on rocks. My companion on the rope kept addressing me at critical moments by the name of Saunders. My name, I rejoice to say, is not Saunders, and he knew it was not Saunders, but he had to call me something, and in the excitement of the moment could think of nothing but Saunders. Whenever I was slow in finding a handhold or foothold, there

would come a stentorian instruction to Saunders to feel to the right or the left, or higher up or lower down. And I remember that I found it a great comfort to know that it was not I who was so slow, but that fellow Saunders. I seemed to see him as a laborious, futile person who would have been better employed at home looking after his hens. And so in these articles, I seem again to be impersonating the ineffable Saunders, of whom I feel at liberty to speak plainly. I see before me a long vista of self-revelations, the real title of which ought to be 'The Showing-Up of Saunders.'

But to return to the subject. This train-fever is, of course, only a symptom. It proceeds from that apprehensiveness of mind that is so common and incurable an affliction. The complaint has been very well satirized by one who suffered from it. 'I have had many and severe troubles in my life,' he said, '*but most of them never happened.*' That is it. We people who worry about the trains and similar things live in a world of imaginative disaster. The heavens are always going to fall on us. We look ahead, like Christian, and see the lions waiting to devour us, and when we find they are only poor imitation lions, our timorous imagination is not set at rest, but invents other lions to scare us out of our wits.

And yet intellectually we know that these apprehensions are worthless. Experience has taught us that it is not the things we fear that come to pass, but the things of which we do not dream. The bolt comes from the blue. We take elaborate pains to guard our face, and get a thump in the small of the back. We propose to send the fire-engine to Ulster, and turn to see Europe in flames. Cowper put the case against all 'fearful saints' (and sinners) when he said:

> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and will break
> With blessings on your head.

It is the clouds you don't dread that swamp you. Cowper knew, for he too was an apprehensive mortal, and it is only the apprehensive mortal who really knows the full folly of his apprehensiveness.

Now, save once, I have never lost a train in my life. The exception was at Calais when the Brussels express did, in defiance of the time-table, really give me and others the slip, carrying with it my bag containing my clothes and the notes of a most illuminating lecture. I chased that bag all through Northern France and Belgium, inquiring at way-side stations, wiring to junctions, hunting among the mountains of luggage at Lille. It was at Lille that—But the train is slowing down. There is the slope of the hill-side, black against the night sky, and among the trees I see the glimmer of a light beckoning me as the lonely lamp in Greenhead Ghyll used to beckon Wordsworth's Michael. The night is full of stars, the landscape glistens with a late frost: it will be a jolly two miles' tramp to that beacon on the hill.

15. MY FIRST FLIGHT

(Eastbourne, Friday, August 2nd, 1912)

BY

H. G. WELLS

(1866 — .)

Hitherto my only flights have been flights of imagination, but this morning I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up again, and I will go higher and further.

This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little lagged and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing and not enough participation. Sixteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible —it affected my reputation unfavourably, and produced in the few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me sixteen years ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; it went up in a spiral and came down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

That was only sixteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. I was quite a desperate fellow; I said outright that in my lifetime we should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a distinguished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on, its pitching *must* increase until up went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the aeroplane wasn't 'kicking up ahind and afore' it would be heeling over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our poor humble equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start....

The waterplane in which I soared over Eastbourne this morning with Mr. Grahame-White was as steady as a motor-car running on asphalt.

Then we went on from those anticipations of swaying insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of flying. Most people who look down from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many feel a quite sickening dread. Even if men struggled high into the air, we asked, wouldn't they be smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? And above all, wouldn't the pitching and tossing make them quite horribly sea-sick?

I have always been a little haunted by that last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity with which I got aboard the waterplane this morning—that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new experience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or pushes off for the first time down an ice run. I thought I should very probably be sea-sick—or, to be more precise, air-sick; I thought also that I might be very giddy, and that I might get thoroughly cold and uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There is nothing on earth to compare with that, unless—and that I can't judge—it is an ice yacht travelling on perfect ice. The finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it.

To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating movement, leaping with a light splashing pat upon the water, from wave to wave. Then we came about into the wind and rose, and looking over I saw that there were no longer those periodic flashes of white foam. I was

flying. And it was as still and steady as dreaming. I watched the widening distance between our floats and the waves. It wasn't by any means a windless day; there was a brisk, fluctuating breeze blowing out of the north over the downs. It seemed hardly to affect our flight at all.

And as for the giddiness of looking down, one does not feel it at all. It is difficult to explain why this should be so, but it is so. I suppose in such matters I am neither exceptionally steady-headed nor is my head exceptionally given to swimming. I can stand on the edge of cliffs of a thousand feet or so and look down, but I can never bring myself right up to the edge nor crane over to look to the very bottom. I should want to lie down to do that. And the other day I was on that Belvedere place at the top of the Rotterdam skyscraper, a rather high wind was blowing, and one looks down through the chinks between the boards one stands on upon the heads of the people in the streets below; I didn't like it. But this morning I looked directly down on a little fleet of fishing boats over which we passed, and on the crowds assembling on the beach, and on the bathers who stared up at us from the breaking surf, with an entirely agreeable exaltation. And Eastbourne, in the early morning sunshine, had all the brightly detailed littleness of a town viewed from high up on the side of a great mountain.

When Mr. Grahame-White told me we were going to plane down I will confess I tightened my hold on the sides of the car and prepared for something like the down-going sensation of a switchback railway on a larger scale. Just for a moment there was that familiar feeling of something pressing one's heart up towards one's shoulders and one's lower jaw up into its socket and of grinding one's lower teeth against the upper, and then it passed. The nose of the car and all the machine was slanting downwards, we were gliding quickly down, and yet there was no feeling

that one rushed, not even as one rushes in coasting a hill on a bicycle. It wasn't a tithe of the thrill of those three descents one gets on the great mountain railway in the White City. There one gets a disagreeable quiver up one's backbone from the wheels, and a real sense of falling.

It is quite peculiar to flying that one is incredulous of any collision. Some time ago I was in a motor-car that ran over and killed a small dog, and this wretched little incident has left an open wound upon my nerves. I am never quite happy in a car now: I can't help keeping an apprehensive eye ahead. But you fly with an exhilarating assurance that you cannot possibly run over anything or run into anything —except the land or the sea, and even those large essentials seem a beautifully safe distance away.

I had heard a great deal of talk about the deafening uproar of the engine. I counted a headache among my chances. There again reason reinforced conjecture. When in the early morning Mr. Travers came from Brighton in this Farman in which I flew I could hear the hum of the great insect when it still seemed abreast of Beachy Head, and a good two miles away. If one can hear a thing at two miles, how much the more will one not hear it at a distance of two yards? But at the risk of seeming too contented for anything I will assert I heard that noise no more than one hears the drone of an electric ventilator upon one's table. It was only when I came to speak to Mr. Grahame-White, or he to me, that I discovered that our voices had become almost infinitesimally small.

And so it was I went up into the air at Eastbourne with the impression that flying was still an uncomfortable, experimental, and slightly heroic thing to do, and came down to the cheerful gathering crowd upon the sands again with the knowledge that it is a thing achieved for everyone. It will get much cheaper, no doubt, and much swifter, and be improved in a dozen ways—we *must* get self-starting

engines, for example, for both our aeroplanes and motor-cars—but it is available to-day for anyone who can reach it. An invalid lady of seventy could have enjoyed all that I did if only one could have got her into the passenger's seat. Getting there was a little difficult, it is true; the waterplane was out in the surf, and I was carried to it on a boatman's back, and then had to clamber carefully through the wires, but that is a matter of detail. This flying is indeed so certain to become a general experience that I am sure that this description will in a few years seem almost as quaint as if I had set myself to record the fears and sensations of my First Ride in a Wheeled Vehicle. And I suspect that learning to control a Farman waterplane now is probably not much more difficult than, let us say, twice the difficulty in learning the control and management of a motor-bicycle. I cannot understand the sort of young man who won't learn how to do it if he gets half a chance.

The development of these waterplanes is an important step towards the huge and swarming popularization of flying which is now certainly imminent. We ancient survivors of those who believed in and wrote about flying before there was any flying used to make a great fuss about the dangers and difficulties of landing and getting up. We wrote with vast gravity about 'starting-rails' and 'landing stages,' and it is still true that landing an aeroplane, except upon a well-known and quite level expanse, is a risky and uncomfortable business. But getting up and landing upon fairly smooth water is easier than getting into bed. This alone is likely to determine the aeroplane routes along the line of the world's coast-lines and lake groups and waterways. The airmen will go to and fro over water as the midges do. Wherever there is a square mile of water the waterplanes will come and go like hornets at the mouth of their nest. But there are much stronger reasons than this convenience for keeping over water. Over water the air, it seems, lies

in great level expanses; even when there are gales it moves in uniform masses like the swift, still rush of a deep river. The airman, in Mr. Grahame-White's phrase, can go to sleep on it. But over the land, and for thousands of feet up into the sky, the air is more irregular than a torrent among rocks; it is—if only we could see it—a waving, whirling, eddying, flamboyant confusion. A slight hill, a ploughed field, the streets of a town, create riotous, rolling, invisible streams and cataracts of air that catch the airman unawares, make him drop disconcertingly, try his nerves. With a powerful enough engine he climbs at once again, but these sudden downfalls are the least pleasant and most dangerous experience in aviation. They exact a tiring vigilance.

Over lake or sea, in sunshine, within sight of land, this is the perfect way of the flying tourist. Gladly would I have set out for France this morning instead of returning to Eastbourne. And then coasted round to Spain and into the Mediterranean. And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies....

I find my study unattractive to-day—

16. A DEFENCE OF DETECTIVE STORIES

BY

G. K. CHESTERTON

(1874 — .)

In attempting to reach the genuine psychological reason for the popularity of detective stories, it is necessary to rid ourselves of many mere phrases. It is not true, for example, that the populace prefer bad literature to good, and accept detective stories because they are bad literature. The mere absence of artistic subtlety does not make a book popular. Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* contains few

gleams of psychological comedy, yet it is not read aloud uproariously on winter evenings. If detective stories are read with more exuberance than railway guides, it is certainly because they are more artistic. Many good books have fortunately been popular; many bad books, still more fortunately, have been unpopular. A good detective story would probably be even more popular than a bad one. The trouble in this matter is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story; it is to them like speaking of a good devil. To write a story about a burglary is, in their eyes, a sort of spiritual manner of committing it. To persons of somewhat weak sensibility this is natural enough; it must be confessed that many detective stories are as full of sensational crime as one of Shakespeare's plays.

There is, however, between a good detective story and a bad detective story as much, or rather more, difference than there is between a good epic and a bad one. Not only is a detective story a perfectly legitimate form of art, but it has certain definite and real advantages as an agent of the public weal.

The first essential value of the detective story lies in this, that it is the earliest and only form of popular literature in which is expressed some sense of the poetry of modern life. Men lived among mighty mountains and eternal forests for ages before they realized that they were poetical; it may reasonably be inferred that some of our descendants may see the chimney-pots as rich a purple as the mountain-peaks, and find the lamp-posts as old and natural as the trees. Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious the detective story is certainly the Iliad. No one can have failed to notice that in these stories the hero or the investigator crosses London with something of the loneliness and liberty of a prince in a tale of elfland, that in the course of that incalculable journey the casual omni-

bus assumes the primal colours of a fairy ship. The lights of the city begin to glow like innumerable goblin eyes, since they are the guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it; every fantastic skyline of chimney-pots seems wildly and derisively signalling the meaning of the mystery.

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol —a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it were a graven brick of Babylon; every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiæ of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief. We may dream, perhaps, that it might be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men's souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable exception of Stevenson) decline to write of that thrilling mood and moment when

the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which, amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as prosaic or the common as commonplace. Popular art in all ages has been interested in contemporary manners and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentine gentlefolk or Flemish burghers. In the last century it was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth in a powdered wig and ruffles. How far we are ourselves in this age from such conviction of the poetry of our own life and manners may easily be conceived by anyone who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting the cakes dressed in tourist's knickerbockers, or a performance of *Hamlet* in which the prince appeared in a frock-coat, with a crape band round his hat. But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot's wife, could not go on for ever. A rude, popular literature of the romantic possibilities of the modern city was bound to arise. It has arisen in the popular detective stories, as rough and refreshing as the ballads of Robin Hood.

There is, however, another good work that is done by detective stories. While it is the constant tendency of the Old Adam to rebel against so universal and automatic a thing as civilization, to preach departure and rebellion, the romance of police activity keeps in some sense before the mind the fact that civilization itself is the most sensational of departures, and the most romantic of rebellions. By dealing with the unsleeping sentinels who guard the outposts of society, it tends to remind us that we live in an armed camp, making war with a chaotic world, and that the criminals, the children of chaos, are nothing but the traitors within our gates. When the detective in a police romance stands alone, and somewhat fatuously fearless amid the knives and fists of a thieves' kitchen, it does certainly serve

to make us remember that it is the agent of social justice who is the original and poetic figure, while the burglars and footpads are merely placid old cosmic conservatives, happy in the immemorial respectability of apes and wolves. The romance of the police force is thus the whole romance of man. It is based on the fact that morality is the most dark and daring of conspiracies. It reminds us that the whole noiseless and unnoticeable police management by which we are ruled and protected is only a successful knight-errantry.

From *The Defendant.*

17. RAIN

BY

EDWARD THOMAS

(1878-1917.)

The prejudice of poets against water has perhaps kept rain out of fashion in literature. It is true that rain is among the subtle anonymous *dramatis personæ* of Lear, and that Milton wove into the harmonies of melancholy "the minute-drops from off the eaves." Swift's famous "Shower" knocks somewhat grossly at the door. "There never was such a shower since Danae's," ran contemporary compliment. There is, too, an allusion to rain in *Childe Harold,* as a pianissimo accompaniment to storms. But it is characteristic of modern poetry, as a criticism of life by livers, that it has left the praise of rain to hop farmers and of mud to shoeblacks. If literature were faithful to life, there would have been a chorus of benedictions after the rain that whispered on the hansom window-panes and sent the grumbling Thames to sleep with soft hands, as we drove from the play on a Midsummer night; the French Academy would have elected at least one member for his rendering of the meaning of sleet, during a grey and purple sunset over

the coast of Brittany. Even at the fireside I am washed by rain until I seem to glimmer and rejoice like the white headstones on the hill!

It is falling now as I sit with paper-spoiling intention, and the sound brings back the rain that used to come from heaven on summer mornings at Oxford, while invisible cattle were lowing and doves cooing, and a distant bell was tolled; brings back the rain in a city street by night, that softened the sky to a deep blue that was the very hue of mercy thrown over the awful darkness; and—gaily, daintily—the drops that came and went (like stars in a restless sky) on the fir-tree foliage as we came to the trout river, in sudden sunlight. Now it is near sunset. The blackbirds are singing lazily in the gardens. The traffic has ceased as if the silence had cried: "No thoroughfare." A Circean lady is playing Grieg. She could turn us into swine; that her quiet smile proclaims; she does for the time change into gods some of those who are sitting in the great blue apartment, half shadowed, as the expression fluctuates, tender, minatory, tumultuous, hypnotic, vast. Still the rain is falling, and the horse-chestnuts in the street expand, their leaves shine. Their size and beauty are as things newly acquired. Two especially that rise between distant groups of houses fill the whole space of sky—touch the stars; in a few minutes, the constellations hang in their branches and swing as the trees are shaken. The rain has gone to their very hearts. They sigh tremulously as if the drops moved them with a tranquil joy. I could wish I were a horse-chestnut now. . . . In winter I have seen them made much of by the heavens, and against the rainy blue, so vast as to touch the roof of the temple, like the Zeus of Pheidias, particularly when all day the shower has descended pensively and without wind. Then songs were hushed; the pools rocked only with smooth leaden waves. Before evening the rain had worked its spell.

Thrushes' songs filled the hawthorns among the gorse. The wan grass was beautiful; but for a time the young blades were dominant, deep green with the depth of night, yet fresh with the freshness of day; black, dripping trees overhung the grass, and both had a colour like that of hues and forms seen through water. All things smiled faintly so that I seemed to touch the pericardium of eternity. The slight melancholy and the great solemnity of the rain that had passed away entered the song of the robin.

Few pictures deal nobly with rain and mud. Yet in a great city what elvish effects they prepare! Coruscating, sadly but brilliantly, the mud gravely relieves the white faces and gaudy raiment that pass by night, and adds to the dreaminess of a scene, in which the pageant of life is like a strange flora to the eye. Of all the mud I have known, the most beautiful is that which is often to be seen on the banks of the Thames below Waterloo Bridge, lying like a crude monster, while the sunset is rosy and green and purple on its flanks, and two swans float and barges heave at rest; or while at dawn the city is all its own, a quiet, grey city that has vanished when the mud has sunk below the tide.

One shower I remember that wrought magic in a London garden. A kind of judicious neglect by the owner had made the garden a kindly party to any unusual trick of the elements. On the lawn was a sundial that made Time an alluring toy. At the bottom of the garden, beyond the lawn, was an enclosed space of warm rank grasses, and, rising over them a vapour of cow-parsley flowers. A white steam from the soil faintly misted the grass to the level of the tallest buttercups. Rain was falling, and the grasses and overhanging elm trees seemed to be suffering for their quietness and loneliness, to be longing for something, as perhaps Eden also dropped "some natural tears" when left a void. A hot, not quite soothing perfume crept over

the lawn. All night I was haunted by those elms which appeared as grey women in cloaks of that strange mist. For the time, that garden was the loneliest place on earth, and I loved and feared its loneliness.

Of rain seen from indoors, falling on a broad rich land of grass and trees, or seen (from heavenly altitudes) falling on the grey and blue slates of a town I dare not speak. But I have known the rain, hissing on the lawn, complete the luxury of tea at Oxford in November, when the heart is fresh from walking. There is a generous fire; seven league slippers on the feet; hot buttered brown toast, and, as evening changes from grey to grey in quiet crescendo, still the rain.

18. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

BY

LYTTON STRACHEY

(1880-1932.)

It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing; it was for the necessary elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. "Oh, dear Miss Nightingale," said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, "when we land, let there be no delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!" "The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub," was Miss Nightingale's answer. And it was upon the wash-tub, and all that the wash-tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it

seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. "Before she came," said a soldier, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as 'oly as a church." The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those "lowest sinks of human misery," as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression "which could distress a gentlewoman."

She was heroic; and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings: it was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the "Purveyor," and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed

the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady; but the keener eye perceived something more than that —the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than of her countenance, that it "had that in it one must fain call master." Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis: "I never heard her raise her voice," said one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor, ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. "But it must be done," said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

Last at night, when the long miles of beds lay wrapped in darkness, Miss Nightingale would sit at work in her little room, over her correspondence. It was one of the

most formidable of all her duties. There were hundreds of letters to be written to the friends and relations of soldiers; there was the enormous mass of official documents to be dealt with; there were her own private letters to be answered; and, most important of all, there was the composition of her long and confidential reports to Sidney Herbert. These were by no means official communications. Her soul, pent up all day in the restraint and reserve of a vast responsibility, now at last poured itself out in these letters with all its natural vehemence, like a swollen torrent through an open sluice. Here, at least, she did not mince matters. Here she painted in her darkest colours the hideous scenes which surrounded her; here she tore away remorselessly the last veils still shrouding the abominable truth. Then she would fill pages with recommendations and suggestions, with criticisms of the minutest details of organisation, with elaborate calculations of contingencies, with exhaustive analyses and statistical statements piled up in breathless eagerness one on the top of the other. And then her pen, in the virulence of its volubility, would rush on to the discussion of individuals, to the denunciation of an incompetent surgeon or the ridicule of a self-sufficient nurse. Her sarcasm searched the ranks of the officials with the deadly and unsparing precision of a machine-gun. Her nicknames were terrible. She respected no one: Lord Stratford, Lord Raglan, Lady Stratford, Dr. Andrew Smith, Dr. Hall, the Commissary-General, the Purveyor—she fulminated against them all. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it. "I do well to be angry," was the burden of her cry. How many just men were there at Scutari? How many who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief? Were there ten? Were there five? Was there even one? She could not be sure.

From *Eminent Victorians.*

19. GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH

BY

A. A. MILNE

(1882 — .)

The other day I met a man who didn't know where Tripoli was. Tripoli happened to come into the conversation, and he was evidently at a loss. "Let's see," he said, "Tripoli is just down by the—er—you know. What's the name of that place?" "That's right," I answered, "just opposite Thingumabob. I could show you in a minute on the map. It's near—what do they call it?" At this moment the train stopped, and I got out and went straight home to look at my atlas.

Of course I really knew exactly where Tripoli was. About thirty years ago, when I learnt geography, one of the questions they were always asking me was, "What are the exports of Spain, and where is Tripoli?" But much may happen in twenty years; coast erosion and tidal waves and things like that. I looked at the map in order to assure myself that Tripoli had remained pretty firm. As far as I could make out it had moved. Certainly it must have looked different thirty years ago, for I took some little time to locate it. But no doubt one's point of view changes with the decades. To a boy Tripoli might seem a long way from Italy—even in Asia Minor; but when he grew up his standards of measurement would be altered. Tripoli would appear in its proper place due south of Sicily.

I always enjoy these periodic excursions to my atlas. People talk a good deal of nonsense about the importance of teaching geography at school instead of useless subjects like Latin and Greek, but so long as you have an atlas near you, of what use is geography? Why waste time learning where Tripoli and Fiume are, when you can turn to a map

of Africa and spot them in a moment? In a leading article in *The Times* (no less—our premier English newspaper) it was stated during a general election that Darlington was in Yorkshire. You may say that *The Times* leader writers ought to have been taught geography; I say that unfortunately they have been taught geography. They learnt, or thought they learnt, that Darlington was a Yorkshire town. If they had been left in a state of decent ignorance, they would have looked for Darlington in a map and found that it was in Durham. (One moment—Map 29—Yes, Durham; that's right). As it is, there are at this moment some hundreds of retired colonels who go about believing implicitly that Darlington is in Yorkshire because *The Times* has said it. How much more important than a knowledge of geography is the possession of an atlas.

My own atlas is a particularly fine specimen. It contains all sorts of surprising maps which never come into ordinary geography. I think my favourite is a picture of the Pacific Ocean, coloured in varying shades of blue according to the depths of the sea. The deep ultramarine terrifies me. I tremble for a ship which is passing over it, and only breathe again when it reaches the very palest blue. There is one little patch—the Nero Deep in the Ladrone Basin—which is actually 31,614 ft. deep. I suppose if you sailed over it you would find it no bluer than the rest of the sea, and if you fell into it you would feel no more alarmed than if it were 31,613 ft. deep; but still you cannot see it in the atlas without a moment's awe.

Then my atlas has a map of "The British Empire showing the great commercial highways"; another of "The North Polar regions showing the progress of explorations"; maps of the trade routes, of gulf streams, and beautiful things of that kind. It tells you how far it is from Southampton to Fremantle, so that if you are interested in the M. C. C.

Australian team you can follow them day by day across the sea. Why, with all your geographical knowledge you couldn't even tell me the distance between Yokohama and Honolulu, but I can give the answer in a moment—3,379 miles. Also I know exactly what a section of the world along lat. 45 deg. N. looks like—and there are very few of our most learned men who can say as much.

But my atlas goes even farther than this, though I for one do not follow it. It gives diagrams of exports and imports; it tells you where things are manufactured or where grown; it gives pictures of sheep—an immense sheep representing New Zealand and a mere insect representing Russia, and alas! no sheep at all for Canada and Germany and China. Then there are large cigars for America and small mild cigars for France and Germany; pictures in colour of such unfamiliar objects as spindles and raw silk and miners and Mongolians and iron ore; statistics of traffic receipts and diamonds. I say that I don't follow my atlas here, because information of this sort does not seem to belong properly to an atlas. This is not my idea of geography at all. When I open my atlas I open it to look at maps—to find out where Tripoli is—not to acquire information about flax and things; yet I cannot forego the boast that if I wanted I could even speak at length about flax.

And lastly there is the index. Running my eye down it, I can tell you in less than a minute where such different places as Jorobado, Kabba, Hidegkut, Paloo, and Pago Pago are to be found. Could you, even after your first-class honours in the Geography Tripos, be as certain as I am? Of Hidegkut, perhaps, or Jorobado, but not of Pago Pago.

On the other hand, you might possibly have known where Tripoli was.

From *If I May.*

20. MY COLLEGE DAYS: A RETROSPECT

BY

STEPHEN LEACOCK

(1869 — .)

When I look back upon the men and things of my college days, and compare them with the college days of those who are now undergraduates, I stand appalled at the contrast.

What strikes me most in looking back to the college life of my time is the extraordinary brilliance, the wonderful mental powers of the students of those days. In my time there were men at college, especially in the years above me, who could easily have discovered, had they cared to, the Newtonian Laws of Motion and the Theory of Light.

This, I think, was particularly noticeable in the very year when I happened to be a freshman. The fourth year, the graduating class, of that moment represented a galaxy of intellectual capacity which was probably unparalleled in the history of the human mind. I state this in positive terms because I myself witnessed it. I knew, or, at any rate, I saw and heard, these very men. It will always remain with me as a source of gratification till I die, that it was my lot to enter college at the very time when the fourth year represented an exaltation of the intellect never since equalled.

The deplorable change which has since happened was already, I fear, setting in during my own college days. The third year and the second year men, when they came to graduate, although infinitely in advance of anything I have since known, stood for a range of mentality far below that of the first graduating class that I remember. More than that, I am compelled to admit that the classes which followed immediately upon my own year were composed of the very dregs of the human intelligence, and betokened an

outlook and a point of view more fitted for the nursery than the classroom.

Nor is the change that I observe only in the students. The professors whom I see about me to-day, ordinary, quiet men, with the resigned tranquillity that betrays the pathos of intellectual failure—how can I compare them with the intellectual giants to whom I owe everything that I have forgotten? The professors of my college days were scholars,—vast reservoirs of learning, into whose depths one might drop the rope and bucket of curiosity to bring it up full to the brim with the limpid waters of truth. Plumb them? You couldn't. Measure their learning? Impossible. It defied it. They acknowledged it themselves. They taught,—not for mere pecuniary emolument—they despised it—but for the sheer love of learning. And now when I look about me at their successors, I half suspect (it is a hideous thought) that there is a connection between their work and their salaries.

Nor is it only a change in the students and the professors. The old place itself—my Alma Mater—how it has altered. Is this the great campus that I remember so well from my freshman days? What was it?—half a mile long I think, and broader even than its length. That football goal that stood some fifty or sixty feet in the air, has it shrunk to these poor sticks? These simple trees, can they be the great elms that reared themselves up to the autumn sky? And was the Tower no higher then than this?

Nay Fate, that hath given me so much, that hath brought to me my lettered degrees, and my academic standing with its comfortable licence to forget—wilt thou not take it all back again and give me in return by some witchery of recollection—one hour of the Brave Old Days Beyond Recall?

From *College Days.*

21. THE CONJURER

BY

E. V. LUCAS

(1868 — .)

Ambition takes men differently. This would enter Parliament, and That would have a play accepted at the Court; This would reach the North Pole, and That would live at Chislehurst; while a fifth would be happy if only he had a motor-car. Speaking for myself, my ambition has always been to have a conjurer perform under my own roof, and it has just happened. I obtained him from the Stores.

No one, I suppose, will be taken in by the statement that I was engaging this wizard for the children; it was really for myself. Much as the children enjoyed his tricks and his banter (so fascinating, as one of his testimonials said, to the family of the Countess of——), it was I who enjoyed him most, because I helped him with his preparations; saw him unpack his wonderful bags and lay the sacred paraphernalia on the table; procured for him such articles as he required; and so forth. I have never been so near magic before. Like all great men when one comes closely in touch with them, he was quite human, quite like ourselves: so much so, indeed, that in addition to his fee he wanted his cab fare both ways. It is very human to want things both ways.

I have been wondering how long it would take me to learn to be a conjurer, and if it is not too late to begin. I used to meditate a course of billiard lessons from one of the great players, but I gave that up long ago. I realised that a man who wants to play billiards must have no other ambition. Billiards is all. But one might surely in the course of a winter acquire something more than the rudiments

of conjuring, and I would pay a guinea a lesson with pleasure. I don't want to be a finished conjurer. I merely want to do three tricks with reasonable dexterity. Of course, if one can do three tricks one can do thirty, but it is three and three only I have in mind: (1) I want to borrow a watch and put it in a pestle and mortar and grind it to powder and then fire a pistol at a loaf of bread and find the watch whole again in the midst of the crumb; (2) I want to borrow a tall hat and throw in flour and break eggs into it and stir it all up, and hold it over a spirit lamp for a second, and then produce a beautiful warm cake; (3) I want to find hen's eggs in old men's beards and little girls' hair. Tricks with cards and money and so forth I don't mind about because I would always rather see them done than do them—there is such fascination in the clean, swift movements of the conjurer with cards, his perfect mastery of his fingers, the supple beauty of his hands. And tricks with machinery I would gladly forgo.

My conjurer's most popular trick was, of course, that which calls upon the co-operation of a rabbit. I wrote to him in advance to insist on this. No man who at a children's party produces a live rabbit, particularly when it is very small and kicking and also black and white, is making a mistake. No matter what has gone before, this apparition will seal his popularity. The end crowns the work (as I could say in Latin if I liked). It was not only to the children that this trick was welcome, but to an elderly literary friend of mine, with whom I have collaborated more than once, and into whose life I hoped to get a little brightness by inducing him to bring the tall hat which the wizard should borrow. The thought filled him with excitement. It was bringing radiance indeed into his life to know that this old hat, which had done nothing more romantic than keep his head warm all these years, was to be used for magical purposes, and have a real rabbit extracted from it.

As with pensive melancholy I watched the conjurer packing up, he told me that he had two more performances that evening, and had been in constant request (I think I give his exact words) all through the winter months. What a life! I can think of nothing more pleasant than to live thus, continually mystifying fresh groups of people—with cab fares both ways and a satisfactory fee: to be for ever in the winter months extracting eggs from old gentlemen's beards and little girls' hair, passing cards right through one's body, catching half-crowns in the air, finding a thousand-and-one things in tall hats. This is to live indeed, to say nothing of the additional rapture of having a fund of facetiæ that not only ordinary children but the offspring of countesses find irresistible.

And in the summer months what does he do? Probably he is thinking out new tricks, squandering his winter wealth (the very reverse of the bee), catching rabbits.

From *Character and Comedy.*

CHAPTER XII

LETTER-WRITING

I. *About Letters*

181. Letter-writing is a lost art. Modern inventions in this respect, have not been an unmixed blessing. When postage was heavy and letters were slow in travelling, *i.e.*, before the days of the railway and the steamship, men and women took a great deal of trouble over their correspondence. Life in the 17th and 18th centuries, and in the greater part of the 19th century, was less perturbed and hurried than it is now, and letter-writing came to be perfected as an art, and regarded, amongst the leisured classes, as a literary accomplishment of no little distinction. The letters of such writers as Johnson, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Cowper, Swift, Lamb, Byron, Fitzgerald, are among the best things in English Literature.

The fascination of this form of writing was so great that many books were written in the epistolary style. The novels of Richardson, and Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* may be cited as good examples. Further instances of this style used as a vehicle of literary expression are, Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*, Goldsmith's *Letters from a Citizen of the World*, Burke's *Letter on a Regicide Peace*, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague's accounts of her travels. In our own time an attempt has been made to revive this kind of writing by writers like E. V. Lucas, one or two of whose novels are in the form of letters; but not, it must be admitted, with great success

182. The fact is that Letter-writing has lost its appeal. It has gone out of fashion. For one thing, travelling has become so cheap and easy and swift that people prefer visiting their friends to writing long letters to them. For another, the influence of the telephone, the telegraph, and the wireless, has been to make communications as brief as possible. Then again we have so many distractions in the shape of amusements to fill up our idle moments that we have no leisure worth speaking of, no time even to think, let alone write letters. Little wonder, then, that we of the modern time look upon this task of writing letters as a necessary evil, a nuisance, a something most distasteful and only to be done under compulsion. Time devoted to it we deem worse than wasted.

And yet letters have to be written!—Official letters, business letters, letters to friends, relatives, strangers. The complexities of modern life, our innumerable contacts with all sorts and conditions of people, have, while killing the zest for writing letters, multiplied a hundredfold the necessity for them. A weary and burdensome task, no doubt, and only occasionally relieved by a touch of interest or pleasure, but one which has to be performed nevertheless, by every normal citizen who wishes to keep in touch with the world in which he lives. A knowledge of this kind of composition is therefore essential to the beginner.

II. *Private Letters*

183. A really good letter has very little in common with an essay. A private letter stands, in fact, in the same relation to a formal essay as does an intimate conversation to a public speech. When a man sits down

to write a letter to a dear friend, or relative, he throws aside the trappings of convention, and is as nearly himself, as he ever can be. His chief thought is not to convey a message or to impart information, though this is done incidentally, but to send to the person at the other end as clear and vivid a remembrancer of himself as possible. A good letter makes the receiver think, while reading it, that he is in the company of the sender. For the moment time and distance are obliterated, and thus through the medium of letters those dear to one another are brought together again in thought, and enabled to revive old memories, old affections. As may readily be imagined a good love-letter is the nearest approximation to the perfect realisation of these conditions.

Now the effect of *naturalness* that is aimed at is not to be secured by turning one's private letters into essays, or sermons, or lectures, or, worse still, into a dull catalogue of facts. It is rather a discursive style, the simple homely language of unstudied intercourse, that should be adopted, the language that we would employ most naturally in conversing with the person to whom we are writing were he present. It is important, then, to have your correspondent in your mind's eye, and to show yourself sensible of his feelings, opinions, tastes, prejudices, etc., while writing a letter, never forgetting that its purpose is to create just such an image in the mind of your correspondent in regard to yourself. In other words *don't forget your correspondent.* Your letter while it should express your own personality as clearly as possible, should also be built upon the personality of the one to whom you are writing. As has been well remarked, "It takes two to write a letter, just as it takes two to make a quarrel."

184. Simplicity, naturalness, unaffected language, revelation of personality both of writer and correspondent,—these then are some of the things to be looked for in a good letter. What other conditions should such a letter fulfil?

(1) The assumption by both correspondents of perfect equality, subject of course to such considerations as deference to age, relationship, etc. There should, however, be absolute freedom from all condescension. This delicate form of courtesy is the basis of a friendly letter. Whatever may be the difference of rank or of estate, such differences are forgotten for the time.

(2) The avoidance of deliberately fine writing.

(3) The complete absence of any thought of publication. Some writers, notably Lady Mary, Pope, Walpole, wrote their letters with the goal of publicity constantly in sight. Simplicity, ease, sincerity, are impossible under such conditions.

185. A private letter, being an informal matter, allows of a greater freedom in style and language than an essay. Colloquialisms, Slang, etc., which are inadmissible in formal prose, are allowed in a letter to a limited degree. This does not mean, however, that you are licensed to write badly. Carelessness, bad grammar, slip-shod writing, are all of them signs of a want of respect for the person to whom you are writing.

186. Lastly, as regards the subject matter of your letter, have a more or less clear idea of what you are going to say, or want to say. It is not an unwise plan to set down the main points which you wish to touch upon. (Let them not be too many, however, or your

letter may become too lengthy or too much like a catalogue.) Then go ahead; write freely, simply, unaffectedly, much as you would speak. "When I read your letters, I hear you talk" was the compliment paid by Cowper to his cousin.

III. *Business Letters.*

187. Whereas the private letter is characterised by its discursive, easy-going, happy-go-lucky, conversational style of writing, the business letter is distinguished by the very opposite qualities. Time is money in business, and one should therefore confine oneself rigidly to the matter in hand; nor should room be given for vagueness of meaning or ambiguity due to incompleteness or indefiniteness. What is more, business letters being strictly formal communications, Colloquialisms, Slang, etc., should be carefully avoided. It is also worth while remembering in writing a business letter that nothing is lost by being courteous and appreciative.

188. The following, then, are the qualities to be looked for in a good business letter:—(1) Clearness, (2) Pertinency, (3) Conciseness, (4) Definiteness, (5) Completeness, (6) Courtesy, (7) Avoidance of Colloquialisms, Slang, etc. Business men will appreciate these qualities in your letters. They are calculated to ensure you prompt and careful attention to your needs.

IV. *The Parts of a Letter.*

189. So far we have considered the body of the letter, which, of course, is its most important part. But a letter has several other parts to which great attention must be paid, or else propriety will be outraged, and, frequently, needless offence given. These other parts

which are in the nature of formalities, useful but strictly conventional, are:—

(1) The writer's address, and date.

(2) The Salutation.

(3) The Close.

(4) The Envelope.*

190. The Writer's Address and Date. This should invariably be written at the top right hand corner, in separate lines, each a little closer to the edge of the paper, except the date, which comes last. First should come the name of the house, if it has one. Then the number of the house, and the name of the street if it is in a town; (in a small place like a village, the name of the village should be enough). Next, the name of the town or city; (in the case of a village, give the nearest Post Office). Then, the name of the District; to this the name of the Presidency or Province or country should be added if the letter is to one living outside it. Lastly, the date. Thus:

(1) "Dwaraka"
17, Grant's Road,
Bombay.
22nd, Jan., 1930.

(2) 49, Sturrock Road,
Mangalore,
S. Kanara,
Madras Presidency.
Feb. 14th, 1930.

(3) Rose Cottage
Kotagiri,
The Nilgiris,
S. India.
22/4/30.

(4) Hill Crest,
Baradka,
Guttigar P.O.,
S. Kanara.
19-1-'30.

Note the different ways in which the date may be written. Note also that the full address is given as

*In India an envelope is commonly miscalled "a cover."

above, only in business communications, and when the address of the writer is not known to the addressee. In private letters when the address of the writer is well known to the addressee, it is often shortened by leaving out some of the particulars. Thus in (1), *Bombay* by itself, with the date, would be sufficient. In (2), (3), and (4), *Mangalore, Rose Cottage, Baradka,* respectively, would be enough to indicate the place of writing.

In business letters, the name and address of the person or firm you are writing to, is placed on the *left* side, one line below the date. In official letters the name and designation of the writer, is placed on the left, above the name and designation of the addressee (See § 204), with the words *From* and *To* respectively, one line above each.

191. The Salutation.

Relatives. The salutation varies with the degree of affection or intimacy between the correspondents. Thus a father might write to his son, *My dear son,* or *My dear Srinivas,* or merely *Dear Srinivas*; and the son in return, *My dear father,* or *Dear father.* In a more affectionate mood *dearest* naturally takes the place of *dear,* e.g., *My dearest father, Dearest Srinivas.*

To an uncle, one should write *Dear uncle,* or *My dear Uncle,* or *My dear uncle Henry.* In India the word *uncle* is often replaced by the vernacular term for it, but if the name of the uncle is also to be given, the Indian custom is to put the name *before* the vernacular term.

To all others, sisters, brothers, nephews, cousins, nieces, etc., the salutation should be *My dear,* or *Dear* followed by the word denoting the nature of the relationship, or the name of the person addressed. *My dear*

Sir, is sometimes employed, to show the deference due to age, if the addressee is a much older man.

Friends. The following modes of salutation are arranged in the descending order of intimacy.

(1) *My dear Ramchunder,* My dear Sita.* Where a distinction between surname and Christian name is made, the use of the former indicates less intimacy. *My dear Robinson,* is not so intimate as *My dear John.* In the same way, where the person addressed is called Srinivas Iyengar, *My dear Srinivas* is more intimate than *My dear Iyengar.*

(2) *Dear Ramchunder, Dear Sita.*

(3) *My dear Mr. Ramchunder, My dear Mrs. Ramchunder, My dear Miss Ramchunder.*

(4) *Dear Mr. Ramchunder, Dear Mrs. Ramchunder, Dear Miss Ramchunder.*

If the addressee has a title this title should be inserted before the surname, e.g., *Dear Lord Newsam, My dear Colonel Higginbotham, Dear Prof. Raghavachari, My dear Dr. Nagarkar.* Note that if the addressee is a knight, the title is used with the *Christian name* only, e.g., *Dear Sir James, Dear Sir Srinivas.*

Strangers. A formal style is to be adopted, and the salutation should be either *Sir,* or *Dear Sir;* to ladies, *Madam,* or *Dear Madam.*

*Never mention the initials in the salutation. *My dear Mr. P. K. Ramchunder* or *Dear Mr. P. K. Ramchunder* is a clumsy way of particularising the addressee. If there is more than one Ramchunder in the family, and you are afraid of your letter going to the wrong one, the possibility of confusion can be avoided by writing down the full name and address in the bottom left hand corner of the letter. (See § 192).

In business letters, the common form of address is *Sir*. The use of *Dear Sir*, implies equality of rank between the writer and the addressee. When writing to a business firm composed of more than one individual, write *Gentlemen*. Avoid saying *Dear Sirs*, which is clumsy and sounds theatrical.

Official letters always begin *Sir*.

Note that in business letters, in order to facilitate reference, the subject of the letter is indicated in a few words immediately after the salutation, and above the body of the letter (See § 203).

192. The Close. The ending of the letter must be in conformity with the salutation.

With *relations* the following form is usual:—

I remain,
Your affectionate father,
P. Radhakrishna Iyer.

This is sometimes contracted to *Yours affectionately*, or in more intense moments to *Yours most affectionately*.

With *friends*, the following forms may be used according to the degree of intimacy:

(1) I am,
Your affectionate friend,
Rajagopal.

(2) Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
B. Kamalaksha Rao.

(3) I remain,
Yours sincerely,
H. Wilson.

With *strangers* the more common ending is

I am,
Yours truly,
T. Sanjiva Shetty.

In some cases the *I am*, or *I remain*, or *Believe me*, is omitted. This produces an abrupt effect and is to be avoided.

Be particularly careful with the last line of the body of your letter. Such conclusions as *Trusting this will find you in the best of health*, or *Thanking you in anticipation*, do not go with *Believe me*, because the subject of *trusting* if made the subject of *Believe*, as it should be in the circumstances, makes nonsense of the ending. In such cases use *I am* or *I remain*.

At the foot of the private letter, in the bottom left hand corner, it is usual to write the name and address of the addressee. The object of this is to avoid mistake or confusion.

Business letters are always concluded

I am, Sir, (or Dear Sir, or Gentlemen, or Madam)
Yours faithfully,
John Partridge & Sons.

or simply,

I am,
Yours faithfully,
K. S. Rama Rao.

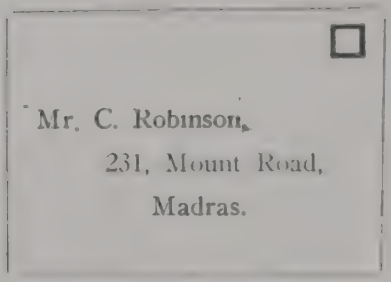
Official letters close thus:

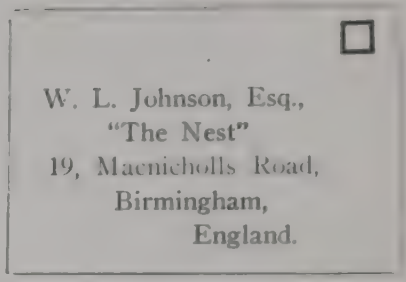
I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
P. G. Richardson.

193. The Envelope. The address should be written as clearly as possible on the envelope. When the

addressee lives in a foreign country, the name of the country should be added in the last line.

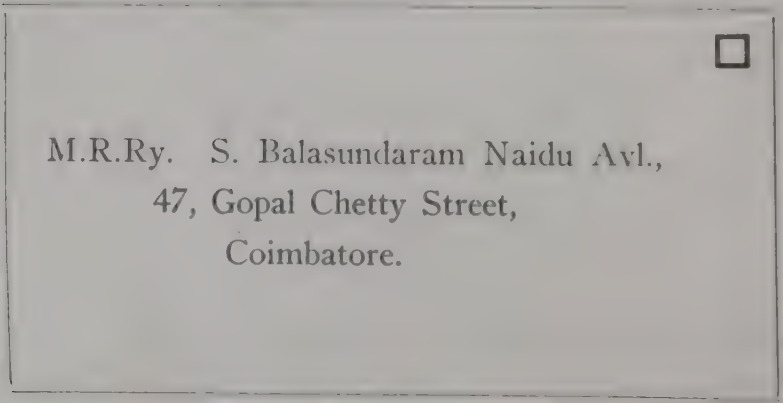
The English style permits of two forms of address:

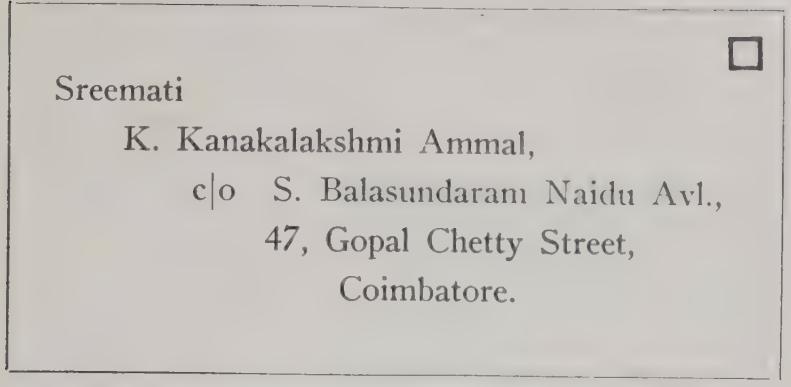




The second form denotes more respect than the first, the first being employed only to small tradesmen, workmen, etc. The writer in using his discretion in the matter, should be very careful, as needless offence is sometimes given by the use of *Mr.* instead of *Esq.* (contraction for *Esquire*). All married women are addressed as *Mrs.*, and all unmarried as *Miss*, unless they hold some hereditary or professional title. Take care not to use *Mr.* and *Esq.* together.

The Indian style of address is as follows:—





M.R.Ry., Avergal (contracted to *Avl.*), *Sreemati*, are all terms of respect, corresponding to *Mr., Esq., Mrs.*, and equally, if not more, suggestive of dignity and respect. It is therefore strange that we Indians should hanker so after the English *Esquire*.

Academical degrees possessed by the addressee are indicated after *Esq., Avl., Ammal*, by the letters which stand for them, *but only in official letters*.

W. L. Johnson, Esq., M.A. (Oxon), Bar.-at-Law.
M.R.Ry. S. Balasundaram Naidu Avl., B.A., B.L.

194. In private letters these degrees are usually *not* mentioned. It is considered vulgar to flaunt them ostentatiously. Not to mention them is the English custom, but we in India set so much store by our degrees that it has become a habit with us to make mention of them wherever possible. The custom is to be deprecated.

Professional degrees, Honorary titles, Membership of distinguished Bodies, etc., are almost always inserted. Thus:

Dr. P. Chalmers, M.D.
Prof. M. T. Viswanatha Modeliar, M.A., D.Lit.
Capt. P. Ramachandran, O.B.E.

Col. C. S. Fraser, D.S.O., C.B.
M.R.Ry. Dewan Bahadur L. Rama Rao Avl., M.L.C.
Sir John Bartlett, Kt., F.R.S.

195. Business letters are addressed by prefixing *Messrs.* either to the chief partners in the firm, or to the name by which the firm is known.

Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell.
Messrs. Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co., Ltd.

If the company is not named after a person or persons, it is usual to write to the *Manager*, or *Secretary*, or *Managing Director*, as the occasion demands.

The Manager,
The Indian Industrials, Ltd.

The Managing Director,
The West Coast Banking Corporation.

The Secretary,
The South India Cotton Syndicate.

196. In addition to these, there are certain particular forms of address which the position or the qualifications of the addressee calls for. A few are mentioned below, but for a more exhaustive list, a good work of reference should be consulted.

Ambassador.—His Excellency——. Begin letters "My Lord" or "Sir" according to his rank.

Archbishop.—His Grace the Lord Archbishop of——. Begin "My Lord Archbishop."

Baron.—The Right Honourable Lord——. Begin "My Lord."
Baronet.—Sir A... B.., Bart. Begin "Sir."

Bishop.—The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of——. Begin "My Lord Bishop."

Cardinal.—His Eminence, Cardinal——. Begin "Your Eminence" or "Most Eminent and Most Reverend Sir."

Clergyman.—The Rev. Henry Clay, or Rev. Mr. Clay. Begin "Rev. Sir" or "Sir"; or more familiarly, "Dear Mr. Clay", Never begin, "Dear Rev. Clay."

Dean.—The Very Rev. the Dean of——. Begin "Very Rev. Sir."

Duke.—His Grace the Duke of——.Begin "My Lord Duke". A duke's wife is Her Grace the Duchess of——. Begin "Madam."

Earl.—The Right Hon. the Earl of——. or The Earl of——. Begin "My Lord."

Governor of Province or Colony.—His Excellency——. Begin according to rank.

Judge.—The Hon. Mr. Justice——. Begin "Sir." He is addressed as "My Lord" and referred to as "Your Lordship" only when on the bench.

King or Queen.—The King's (or Queen's) Most Excellent Majesty. Begin "Sire" or "Madam", or "May it please Your Majesty."

Marquis—The Most Hon. (or Noble) the Marquis of——. Begin "My Lord Marquis."

Member, Council of State, India.—The Hon.——. Begin "Sir."

Member of Parliament.—Add M.P. to the usual form of address.

Minister.—The Hon.——. Begin "Sir".

Mayor.—The Right Worshipful the Mayor of——. Begin "Sir".

Pope.—His Holiness the Pope. Begin "Most Holy Father."

President of the U. S. A.—The President, White House, or His Excellency the President of the U. S. A. Begin "Mr. President" or "Sir".

Prince or Royal Duke.—His Royal Highness the Prince of ——. or His Royal Highness the Duke of——. Begin "Sir".

Privy Councillor.—The Right Honourable——. Begin "Sir".

Rajah, Maharajah.—His Highness The Rajah (or Maharajah) of——, provided he is important enough. Begin "Sir" or "May it please your Highness."

Secretary of State.—His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for——. Begin "Sir".

Viceroy of India.—His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General. If a Duke, His Grace. Begin according to rank.

Viscount.—The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount. Begin "My Lord."

197. Social Correspondence—Invitations, Etc. These may be either in the form of an ordinary letter, between friends, or in the third person, when of a more formal nature. Both types are illustrated in § 205. If the letter is in the third person be careful to use the same person throughout.

198. The Postscript. This is an addition made at the end of a letter as an afterthought. The contraction "P.S." (or "P.P.S.", "P.P.P.S." for second and third Postscripts) is placed at the beginning of the line to indicate its nature. The cynical remark that in a lady's letter the most important part is the Postscript, is no doubt well founded.

199. Conclusion. Three bits of advice may not be out of place.

(1) *Be methodical in your letters.* File those you receive carefully. Destroy what you do not require. Keep copies of the important letters you send. Be prompt in replying. Attend to your correspondence regularly. A little method in these things will save you much time and worry in the long run. What is more, it will give you a sense of fitness and efficiency.

(2) *Use a good quality of note-paper,* and have envelopes to match. Don't go in for bright colours. That indicates bad taste. White, or a very pale blue, is the best. The use of good note-paper makes an impression distinctly in your favour.

(3) *Write neatly and legibly.* Illegible writing can be most annoying. If your handwriting is naturally indecipherable, and it is impossible to improve it, learn to type. Your friends will be grateful to you.

V. *Examples.*

200. (1) Letter to a Friend.

Jeppoo House,
Mangalore,
20-5-30.

My dear Bannerjee,

Your letter arrived while we were having breakfast, and you can imagine how pleased I felt, when I recognised your handwriting on the envelope. Need I say that I was not disappointed, and that it proved to be as lively and interesting as all your letters are? Parts of it were so irresistibly good that I had to read them out aloud, and I can assure you there was no lack of appreciation. You don't mind, do you? Of course, you don't.

What a knack you have for putting things vividly, and how I envy you your gift of expression! That waterfall of yours was a very real thing to us, as we followed your graphic account, and I, for one, have made up my mind to go and see it for myself at the earliest opportunity. When I do, be sure, I shall cut my name *above* yours on the self same rock, which you say is so difficult to climb.

Talking of waterfalls, did I ever tell you of a strange experience I had once—strange because so unexpected—when I went to see the Lodore Falls in the English Lake District?

The one you know about which Southey wrote that extraordinary descriptive poem *How the Water Comes Down at Lodore*. Well, you can take it from me that it just doesn't. That poem is the greatest fraud in English Literature. I wandered for half an hour up and down a hillside trying to locate the fall. At last I asked a man whom I met where the fall was. He looked amazed. "The fall" he said, "Why you are right in the middle of it." And so indeed I was, only there wasn't a drop of water to it. And that is how the water comes down at Lodore!—in the off season.

From all that you say you seem to be having a topping time. That was a splendid idea of yours to make up a party and live a forest life in tents, and you can't imagine how disappointed I was when at the last moment I found it impossible to join you. However, things are not so bad here. In fact the vacation which I thought was quite spoilt by all my plans being upset, is proving a real holiday after all. The Basus and the Menons are both staying with us at present, and you know how jolly they are. What with picnics and tennis and bathing and dinner parties and music (the ladies sing divinely as you know) and the local Cinema, where we have been having a run of some extraordinarily good films, the time passes all too quickly. You can imagine the fun we have.

Yesterday we went on a picnic to Belthangadi, and the sight of that wonderful Jammalabad rock rising straight out of the plain, a clear 1,400 feet, and almost ringed by a range of hills, was an inspiration in itself. We were told that no lady had ever succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and naturally this made all the ladies anxious to establish a record. So up we went, and up and up, not without frequent stops, of course,—to admire the scenery! I must say the ladies did well. A bit blown perhaps when they got to the top, but we were all of us that. Shade of Tippu! but that was a fine effort!—And the view, gorgeous beyond description, especially with the sun setting in a glory of rose and amber on one side, and the round moon rising on the other. A most romantic spot and all but inaccessible. The robbers who dwelt here in olden days, and made this their stronghold, must have had great times here, especially soon after a raid!

Coming down was quite as difficult as going up, if not more, and we were thankful to get down to level earth again with no bones broken. I need hardly say that we celebrated the event that night in proper style. It was not once, but many times that we wished you had been with us.

Well, that is how we kill time here, while you lead the simple life wooing the Dryads and the Naiads of the woodland, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife. If you had set up your camp a little nearer, we might have run up for a week end to do a little wooing on our own account, but that is not possible as things are. Let this, however, serve to remind you that you are not forgotten. Remember us all to the members of your party, particularly to the Iyengars, who have promised to spend some time with us next month. As for yourself, I am to convey the kindest regards of all, and the hope that we may soon see you back amongst us once more.

With all good wishes, and looking forward to another long letter from you,

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
G. K. Chettur.

J. Bannerjee, Esq.,
Assistant Conservator of Forests,
Camp Sampaje.

201. (2) Application for a post.

29 Kadri Road,
Mangalore.
17th March, 1930.

Messrs. Spencer & Co. Ltd.
Mount Road,
Madras.

Gentlemen,

In reply to your advertisement in the *Hindu* of yesterday's date, for a clerk with special knowledge of accounts, I beg to offer myself for the post.

I am nineteen years of age, and passed the School Final Examination three years ago from the Government College, Mangalore, with History, Book-keeping, and Commercial Geography as optional subjects. Since then I have obtained the Diploma of Accountancy from the Bombay Institute of Commerce, and the certificates from the heads of these institutions (copies enclosed) testify to my conduct, character, and ability.

I am at present in the service of Messrs. Pierce Leslie & Co., as clerk in charge of Accounts, and have held this post for the past eleven months. Their testimonial, of which also I submit a copy herewith, speaks for the confidence which they repose in me, and their appreciation of my work.

Assuring you of my faithful and diligent services if appointed to the vacancy,

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours obediently,
A. Thimappa Bhandary.

Encl. 3.

Note that in applying for a situation you should make mention only of such circumstances as go to *strengthen* your claim, *viz.*, highest qualifications, previous appointments held, if any, special training undergone, etc. In doing so *take care*—

(1) not to boast.

(2) no matter what the circumstances, to avoid mentioning personal details such as your poverty and the large family dependent upon you. Appeals to pity of this nature do more harm than good. The advertiser is out to get the best man. The man who needs pity is not the man he is looking for. What he requires is a man with knowledge, ability, and self-respect. Don't overlook this last item.

(3) not to send too many testimonials with your application. Three, or four *at the most.* Either originals or copies should be sent, preferably the latter. If you send copies, write *True Copy* on them, but remember that your employer will want to see the originals before finally engaging you.

202. (3) Business Letter to a Firm.

21 College Road,
Nungambakam,
Madras.
14-3-30.

Messrs. Peabody, Robinson & Co.,
27 Hornby Road,
Bombay.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of one parcel containing four sets of Parker Pens and Pencils forwarded, on approval, in reply to my letter, and thank you for the same. The pens and pencils were in good order, and I have selected one of them (coloured green) for my use, and herewith return the remaining three sets by separate registered post.

Please find enclosed cheque for Rs. 93|8 (Rupees ninety-three and annas eight only) in full settlement of my account with you.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
C. Balagopal Naidu.

203. (4) Reply to Above.

PEABODY ROBINSON & CO. LTD.

Phone 56088.
Tel. *Pinson*.

27 Hornby Road,
Bombay.
Dated March 23rd, 1930.

C. Balagopal Naidu, Esq.,
21 College Road,
Nungambakam,
Madras.

Dear Sir,

Order, approval, Parker pens, pencils.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 14th instant with the parcel containing three sets of Parker pens and pencils, returned by you, and note you have reserved one set for your use.

We thank you for your cheque for Rs. 93|8 (Rupees ninety three and annas eight only) in full settlement of your account with us, and have pleasure in enclosing receipt for the same.

Awaiting your further esteemed orders,

We are,
Yours faithfully,
Peabody Robinson & Co. Ltd.
Per pro. C. S.

204. (5) Official Letter.

Government College,
Calicut,
12th April, 1930.

From
W. L. Johnson, Esq., M.A. (Oxon), Bar.-at-Law,
Principal,
Government College, Calicut.

To
The Superintendent,
The Government Press,
Madras.

Sir,

I have the honour to request you to be so good as to supply me with 500 (five-hundred) copies of the enclosed form of application, at your earliest convenience.

2. Please let me know when I may expect the proofs of the new Library Catalogue of this College. As the institution re-opens after the summer vacation on 16-6-30, the work may kindly be expedited so that it may be possible for you to supply at least 250 (two hundred and fifty) copies by June 15th.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
W. L. Johnson,
Principal.

205. (6) Social Correspondence — Invitations, etc.

(*a*) INVITATION TO DINNER, AND REPLIES.

Lighthouse Hill,
23rd June '32.

Dear Mrs. Sinha,

We shall be pleased if you and Dr. Sinha will dine with us on Wednesday next, the 29th instant, at 8 p.m. We have several friends coming, and we should like you to meet the Gurpurkars, who are staying with us at present.

Yours sincerely,
Subhadra Chettur.

The Palms,
24-6-30.

Dear Mrs. Chettur,

We have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to dinner on Wednesday next, the 29th instant, and shall be delighted to meet the Gurpurkars.

Yours sincerely,
Urmila Sinha.

The Palms,
24-6-30.

Dear Mrs. Chettur,

We regret that owing to a previous engagement for the 29th inst., we shall be unable to dine with you on that day.

Yours sincerely,
Urmila Sinha.

(*b*) INVITATION IN THE THIRD PERSON.

The members of the Government College Dramatic Society request the pleasure of the company of Mr. W. K. Macdonald at a performance of Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* to be staged by the Society in the College Hall on Monday, 27th June, 1932, at 6 p.m., and afterwards to dinner in the College Hostel.

Y. Ramachandra Rao,
Secretary.

R.S.V.P.*

The Government College,
Mangalore.
15-6-32.

Mr. W. K. Macdonald has great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the Government College Dramatic Society to the performance of *Androcles and the Lion* in the College Hall, and afterwards to Dinner in the College Hostel, on Monday. June 27th, 1932.

Belmont,
Mangalore.
17-6-32.

Mr. W. K. Macdonald regrets that owing to a previous engagement, he is unable to accept the invitation of the Government College Dramatic Society to the performance of *Androcles and the Lion* in the College Hall, and afterwards to Dinner in the College Hostel, on Monday, June 27th, 1932.

Belmont,
Mangalore,
17-6-32.

*Rèpondez s'il vous plaît = Please reply.

VI. *Letters of Great Writers.*

(1) LADY MARY*

To Mr. P(ope)

(Constantinople) Sept. 1, 1717.

When I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but at this present moment it has changed masters and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panic terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W. the news of a complete victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops....

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertained me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and tastes, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shades; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem

*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689—1762) was a clever and distinguished leader of Society, and in her letters, which are now famous, she reveals her keen powers of observation and her sprightly nature. She spent two years in Constantinople (1716—1718) when her husband was the English Ambassador in Turkey. She was on intimate terms with Addison, Congreve and Pope, and her printed correspondence extends over fifty-three years. She wrote with an eye to the future. Her letters attracted much notice in her own time by their disclosures of Turkish life.

eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these if the wild spirit of their Government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress a hundred passions that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but, after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage and jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing, and dress amuse them highly; —but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This

stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversations, and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and (I) really believe he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classic ground; nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philosopher's stone, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham.

I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret and nobody else has got into it. A———n (Addison) and T———l (Tickell) tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial;—while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstructive; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me with the highest esteem,

Yours, etc.

(2) THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD*

To Philip Stanhope

London, December 18, O. S., 1747.

Dear Boy,—

As two mails are now due from Holland, I have no letters of yours or Mr. Harte's to acknowledge; so that this letter is the effect of that *scribendi cacoethes* which my fears, my hopes, and my doubts, concerning you, give me. When I have wrote you a very long letter upon any subject it is no sooner gone, but I think I have omitted something in it which might be of use to you: and then I prepare the supplement for the next post, or else some new subject occurs to me upon which I fancy that I can give you some information, or point some rules which may be advantageous to you.

This sets me to writing again, though God knows whether to any purpose or not; a few years more can only ascertain that. But, whatever my success may be, my anxiety and my care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection, and think it of a kind that you may with impunity abuse. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing; for if there were, some inward sentiment must necessarily and reciprocally discover the parent to the

*Lord Chesterfield (1694—1773) is remembered to-day chiefly for the unique collection of letters written to his son Philip Stanhope in order to educate his taste and to form his manners. The latter, however, died too early to accomplish his father's desires. The letters were not intended for publication.

child, and the child to the parent, without any exterior indications, knowledge, or acquaintance, whatsoever; which never happened since the creation of the world, whatever poets, romance or novel writers, and such sentiment-mongers, may be pleased to say to the contrary. Neither is my affection for you that of a mother, of which the only, or at least the chief objects, are health and life: I wish you them both most heartily; but, at the same time, I confess they are by no means my principal care.

My object is to have you fit to live; which if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all. My affection for you then is, and only will be, proportioned to your merit, which is the only affection that one rational being ought to have for another. Hitherto, I have discovered nothing wrong in your heart or your head: on the contrary, I think I see sense in the one and sentiment in the other. This persuasion is the only motive of my present affection, which will either increase or diminish according to your merit or demerit. If you have the knowledge, the honour, and the probity which you may have, the marks and warmth of my affection shall amply reward them; but if you have them not, my aversion and indignation will rise in the same proportion; and in that case, remember, that I am under no further obligation than to give you the necessary means of subsisting. If ever we quarrel, do not expect or depend upon any weakness in my nature for a reconciliation, as children frequently do, and often meet with, from silly parents: I have no such weakness about me: and, as I will never quarrel with you but upon some essential point, if once we quarrel I will never forgive. But I hope and believe that this declaration (for it is no

threat) will prove unnecessary. You are no stranger to the principles of virtue; and, surely, whoever knows virtue must love it. As for knowledge, you have already enough to engage you to acquire more. The ignorant only either despise it, or think that they have enough: those who have the most are always the most desirous to have more, and know that the most they can have is, alas! but too little.

Reconsider from time to time, and retain, the friendly advice which I send you. The advantage will be all your own.

(3) SAMUEL JOHNSON*

To Lord Chesterfield.

February 7, 1755.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither

*This is the most famous of all letters in English Literature. The rebuff here given by Dr. Johnson (1709—1784) to Lord Chesterfield was well deserved.

pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that

dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

Sam. Johnson.

(4) SAMUEL JOHNSON

To James Boswell.*

April 8, 1780.

Dear Sir,—

Well, I had resolved to send you the Chesterfield letter; but I will write once again without it. Never impose tasks upon mortals. To require two things is the way to have them both undone.

For the difficulties which you mention in your affairs, I am sorry; but difficulty is now very general; it is not therefore less grievous, for there is less hope of help. I pretend not to give you advice, not knowing the state of your affairs; and general counsels about prudence and frugality would do you little good. You are, however, in the right not to increase your own perplexity by a journey hither; and I hope that by staying at home you will please your father.

Poor dear Beauclerk—*nec, ut soles, dabis joca.* His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and reasoning, are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed

*James Boswell (1740—1795) the great friend and biographer of Johnson always took his troubles to his hero and received in return the soundest advice. Note the formal *Dear Sir* which is characteristic of the 18th Century. It would have been *My Dear Boswell* if the two friends had lived nearer our own times.

himself to be buried by the side of his mother, an instance of tenderness which I hardly expected. He has left his children to the care of Lady Di, and if she dies, of Mr. Langton, and of Mr. Leicester, his relation, and a man of good character. His library has been offered to sale to the Russian ambassador.

Dr. Percy, notwithstanding all the noise of the newspapers, has had no literary loss. Clothes and movables were burnt to the value of about £100; but his papers, and I think his books, were all preserved.

Poor Mr. Thrale has been in extreme danger from an apoplectical disorder, and recovered, beyond the expectation of his physicians; he is now at Bath, that his mind may be quiet, and Mrs. Thrale and Miss are with him.

Having told you what has happened to your friends, let me say something to you of yourself. You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. No man talks of that which he is desirous to conceal, and every man desires to conceal that of which he is ashamed. Do not pretend to deny it; *manifestum habemus furem;* make it an invariable and obligatory law to yourself, never to mention your own mental diseases; if you are never to speak of them you will think on them but little, and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely. When you talk of them, it is plain that you want either praise or pity; for praise there is no room, and pity will do you no good; therefore, from this hour speak no more, think no more, about them.

Your transaction with Mrs. Steward gave me great satisfaction; I am much obliged to you for your attention. Do not lose sight of her; your countenance may

be of great credit, and of consequence of great advantage to her. The memory of her brother is yet fresh in my mind; he was an ingenious and worthy man.

Please to make my compliments to your lady and to the young ladies. I should like to see them, pretty loves.

I am, dear Sir,
yours affectionately,
Sam. Johnson.

(5) HORACE WALPOLE*

To Sir Horace Mann

Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1762.

....I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Appennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I

*The fame of Horace Walpole (1717—1797), son of Sir Robert Walpole, rests on his nine volumes of letters, extending over a period of more than sixty years. His style is always lively though often bitter. The picture of Lady Mary in this letter is a good instance of his vivid portraiture of the personalities of his day.

have left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air,* made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silverflowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an old Secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing....

(6) OLIVER GOLDSMITH*

To Bennet Langton.

Brick Court, September 7, 1772.

My Dear Sir,—

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished; but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle; deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down on a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor; and is returned to his haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is visiting

*Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774) and Bennet Langton were both original members of the Literary Club formed by Johnson in 1764. This letter mentions a visit promised by the former to the latter, which had to be postponed on account of Goldsmith's preoccupation with the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* on which he was engaged at the time, and to which reference is made here.

about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The *Natural History* is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an *Abridgement of the History of England,* for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that as, Squire Richard says, *would do no harm to nobody*. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sore Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship,

I remain, dear Sir,

your most affectionate humble servant,

Oliver Goldsmith.

(7) WILLIAM COWPER*

To William Unwin.

(Olney), October 31, 1779.

My Dear Friend,—

I wrote my last letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say; in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a swingeing one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican; and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him; and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged;

*The letters of William Cowper (1731—1800) have been styled "the glory of the English language." The Rev. William Unwin was one of his best correspondents and to him Cowper wrote with the frankness of a brother. Cowper's style is characterised by humour, ease, simplicity and tenderness.

it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon *Lycidas,* and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough), the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if *Lycidas* was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost?* It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute: variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room. Our love attends yourself, Mrs. Unwin, and Miss Shuttleworth, not forgetting the two miniature pictures at your elbow.

Yours affectionately,

W. C.

(8) EDWARD GIBBON*

To Lord Sheffield.

Lausanne, April 27, 1793.

My dearest Friend,—

For such you most truly are, nor does there exist a person who obtains, or shall ever obtain, a superior place in my esteem and affection. After too long a silence I was sitting down to write, when, only yesterday morning (such is now the irregular slowness of the English post), I was suddenly struck, indeed struck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence from Sir Henry Clinton and M. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your departure from Lausanne, could I imagine that it was for the last time? When I postponed to another summer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never should see her again? I always hoped that she would spin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would survive (as is often the case) many constitutions of a stouter appearance. In four days! in your absence, in that of her children! But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel, and I can judge of your sentiments by comparing them with my

*Edward Gibbon (1737—1794), the famous historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, was a man of warm attachments. This epistle was written on his hearing of the death of Lady Sheffield, and is a dignified example of a letter of condolence. The Sheffield household was a second home to him, and this letter indicates the strong friendship that existed between him and Lord Sheffield.

own. I have lost, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above three-and-twenty years, and whom I often styled by the endearing name of sister. But you are deprived of the companion of your children; poor children! the liveliness of Maria, and the softness of Louisa, render them almost equally the objects of my tenderest compassion. I do not wish to aggravate your grief; but, in the sincerity of friendship, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reason, and I much fear that the strength of your character will serve to make a sharper and more lasting impression.

The only consolation in these melancholy trials to which human life is exposed, the only one at least in which I have any confidence, is the presence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myself, you shall not be destitute. I regret the few days that must be lost in some necessary preparations; but I trust that to-morrow se'nnight (May the fifth) I shall be able to set forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter reaches you, I shall be considerably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a respectful distance from the banks of the French Rhine, I shall incline a little to the right, and proceed by Schaffousen and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Austrian Netherlands are now open and safe, and I am sure of being able at least to pass from Ostend to Dover; whence without passing through London, I shall pursue the direct road to Sheffield Place.

Unless I should meet with some unforeseen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month to share your solitude, and sympathize with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey which my indolence had

probably magnified, have now disappeared before a stronger passion; and you will not be sorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I shall enjoy the advantage of the society, the conversation, the German language, and the active assistance of Severy. His attachment to me is the sole motive which prompts him to undertake this troublesome journey; and as soon as he has seen me over the roughest ground he will immediately return to Lausanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could write volumes, and shall therefore break off abruptly. I shall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines *à poste restante* at Frankfort and Brussels. Adieu; ever yours.

(9) LEWIS CARROLL*

To a Little Girl.

Christ Church, Oxford, Dec. 9, 1875.

My Dear Gertrude,—This really will not do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, Sir!" he said. "Extra weight, Sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two pounds, when I think it should be pence.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me going down gracefully on one knee to a postman—it's a very

*This delightful little letter from Lewis Carroll (The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832–1898) is a revelation in the art of writing letters to children.

pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—," but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean that. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?"

"Well, they're not much good, certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!" That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other very few more letters—"Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like that doesn't signify. What I meant is, you mustn't send many."

So you see we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?—Your loving friend,

Lewis Carroll.

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the sea-shore?

Because it says, "I should like another tale, please."

CHAPTER XIII

DIALOGUE

206. Dialogue is derived from two Greek words (*Dia*, across, *legein*, to discourse), and is the term applied to conversation between two or more persons. A story or a novel in which there is little or no dialogue seems dull to us. This is because we like the conversational parts of a story more than the others. It is in the conversations that we get to know the characters intimately, since we can readily build up a mental picture of the speakers from what they say and the way in which they say it. Naturally enough we are more interested in what a man says, than in how he looks.

In actual life our contacts with people are established by the things which we say in talk, and any attempt to reproduce such talk in writing should, therefore, be faithful to the realities of life. We should, in other words, strive to attain an effect of *naturalness;* there should be no straining after effect, and no language should be used that is involved, or formal, or stilted, or bookish. We seldom speak in well-balanced periods, but use homely expressions, occasionally drop into slang, and even employ such unnecessary phrases as *you see, don't you know, I say,* etc.

207. Another point to remember is that the force of the spoken word depends to a very large extent on gesture, the posture of the body, facial expression, intonation, accent. The writer of dialogue should therefore not fail to supply, where required, the necessary sugges-

tions that will help the reader to understand the exact meaning of what has been said by his characters. Nor should the natural movements of life be overlooked. People do not always sit stiffly in chairs with folded hands while speaking. They are always doing something or other; one lounges in his chair swinging his leg, another gets up to light a cigarette, a third walks about the room, takes up a book or looks at a picture. As they speak their expressions change, they are bright or gloomy, worried or lively, their eyes sparkle or they frown. If your dialogue is to be vivid, realistic, life-like, these points should not be forgotten. They should be brought into the picture.

In a play, such suggestions are given in the form of stage directions within brackets. In the narrative style, they are worked into the body of the dialogue. If the dramatic style is adopted the names of the speakers are written on the left side, and each speech stands by itself, prefaced by such information as may be deemed necessary to the complete understanding of what is said. The narrative style, however, reads more easily and smoothly, and is therefore to be preferred.

208. The writing of good dialogue presupposes a fairly complete and accurate knowledge of the characters who take part in the conversation, their opinions, their feelings, their tastes, their weaknesses, the circumstances in which they are placed, etc. It also demands consistency in the treatment of characters; consistency not only in regard to what they say themselves, but in regard also to the circumstances in which they speak. What is more, a conversation carried on between characters who are all alike and speak exactly in the same

manner is bound to become monotonous. There should be a variety in the characterisation.

209. A common difficulty in handling a narrative conversation is the use of such necessary expressions as *he said, I said*, which, when employed too often, have an ugly and awkward effect. A little experience will show that there are two ways of escaping from this difficulty. One is to vary the expression by substituting some other word for *said*, such as *replied, asked, agreed, continued, cried, ventured, remarked, shouted*, etc., according to the demands of the context. The other is to drop it altogether now and then. Watch how a good author manages his dialogues, when next you take up a novel.

210. As regards the matter of your conversation, develop it logically. Observe the principles of unity, consistency, and coherence, but don't allow your design to be too obvious. Keep your reader guessing all the time. Try and make the dialogue interesting by giving it point. Lead up to some event, no matter how slight, at the end.

211. There are, in truth, only two guides in this matter of writing a conversation. They are (1) good books, (2) Life.

Read Dickens, Thackeray, or any other good novelist, and make a study of the way in which they contrive the conversations in their books. The greatest record of the actual talk of any one man is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* is another work that you will find both useful and interesting. There is a great deal to be learnt from such books.

Secondly, keep your eyes and ears open, and study the conversation of the people about you. Make notes and discover for yourself their good points and their bad points. If you do this carefully, you will not only become a good writer of dialogue, you will become also a good talker yourself. You will improve your powers of writing and speaking at the same time.

212. *To sum up,* in writing a dialogue,

(1) Be natural, not formal, affected, or bookish. Remember that Colloquialisms, Slang, etc., are permissible to a limited degree.

(2) Think out your characters and give them variety.

(3) Give them consistency.

(4) Give them life and movement.

(5) Develop what you wish to say in proper order, but don't let your design be too obvious.

(6) Avoid repetitions of *he said, I said,* etc.

(7) Give your conversation point by leading up to some event at the end, no matter how slight.

213. The beginner would do well to start by rendering into dialogue form passages of non-conversational prose, before attempting to compose an imaginary dialogue between two or more persons. For the former purpose a selection may be made from the passages provided for epitomisation, in Part III. The following example will show how a prose passage may be turned into dialogue-form:—

What, I think, we have to realise, as a certain and most important truth, is that the soul of man is a microcosm, having affinities with all grades of being from the highest to the lowest; and that the rank of the individual soul, of our own self, our personality, is determined by the things we are interested in, by the things that we love. What we love, that we see; and

what we see, that we are. There is no escape from this law. Where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. It is of no use to fill our days with work which we consider useful, if the moment that the tension is relaxed our minds fly spontaneously to thoughts of money, ambition, self-indulgence, or some favourite frivolity. The mind is dyed the colour of its thoughts, its leisure thoughts; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. St. Paul's hymn in praise of the love without which faith and hope are vain gets a new meaning when we think of it in conjunction with this law. It goes very much deeper than injunctions to kindliness, charity, and benevolence. What is that we *love?* In what sphere are we really at home? Do all our actions, words, and thoughts spring from one steady central interest which warms our faith and illuminates our hope? It is no accident that in the Sermon on the Mount the words "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" are followed immediately by "The light of the body is the eye. If your eye be single, your whole body shall be full of light." We need above all things to simplify our religion and our inner life generally. Christianity has become too complex a thing, too much cumbered with alien accretions, some of which belong by rights to the lower religions, and some do not belong to religion at all. We want to separate the essential from the non-essential, to concentrate our faith upon the pure God-consciousness, the eternal world which to Christ was so much nearer and more real than the world of external objects. And we want to simplify our own inner life, concentrating all our faculties on the things that really matter. When the soul loses itself, it is because it is immersed in a multiplicity of petty and discordant interests, which have their centre in the life of the moment. It is my own conviction that a deliberate simplification of our outward life is often a very great help towards that inner simplification of which it may be a kind of symbol. Not every one can warm both hands before the fire of life without scorching himself in the process.—**W. R. Inge.**

Let us now attempt to break this up into a conversation between two persons, say, a philosopher and his friend.

Philosopher: The soul of man I look upon as a microcosm.

Friend: A microcosm?

Philosopher: Yes. That is what we have to realise as a certain and most important truth, a microcosm having affinities with all grades of being from the highest to the lowest.

Friend: What of the rank of the individual soul, then, our own self, our personality?

Philosopher: That is determined by the things we are interested in.

Friend: You mean by the things we love.

Philosopher: Of course. What we love, that we see; and what we see, that we are.

Friend: Do you consider that there is no escape from this law?

Philosopher: No, there is no escape. Where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. It is of no use to fill our days with work which we consider useful, if the moment that the tension is relaxed our minds fly spontaneously to thoughts of money, ambition, self-indulgence, or some favourite frivolity.

Friend: You think, then, that the mind is dyed the colour of its thoughts?

Philosopher: Undoubtedly—by its leisure thoughts; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Friend: I daresay you are right. You remember St. Paul's hymn in praise of the love without which faith and hope are vain. It seems to get a new meaning when you think of it in connection with this law.

Philosopher: Quite so. I have always thought that hymn goes very much deeper than injunctions to kindliness, charity, and benevolence. All our actions, words, and thoughts, need to spring from one steady central interest, which warms our faith and illuminates our hope.

Friend: You mean that that determines the sphere in which we are really at home, the things we really *love?*

Philosopher: Precisely. Don't you see, it is no accident that in the Sermon on the Mount the words "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" are followed immediately by

"The light of the body is the eye. If your eye be single, your whole body shall be full of light."

Friend: Then it seems to me that what we need above all things is to simplify our religion.

Philosopher: Yes; and our inner life generally. Christianity has become too complex a thing, too much encumbered with alien accretions, some of which belong by rights to the lower religions, and some do not belong to religion at all. We want to separate the essential from the non-essential, to concentrate our faith upon the pure God-consciousness, the eternal world which to Christ was so much nearer and more real than the world of external objects.

Friend: And what about the inner life? How are we to simplify that?

Philosopher: By concentrating all our faculties on the things that really matter.

Friend: I think you are right. I have always felt that when the soul loses itself, it is because it is immersed in a multiplicity of petty and discordant interests, which have their centre in the life of the moment. Don't you think so too?

Philosopher: Yes, I do. Personally I am convinced that a deliberate simplification of our outward life is often a very great help towards that inner simplification of which it may be a kind of symbol.

Friend: There is a good deal of truth in that. Warming both hands before the fire of life is pleasant, but dangerous.

Philosopher: Yes; at any rate, there are few who can do it without scorching themselves in the process.

There you are. It seems a great deal easier to understand in this form, does it not? That is always the case. Abstract or philosophical matter when broken up into dialogue, becomes less heavy. Interest is aroused by the question form, and the answers, no matter how brief, afford pauses for the understanding of each portion of the argument. This is by no means a new discovery.

It is as old as Plato who used the dialogue form in his *Republic.*

214. An Imaginary Conversation. Let us now attempt to compose an imaginary conversation between, say, three persons, on the subject of *Railway Accidents.*

How exactly shall we plan it out?

First, as regards the *place* in which the conversation takes place. The most appropriate would of course be a railway compartment.

Next, let us think out our *characters.* One shall be stout and large, with walrus moustaches, and bushy eyebrows, rather fierce on the whole to look at, but really very kind at heart. Put him in the I.M.S., and we can call him Lieut.-Colonel Warlicker. For contrast let us make the second rather small and gentle, but with a very resolute look in his eyes, and giving the impression of intelligence combined with shrewdness and good humour. We will call him Rama Rao. We can start with these two, and let the third (whom we can imagine as tall and spare with piercing eyes and a quick way of talking) join them when the train stops next.

Thirdly, about the *subject matter* of their talk. A good way of beginning would be to discuss a railway accident which we can imagine to have happened the day before, and this can lead to the Colonel giving an account of another in which he himself was involved. When the train stops, the third man gets in and the talk continues on the subject until the conversation is brought to an abrupt close by, let us imagine, an accident caused by the Engine running over somebody.

Having got these things clear in our mind, let us make a start:—

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

(An Imaginary Conversation).

They had the compartment to themselves. The stout man with the walrus moustaches in the opposite corner, seemed as little disposed to be communicative as Rama Rao, who was determined not to make the first advance, and contented himself with looking out of the window. Presently his companion lowered the paper behind which he had entrenched himself, and proceeded to light his cigar which had gone out.

"Frightfully tedious journey, this" he observed, leaning back, and glancing from beneath thick tufted eyebrows at the little intelligent-looking man in the other corner, "Don't you think so, sir?"

"Oh, most," replied Rama Rao, "The Company seem to be in none too great a hurry on this line." And he smiled pleasantly.

"And one gets filthy in no time," continued Lieut.-Colonel Warlicker (for it was he), in a tone of deep disgust.

"Doesn't one?" agreed Rama Rao. "These railway people have absolutely no conscience. We do them a service by travelling in their rotten trains, and all the return we get is to be choked with coal dust and jolted to pieces." He smiled again, for this was intended to be humorous.

"And yet," added the Colonel, almost as though his companion had not spoken at all, "I would far rather go on a quiet line like this, and reach my destination safely, than rush in one of your fast trains, and be hurried off into eternity at sixty miles per hour, before my time."

"But accidents are so rare nowadays," said Rama Rao gently. "The latest safety devices are absolutely fool-proof. I read all about it only the other day in a magazine."

"Nothing of the kind," growled the Colonel, "It's clear you haven't seen the papers, or you wouldn't talk as you do."

"Why, what has happened?"

"A dreadful smash-up at Mailpatti last night," said the Colonel tapping the paper before him. "Seventy-two lives lost. The Mangalore Mail ran slap-bang into the Bangalore Express."

"Good God!" cried Rama Rao thunderstruck at this terrible news, "You don't mean to say so!"

"This paper here gives quite a gruesome account. Through running has not been resumed yet. What about your fool-proof safety devices now?"

"How did it happen?"

"The human element once again. The driver mistook the signals, and came on when he should have stopped. Before he knew where he was, he was right on top of the Bangalore Express which was watering at Mailpatti. Net result, seventy-two houses now mourn their dead."

"Perfectly awful." said Rama Rao, still aghast at the magnitude of the disaster, "I have never been in a railway accident myself, but I have always imagined it to be one of the most terrible things that could ever happen to any one. Have you been in an accident yourself, by any chance, sir? I have always wanted to meet one who could tell me exactly what it feels like from actual experience."

"I have," replied Colonel Warlicker, throwing the stump of his cigar out of the window, and pausing to light a new one. "It was many years ago. The accident happened at 2 a.m., and all that I know is that I, who was fast asleep in an upper berth, suddenly found myself flung violently out and wedged in underneath the lower berth. There was a fierce sound of scraping and rasping, as of steel against steel, and, suddenly, a perfect pandemonium of shrieks and groans and howls. It was clear that a serious accident had occurred. I was alone in my compartment at the time, by good luck; trembling in every limb and in a perfect agony of apprehension, I tried to get out of it. Everything, however, was topsy-turvy, and it took me quite a time to find one of the windows, and scramble out through it. The scene outside was too horrible for words.

Three carriages at the end had been telescoped by another train ramming us from behind, and the screaming of the wounded and the dying was such as I cannot bear to think of even now." And the Colonel for all his fierce appearance shuddered at the recollection.

"How many lives were lost on this occasion?"

"Thirty-seven, I believe, was the figure announced in the papers, but I have reason to think it was rather more than that. It generally is. Ah—" he broke off, as the train bumped over points, "Here we are at Donapur at last. Hallo, there is Srinivaschari on the platform—You don't know Srinivaschari, do you?—Eh, Srinivas, plenty of room here, come along."

The train had stopped by now, and half-a-dozen porters clung like leeches to the door handle. With some difficulty they managed to wrench it open, and Srinivaschari, the Assistant Traffic Superintendent on this section of the line, and whom Rama Rao knew quite well, stepped in, followed by his bedding and suit-case.

"Hallo, you people," he exclaimed, "Bit of luck meeting you like this. Are both of you going to Madras?—Good. So am I."

"Splendid," said the Colonel.

"I say," said Rama Rao, "have you heard of this dreadful accident? But of course you must have. This gentleman has been telling me all about it."

"O yes. Terrible affair. Ghastly beyond words. I am told the driver and fireman were both drunk. But one moment. You don't seem to know each other. Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Rama Rao, Colonel, the President of the Gelmara District Board. Rama Rao—Lieut.-Colonel Warlicker, the D. M. O. of East Tinara."

"How do you do, sir," said the Colonel, half getting up and taking Rama Rao's hand in his huge paw.

"Great pleasure" murmured Rama Rao doing the same, and allowing his hand to be shaken vigorously like a pump handle. "Colonel Warlicker has just been telling me of a railway accident in which he was involved" he continued, turning to

Srinivaschari, "It wasn't quite such a terrible affair as this Mailpatti business, but bad enough."

"Must have been" agreed Srinivaschari, "All railway accidents are. Which was your accident, Colonel?—the one at Vijayamangalam in 1908, or that other at Parappanagadi in 1913?

"Neither" said the Colonel, "mine was at Sholapur in 1897. And do you know, all told it was rather a romantic affair."

"Romantic!" cried Rama Rao, "A railway accident romantic!"

"The Colonel is pulling our legs" said Srinivaschari.

"Not at all. I said romantic, because it was in that accident that I first met my wife. She was travelling in the same train with her father, and I was lucky enough to be of some small service to them. It was I in fact who pulled them out of the wreckage. They were naturally rather grateful. I say, Srinivaschari," he continued, "Why don't you make these trains of yours go a little faster? This one is just crawling."

"Crawling!" exclaimed Srinivaschari, "We are doing a good thirty-five miles per hour now, and you call it crawling. The maximum on this section is forty. Our culverts won't stand a speed greater than that."

"Did you say thirty-five? I should have thought it was nearer twenty-five" said Rama Rao.

"And I should put it even lower" grumbled the Colonel.

"You can take out your watch and time it if you like. We are doing 35 now. I can tell by the closeness of the beats of sound made by the wheels."

"All right," said the Colonel, taking out his watch. "It is 6.35 now and the number of that telegraph pole is 296|12. We shall wait till we go by 294|12."

There was a pause. Suddenly above the steady *chuk-a-tuk-tuk chuk-a-tuk-tuk* of the wheels, there sounded an appalling scream, followed by a grinding sound accompanied by violent jerks that shook the whole carriage.

"Hallo!" cried Srinivaschari, "The train is coming to a stop. And pretty quickly too, judging by the jerks. Something has happened."

They craned their necks out of the windows, and noticed that everybody else was doing the same. The train had come to a stop.

"Great Heavens!" shouted the Colonel, obviously in great excitement, "We have run over somebody.—Here, Guard, Guard!"

"Yes, sir."

"What has happened?"

"We have run over a trespasser, sir."

"A what?" cried the Colonel.

"It is a woman" said one of the passengers who had swarmed to the spot, a good hundred yards behind, and had returned after glutting his morbid tastes, "And she is in three pieces" he added, rather pleased at being able to afford so much interesting information.

He spoke the truth.

The Colonel and Srinivaschari went to see if anything could be done. Rama Rao preferred to stay behind. The thought was too horrible, and he could not bring himself to go along with them.

"Well?" he said when they returned.

"A beggar woman" said Srinivaschari, "Must have been deaf. Walked across the line, right in front of the engine."

"Poor soul" added the Colonel, "Her troubles are at an end."

"Are we taking the body to Madras?" enquired Rama Rao.

"No point in doing that," replied Srinivaschari, "We are just leaving a policeman on guard. The down train which is due in half an hour will take the body back to Donapur, where the usual enquiry will be held."

As he spoke the train moved on again. But the desire for conversation seemed to have forsaken them. Each one brooded in a corner thinking his own thoughts. Death that had come so suddenly into their midst, had silenced them for the time.

Study this dialogue carefully. Note by what touches the effect of naturalness has been obtained, and how the

interest has been kept up. The incident related here actually happened, and is drawn from personal experience. Make use of such experiences as you have had, in your writings. Observe life closely. These things alone can give your work that touch of reality, without which it will seem flat and uninteresting.

The dialogues that follow are taken from well-known writers, and are intended as further examples for careful study.

1. BOSWELL'S ARTIFICE.

(From Boswell's *Life of Johnson*).

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch."

I, therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—

'Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland.'

Johnson. 'Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—'

Boswell. 'Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you.'

Johnson. 'What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?'

Boswell. 'I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotick friends with him.'

Johnson. 'Well, Sir, and what then? What care I for his patriotick friends? Poh!'

Boswell. 'I should not be surprized to find Jack Wilkes there.'

Johnson. 'And if Jack Wilkes should be there, what is that to me, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.'

Boswell. 'Pray forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me.'

Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

2. ON DEATH.

(From Boswell's *Life of Johnson*).

I expressed a horrour at the thought of death.

Mrs. Knowles. 'Nay, thou should'st not have a horrour for what is the gate of life.'

Johnson (standing upon the hearth rolling about, with a serious, solemn, and somewhat gloomy air). 'No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension.'

Mrs. Knowles. 'The Scriptures tell us, "The righteous shall have *hope* in his death." '

Johnson. 'Yes, Madam; that is, he shall not have despair. But, consider, his hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us,—namely, obedience; and where obedience has failed, then, as suppletory to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience has been such, as he would approve of in another, or even in himself upon close examination, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of? No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation.'

Mrs. Knowles. 'But divine intimation of acceptance may be made to the soul.'

Johnson. 'Madam, it may; but I should not think the better of a man who should tell me on his death-bed he was sure of salvation. A man cannot be sure himself that he has divine intimation of acceptance; much less can he make others sure that he has it.'

Boswell. 'Then, Sir, we must be contented to acknowledge that death is a terrible thing.'

Johnson. 'Yes, Sir. I have made no approaches to a state which can look on it as not terrible.'

Mrs. Knowles (seeming to enjoy a pleasing serenity in the persuasion of benignant divine light). 'Does not St. Paul say, "I have fought the good fight of faith, I have finished my course; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of life?" '

Johnson. 'Yes, Madam; but here was a man inspired, a man who had been converted by supernatural interposition.'

Boswell. 'In prospect death is dreadful; but in fact we find that people die easy.'

Johnson. 'Why, Sir, most people have not thought much of the matter, so cannot say much, and it is supposed they die easy. Few believe it certain they are then to die; and those who do, set themselves to behave with resolution, as a man does who is going to be hanged. He is not the less unwilling to be hanged.'

Miss Seward. 'There is one mode of the fear of death, which is certainly absurd; and that is the dread of annihilation, which is only a pleasing sleep without a dream.'

Johnson. 'It is neither pleasing, nor sleep; it is nothing. Now mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist even in pain, than not exist.'

Boswell. 'If annihilation be nothing, then existing in pain is not a comparative state, but is a positive evil, which I cannot think we should choose. I must be allowed to differ here; and it would lessen the hope of a future state founded on the argument, that the Supreme Being, who is good as he is great, will hereafter compensate for our present sufferings in this life. For if existence, such as we have it here, be comparatively a good, we have no reason to complain, though no more of it should be given to us. But if our only state of existence were in this world, then we might with some reason complain that we are so dissatisfied with our enjoyments compared with our desires.'

Johnson. 'The lady confounds annihilation, which is nothing, with the apprehension of it, which is dread-

ful. It is in the apprehension of it that the horrour of annihilation consists.'

3. SIR PETER EXPOSTULATES.

(From *The School for Scandal* by R. B. Sheridan).

Act II. Scene 1.—Sir Peter Teazle's House. *Enter* Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough!—aye—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green house, and give a *fête champetre* at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter T. Ooms! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, it was so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I

took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-a-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter T. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! Hem!

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Aye—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Aye, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

(*Exit* Lady Teazle.)

Sir Peter T. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. (*Exit.*)

4. THE EATANSWILL ELECTION.

(From *The Pickwick Papers* by Charles Dickens).

"Ah—ah, my dear sir," said the little man, advancing to meet him; "very happy to see you, my dear sir, very. Pray sit down. So you have carried your intention into effect. You have come down here to see an election —eh?"

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Spirited contest, my dear sir," said the little man.

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands. "I like to see sturdy patriotism, on whatever side it is called forth;—and so it's a spirited contest?"

"Oh yes," said the little man, "very much so indeed. We have opened all the public-houses in the place, and left our adversary nothing but the beer-shops—master-

ly stroke of policy that, my dear sir, eh?"—the little man smiled complacently, and took a large pinch of snuff.

"And what are the probabilities as to the result of the contest?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, doubtful, my dear sir; rather doubtful as yet," replied the little man. "Fizkin's people have got three-and-thirty voters in the lock-up coach-house at the White Hart."

"In the coach-house!" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably astonished by this second stroke of policy.

"They keep 'em locked up there till they want 'em," resumed the little man. "The effect of that is, you see, to prevent our getting at them; and even if we could, it would be of no use, for they keep them very drunk on purpose. Smart fellow Fizkin's agent—very smart fellow indeed."

Mr. Pickwick stared, but said nothing.

"We are pretty confident, though," said Mr. Perker, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. "We had a little tea-party here, last night—five-and-forty women, my dear sir—and gave every one of 'em a green parasol when she went away."

"A parasol!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fact, my dear sir, fact. Five-and-forty green parasols, at seven and six-pence a-piece. All women like finery,—extraordinary the effect of those parasols. Secured all their husbands, and half their brothers—beats stockings, and flannel, and all that sort of thing hollow. My idea, my dear sir, entirely. Hail, rain, or sunshine, you can't walk half a dozen yards up the

street, without encountering half a dozen green parasols."

Here the little man indulged in a convulsion of mirth, which was only checked by the entrance of a third party.

The new-comer was introduced to Mr. Pickwick as Mr. Pott, the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Pott turned round to Mr. Pickwick, and said with solemnity—

"This contest excites great interest in the metropolis, sir?"

"I believe it does," said Mr. Pickwick.

"To which I have reason to know," said Pott, looking towards Mr. Perker for corroboration,—"to which I have reason to know that my article of last Saturday in some degree contributed."

"Not the least doubt of it," said the little man.

"The press is a mighty engine, sir," said Pott.

Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.

"But I trust, sir," said Pott, "that I have never abused the enormous power I wield. I trust, sir, that I have never pointed the noble instrument which is placed in my hands against the sacred bosom of private life, or the tender breast of individual reputation;—I trust, sir, that I have devoted my energies to—to endeavours—humble they may be, humble I know they are—to instil those principles of—which—are—"

Here the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette appearing to ramble, Mr. Pickwick came to his relief, and said—

"Certainly."

"And what, sir"—said Pott—"what, sir, let me ask you as an impartial man, is the state of the public mind in London, with reference to my contest with the Independent?"

"Greatly excited, no doubt," interposed Mr. Perker, with a look of slyness which was very likely accidental.

"The contest," said Pott, "shall be prolonged so long as I have health and strength, and that portion of talent with which I am gifted. From that contest, sir, although it may unsettle men's minds and excite their feelings, and render them incapable for the discharge of the every-day duties of ordinary life; from that contest, sir, I will never shrink, till I have set my heel upon the Eatanswill Independent. I wish the people of London, and the people of this country to know, sir, that they may rely upon me;—that I will not desert them, that I am resolved to stand by them, sir, to the last."

"Your conduct is most noble, sir," said Mr. Pickwick; and he grasped the hand of the magnanimous Pott.

"You are, sir, I perceive, a man of sense and talent," said Mr. Pott, almost breathless with the vehemence of his patriotic declaration. "I am most happy, sir, to make the acquaintance of such a man."

"And I," said Mr. Pickwick, "feel deeply honoured by this expression of your opinion. Allow me, sir, to introduce you to my fellow-travellers, the other corresponding members of the club I am proud to have founded."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Pott.

5. THE DOMINANT SEX.

(From *Punch*).

"Man is, and must be," I said, "the dominant sex."

"He mustn't be," replied my niece Audrie, "and he isn't."

"It is generally accepted," I said.

"Yes, by men," she qualified. "I hope you know you're frightfully conceited."

"If I am," I replied, "I have reason to be. I am a man; and man is and must be the dominant sex."

"You talk just like a parrot. Look here—if you're so jolly dominant why do I always beat you at tennis?"

"Age," I replied, "difference in. Remorseless time has played havoc with me."

"Pooh, you won't run."

"Not won't. Can't."

"And why can't you? Because you're too fat. And why are you fat? Because you're lazy. All men are."

"Not at all, Audrie," I protested. "Man the Bread-winner toils unceasingly for Woman the Butterfly."

"Oh, yes! What sort of toil do *you* do?"

"Business—you wouldn't understand," I said firmly.

"I bet I would. Lunch."

"What do you mean by 'lunch'?"

"You know quite well what I mean. Business is simply an excuse for lunch."

"No, no," I urged. "Lunch is often an opportunity for business."

"How long does lunch last?" she persisted.

"Till grace is said and all rise."

"If they can. Cards afterwards, I suppose. Poker?" she shot at me keenly.

"I wouldn't touch it," I assured her, "with a pair of tongs."

"Snooker?"

"No snooker. Very occasionally a game of dominos rounds things off."

Audrie gave me a sweet smile at this disclosure.

"*Now* I see," she said, "what man is and must be—oh, yes, he certainly must be."

"I am glad you realise," I rejoined, "that he is and must be, as I said, the domin——"

"The domino sex," she completed scornfully.

PART III—EXERCISES

CHAPTER XIV

EXERCISES IN PARAPHRASING

[An attempt has been made in this Chapter to bring together some of the shorter poems of the better known English poets. A few of the rather longer poems, such as Gray's *Elegy Written in A Country Churchyard* and Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale* have also been included. These may be divided up conveniently, and paraphrased in sections.]

1. The Counsel of Polonius.

To his Son Laertes.

There,—my blessings with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:

For loan oft loses both itself and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare (1564 — 1616).

2. Sonnet.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow—
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Shakespeare (1564 — 1616).

3. The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God both late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton (1568—1639).

4. Death.

Death, be not proud though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go —
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell:
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

John Donne (1573—1631).

5. On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands:
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust,'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died!'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont (1584—1616).

6. To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick (1591 — 1674).

7. To Daffodils.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having play'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick (1591 — 1674).

8. The Pulley.

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
Let the World's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them by repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

George Herbert (1593 — 1633).

9. Death the Leveller.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill!
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds,
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley (1596 — 1666).

10. The Unfading Beauty.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Thomas Carew (1595 — 1639).

11. Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam.

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere;
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight.

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour:

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourself your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:—

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth:
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

William Habington (1605—1654).

12. Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then—die—that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller (1606—1687).

13. On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
'Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?'
I fondly ask:—But Patience to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; 'God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His State
Is Kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

John Milton (1608—1674).

14. Hymn.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue celestial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Joseph Addison (1672 — 1719).

15. Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty over a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined:
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n those bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhyme, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray (1716—1771).

16. The Traveller.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O. Goldsmith (1728—1774).

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✓ **17. Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.**

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
When'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

O. Goldsmith (1728 — 1774).

18. As Some Lone Miser

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see his fellows blest.

O. Goldsmith (1728 — 1774).

19. The Nightingale and the Glow-Worm.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

W. Cowper (1731 — 1800).

20. The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light,

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And, I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper (1731 — 1800).

21. Evening on Calais Beach.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with its eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Child! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

William Wordsworth (1770 — 1850).

22. On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, 1802.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

William Wordsworth (1770 — 1850).

23. England, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

William Wordsworth (1770 — 1850).

24. The Solitary Reaper.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth (1770 — 1850)

25. Perfect Woman.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth (1770—1850).

26. The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth (1770—1850).

27. His Books.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey (1774 — 1843).

28. Night And Death.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,

What fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Joseph Blanco White (1775—1841).

29. Resignation.

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipp'd away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain:
In this or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

Walter Savage Landor (1775—1864).

30. The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky:
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay—Stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!'—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. Campbell (1777—1844).

31. The Light of Other Days.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one

Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore (1779 — 1852).

Int. Ex. Mad. 1916.

32. Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so',
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

J. H. Leigh Hunt (1784 — 1859).

33. The Vision of Belshazzar.

The king was on his throne, the Satraps thronged the hall,
A thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels,—hold the godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on sand:

The fingers of a man;—a solitary hand
Along the letters ran; and traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook, and bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous his voice.

'Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the earth;
And expound the words of fear, which mar our royal mirth'.

Chaldae's seers are good, but here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood untold and awful still.

And Babel's men of age are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage, they saw,—but knew no more.

A Captive in the land, a stranger and a youth,
He heard the King's command, he saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright, the prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—the morrow proved it true:

'Belshazzar's grave is made—his Kingdom passed away—
He, in the balance weighed, is light and worthless clay.

The shroud, his robe of state—his canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate—the Persian on his throne!'—

Lord Byron (1788—1824).

34. Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan:
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

John Keats (1795—1821).

35. Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Temple or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young:
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.'

John Keats (1795 — 1821).

36. On first Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats (1795—1821).

37. The Mountain and the Squirrel.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:—
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;

If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. Emerson (1803—1882).

38. To Helen.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicèan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

Edgar Allan Poe (1809—1849).

39. Omar Khayyam.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of Past Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from this Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Edward FitzGerald (1809—1883).

40. Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,

Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light:
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819—1861).

41. Quiet Work.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labours that shall not fail, when man is gone.

Matthew Arnold (1822—1888).

42. Shakespeare.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-
secure,
Didst walk on earth unguessed at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

Matthew Arnold (1822—1888).

43. Worldly Place.

Even in a palace, life may be led well!
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop, and say: "There were no succour here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

Matthew Arnold (1822—1888).

44. Dover Beach.

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold (1822 — 1888).

45. The Future.

A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.....

As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.....

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge

Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

Matthew Arnold (1822 — 1888).

46. In The Train.

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the earth slips from our feet!

James Thomson (1834 — 1882).

47. The Odyssey.

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ægean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Andrew Lang (1844—1912).

48. Invictus.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley (1849—1903).

49. When You are Old.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. Yeats (1865—).

50. The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud, glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats (1865—).

CHAPTER XV.

EXERCISES IN EPITOMISATION

[The arrangement of the following passages is chronological. They are of varying length and difficulty. A number of them have been taken from the Composition paper of the Intermediate Examination of the Madras University.]

1. The Footprint.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look further. I went up the shore and down the shore; but it was all one—I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

Daniel Defoe (1661—1731).
From "Robinson Crusoe."

2. Gulliver Reaches Brobdingnag.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for sometime, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty foot. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty foot high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude.... I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my

flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome with grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations.

Jonathan Swift (1667 — 1745).

3. The Happy Valley.

"What," said he (the Prince), "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream, his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he arises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the songs that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain, when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated; surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709—1784).
From "Rasselas."

9 M.T

4. Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary.

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English Literature must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me: but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised myself; a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance in contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail and there

never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task, which *Scaliger* compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate

and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the *Italian academicians* did not secure them from the censure of *Beni;* if the embodied critics of *France,* when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wish to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore, dismiss it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Samuel Johnson (1709 — 1784).

5. On Death.

All who have gone before you have submitted to the stroke of death. All who come after you shall undergo the same fate. The great and good, the prince and the peasant, the renowned and the obscure, travel alike the road which leads to the grave. At the moment when you expire, thousands throughout the world shall, with you, be yielding up their breath. Can that be held to be a great calamity which is common to you with everything that lives on earth?—which is an event as much according to the course of nature, as it is that leaves should fall in autumn, or that fruit should drop from the tree when it is fully ripe?

The pain of death cannot be very long, and is probably less severe than what you have at other times experienced. The pomp of death is more terrifying than death itself. It is to the weakness of our imagination that it owes its chief power of dejecting the spirits; for, when the force of the mind is roused, there are few passions in our nature that have not been able to overcome the fear of death. Honour has defied death; love has despised it; shame has rushed

upon it; revenge has disregarded it; grief has a thousand times wished for its approach. Is it not strange that reason and virtue cannot give strength to surmount that fear, which, even in feeble minds, so many passions have conquered? What inconsistency is there in complaining so much of the evils of life, and being at the same time so afraid of what is to terminate them all! Who can tell whether his future life might not teem with disasters and miseries as yet unknown, were it to be prolonged according to his wish?

Hugh Blair (1718—1800).

6. Fortitude.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower

ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728—1774).

7. The French Revolution.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of

life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

Burke (1729—1797).

From "Reflections on the French Revolution."

8. The Sack of Rome.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbaric virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least the faith, of Christ, and we may suspect, without any breach of charity or candour, that in the hour of savage licence, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the Gospel seldom influenced the behaviour of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of 40,000 slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families.

In the pillage of Rome, a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but, after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the waggons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe.

Edward Gibbon (1737—1794).
From "The Decline and Fall."

OMT.

9. Samuel Johnson.

No man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, 'of something after death;' and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven, and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned

particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the round-house. In the play-house at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies, 'What was the common price of an oak stick'; and being answered six-pence, 'Why then, Sir,' said he, 'give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity.' Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

Boswell (1740—1795).

10. The Consolations of Literature.

I come to add the final reason why the working man—by whom I mean the whole brotherhood of industry—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom

a value so high—only not supreme—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself. And this is, that therein he shall so surely find rest from labour; succour under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame; some loss in a bargain; some loss by an insolvency; some unforeseen rise or fall of prices; some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor, 'the law's delay, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, or some one of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes'—some self-reproach perhaps—follow you within the door; chill the fireside; sow the pillow with thorns; and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream. Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. True balm of hurt minds; of surer and more healthful charm than 'poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world'—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound in a moment into the still regions of delightful studies and be at rest.

Rufus Choate (1759—1859).

11. A Poet's Estimate of his Poetry.

It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

Upon this I shall insist elsewhere; at present let me confine myself to my object; which is to make you, my dear

friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem to many I overrate my own exertions, when I speak in this way, in direct connection with the volume I have just made public.

I am not, however, afraid of such censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons.

Be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. These people, in the senseless hurry of their idle lives, do not read books, they merely snatch a glance at them, that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what, I believe, was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen; this in a certain degree, even to all persons, however wise and pure may be their lives, and however unvitiated their taste. But for those who dip into books in order to give an opinion of them, or talk about them to take up an opinion—for this multitude of unhappy, and misguided, and misguiding beings, an entire regeneration must be produced; and if this be possible, it must be a work of time.

W. Wordsworth (1770 — 1850).

(From a Letter to Lady Beaumont).

12. The Death of Nelson.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet", said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too." And after a few minutes in the same undertone he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy" said the dying Nelson ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson, said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned on his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the Chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner"; and after a short pause "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

R. Southey (1774—1843).
From "The Life of Nelson."

13. Mechanical Perfection.

I have always had this feeling of the inefficacy and slow progress of intellectual compared to mechanical excellence, and it has always made me somewhat dissatisfied.

To account for this in some degree, I might observe that mechanical dexterity is confined to doing some one particular thing, which you can repeat as often as you please, in which you know whether you succeed or fail, and where the point of perfection consists in succeeding in a given undertaking. In mechanical efforts you improve by perpetual practice, and you do so infallibly, because the object to be attained is not a matter of taste or fancy or opinion, but of actual experiment, in which you must either do the thing or not do it. If a man is put to aim at a mark with a bow and arrow, he must hit it or miss it, that's certain. He cannot deceive himself, and go on shooting wide or falling short, and still fancy that he is making progress. The distinction between right and wrong, between true and false, is here palpable; and he must either correct his aim

or persevere in his error with his eyes open, for which there is neither excuse nor temptation.

If a man is learning to dance on a rope, if he does not mind what he is about he will break his neck. After that it will be in vain for him to argue that he did not make a false step. His situation is not like that of Goldsmith's pedagogue:—

> "In argument they own'd his wondrous skill,
> And e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

Danger is a good teacher, and makes apt scholars. So are disgrace, defeat, exposure to immediate scorn and laughter. There is no opportunity in such cases for self-delusion, no idling time away, no being off your guard (or you must take the consequences)—neither is there any room for humour or caprice or prejudice. If the Indian Juggler were to play tricks in throwing up the three case-knives, which keep their position like the leaves of a crocus in the air, he would cut his fingers. I can make a very bad sentence without cutting my fingers.

W. Hazlitt (1778—1830).
From "The Indian Jugglers."

14. Deerslayer's Encounter.

The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him, like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer as a hunter did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment and a single motion; then, aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes

where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance, which alone was visible. There was not time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece and stood, with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon, but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle as it was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered and fell his whole length on the ground.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789—1851).

From "The Deerslayer."

15. St. Francis of Assisi.

Francis was now wedded to Poverty; but poverty he would only love in its basest form—mendicancy. He wandered abroad, was ill-used by robbers; on his escape, received from an old friend a hermit's attire, a short tunic, a leathern girdle, a staff and slippers. He begged at the gates of monasteries; he discharged the most menial offices. With even more profound devotion he dedicated himself for some time in the hospital at Gubbio to the lepers. He tended them with more than necessary affectionateness, washed their feet, dressed their sores, and is said to have wrought miraculous cures among them.

On his return to Assisi he employed himself in the restoration of the Church of St. Damian. "Whoever will give me one stone shall have one prayer; whoever two, two; three, three." The people mocked but Francis went on carrying the stones in his own hands, and the church began to rise. He refused all food which he did not obtain by begging. His father reproached him and uttered his malediction. He took a beggar of the basest class: "Be thou my father and give me thy blessing." But so successful was he in awakening the charity of the inhabitants of Assisi, that not only the Church of St. Damian but two other, through his means arose out of their ruins to decency and even splendour. One day in church he heard the text, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses. Neither gold scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves." He threw away his wallet, his staff, and his shoes, put on the coarsest dark gray tunic, bound himself with a cord, and set out through the city calling all to repentance.

This strange but fervent piety of Francis could not but, in that age, kindle the zeal of others. Wonder grew into admiration, admiration into emulation, emulation into a blind following of his footsteps. Disciples, one by one, began to gather round him. He retired with them to a lonely spot in the bend of the river, called Rivo Torto.

H. H. Milman (1791 — 1868).
From "Latin Christianity."

16. Death of Sir Walter Scott.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice, grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very

seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thought. All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, "shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No" he said, "don't disturb them. Poor souls, I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant, on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one p.m., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

J. G. Lockhart (1794—1854).
From "The Life of Scott."

17. The Spectator.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the Distressed Mother is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English

essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

Macaulay (1800 — 1859).

18. The Duty of a Historian.

That a historian should not record trifles, that he should confine himself to what is important, is perfectly true. But many writers seem never to have considered on what the historical importance of an event depends. They seem not to be aware that the importance of a fact, when that fact is considered with reference to its immediate effects, and the importance of the same fact, when that fact is considered as part of the materials for the construction of a science, are two very different things. The quantity of good or evil which a transaction produces is by no means necessarily proportioned to the quantity of light which that transaction affords, as to the way in which good or evil may hereafter be produced. The poisoning of an emperor is in one sense a far more serious matter than the poisoning of a rat. But the poisoning of a rat may be an era in chemistry; and an emperor may be poisoned by such ordinary means, and with such ordinary symptoms, that no scientific journal would notice the occurrence. An action for a hundred thousand pounds is in one sense a more momentous affair than an action for fifty pounds. But it by no means follows that the learned gentlemen who report the proceedings of the courts of law ought to give a fuller account of an action for a hundred thousand pounds, than of an action for fifty pounds. For a cause in which a large sum is at stake may be important only to the particular plaintiff and the particular defendant. A cause, on the other hand, in which a small sum is at stake, may establish some great principle interesting to half the families in the kingdom. The case is exactly the same with that class of subjects of which historians treat. To an Athenian, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the

result of the battle of Delium was far more important than the fate of the comedy of The Knights. But to us the fact that the comedy of The Knights was brought on the Athenian stage with success is far more important than the fact that the Athenian phalanx gave way at Delium. Neither the one event nor the other has now any intrinsic importance. We are in no danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in The Knights. To us the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this, that when two armies fight, it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly beaten, a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of The Knights, and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much. He may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilised nations of the East. He may have observed the manners of many barbarous races. But here is something altogether different from every thing which he has seen, either among polished men or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is the really precious part of history, the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire.

Macaulay (1800 — 1859).

19. The Reformation and the Revolution.

The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the French Revolution,

or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place in almost every part of the civilised world during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a Caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against princes and nobles for political liberty. In both cases, the spirit of innovation was at first encouraged by the class to which it was likely to be most prejudicial. It was under the patronage of Frederic, of Catherine, of Joseph, and of the grandees of France, that the philosophy which afterwards threatened all the thrones and aristocracies of Europe with destruction first became formidable. The ardour with which men betook themselves to liberal studies, at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, was zealously encouraged by the heads of that very church to which liberal studies were destined to be fatal. In both cases, when the explosion came, it came with a violence which appalled and disgusted many of those who had previously been distinguished by the freedom of their opinions. The violence of the democratic party in France made Burke a Tory and Alfieri a courtier. The violence of the chiefs of the German schism made Erasmus a defender of abuses, and turned the author of Utopia into a persecutor. In both cases, the convulsion which had overthrown deeply seated errors, shook all the principles on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated.

Macaulay (1800 — 1859).

20. Byron.

He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and feeling heart: but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the parent to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of tenderness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses; at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world; and the world treated him as his mother had treated him, sometimes with fondness, sometimes with cruelty, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child, not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott,

Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Everything that could stimulate, and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature, the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of lovely women, all this world and all the glory of it were at once offered to a youth to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his country-women would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness; and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the Prince Regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Everything, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction.

Macaulay (1800—1859).

21. Liberty.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy

in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure, for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognise faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half-blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

Macaulay (1800 — 1859).

From the Essay on Milton.

22. The Desert.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then

I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About mid-day or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (How well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean in sense of sky. You look to the sun for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes,

and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more, comes blushing, yet still comes on, comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

A. W. Kinglake (1809—1891).
From "Eothen."

23. Peace.

Rely on it, that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it a bloody, unjust, and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. If the tax on corn had been continued, if it had been impossible by peaceful agitation to abolish it, the monarchy itself would not have survived the ruin and disaster that it must have wrought. And if you go into a war now, with a doubled population, with a vast commerce, and a wider diffusion of partial education among the people, let there ever come a time like the period between 1815 and 1822, when the whole basis of society is upheaving with a sense of intolerable suffering, I ask you, how many years purchase would you give even for the venerable and mild monarchy under which you have the happiness to live? I confess when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men, men who do not intend to fight themselves are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

But, speaking here in Edinburgh to such an audience, an audience probably for its numbers as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom, I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast, even though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions, you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice from a well, pure and undefiled, the Bible. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sunday, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your religion a romance? is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your religion is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto had been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time, a blessed time, a time which shall last for ever, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

John Bright (1811—1889).
From "Speeches."

24. Mr. Winkle Attempts to Ride.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise, whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still

at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay.

Charles Dickens (1812—1870).
From "The Pickwick Papers."

25. The Neglect of Literature.

I say, first, we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think,

in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much;* nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if he would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

John Ruskin (1819—1900).

26. The Neglect of Science.

I say, we have despised science. "What!" (you exclaim) "are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done in spite of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us,* that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we

allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us?* (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich museum at this moment, if Professor Owen had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it.

John Ruskin (1819 — 1900).

27. The Neglect of Art.

I say, you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do not we pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute), in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(and, in Venice, with the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the Titians in Europe were made sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

John Ruskin (1819—1900).

28. Sincerity in Language.

To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly, is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus beautiful speech is always the outcome of sincere and kindly speech. False speech, apparently beautiful, may be constructed on principles imitated from those out of which sincere and truly beautiful speech has arisen; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles of sincerity it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes.

And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that at certain periods there is always a tendency to deny the sincerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of someone else. But no noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions: and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for, being sure that your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means.

And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the

temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds; and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore, that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.

John Ruskin (1819—1900).

29. Malaria.

Malaria is a fever common in many parts of the world, in the low-lying parts of Southern Europe, and on the flats along the shores of the Baltic Sea, as well as throughout large tracts of Asia, Africa, and America. It is a very serious disease; thousands of people die of it every year, and thousands upon thousands suffer from it so much and so constantly, that they are rendered unfit for their ordinary duties. For the victim of malaria often recovers from one attack only to have another and another, at frequent intervals, often for years. Even leaving the climate where the disease was contracted does not end the trouble, and the patient may go on suffering for months or years, until quinine, the only drug known to have any real effect on it, succeeds in ridding him of the disease.

So long as the causes of malaria were not understood very little could be done to prevent it. Physicians and others worked ceaselessly to try to find out the causes, and in 1880 a French surgeon, who was examining the blood of a malaria patient under the microscope, discovered a small, very simple, single-celled animal, and thus "recognised for the first time the small organism, which has played a greater part in human affairs than the greatest politician or general that ever lived." Further search proved that

these small parasites were always to be found in the blood of the victims of malaria, and it seemed certain that they were the cause of the disease. This was an important step; the next, obviously, was to find out how the parasites got into the blood.

It had long been suspected that there was some connection between the abundance of mosquitoes and the occurrence of malaria, since both were at their worst in the same regions and at the same seasons, but what the connection was had not been understood. Sir Patrick Manson, reasoning from the state of things discovered by him in another disease happily unknown to us in this country, made the suggestion that the parasite might be conveyed into the human body by the mosquito in the act of biting.

Following this suggestion, Major Ronald Ross made a set of experiments in India by feeding all the different kinds of mosquito procurable on the blood of malaria patients, and then dissecting and examining every part of their bodies to see if there was any trace of the parasite. Hundreds of mosquitoes were thus laboriously examined, but for two years there was no result. Still the tireless investigator persevered, and finally he found a species the blood of which showed certain characters in common with the blood of malaria patients. He was soon able to prove that all the mosquitoes of that particular kind fed on the blood of malaria patients became infected with the parasite which causes the fever.

The life-history of the parasite is difficult to follow, but it is sufficient for us to understand the general results gained so far; Malarial fever in man is due to a very minute parasite living in the blood. This parasite may go on living and multiplying in the blood of man for an indefinite time, unless it is killed by drugs, but it does not go through any further stage of its life-history, and cannot infect other human beings.

A mosquito biting an infected person receives some of the parasites into its own blood; there they go through a further stage of development, and, finally, the infected mosquito passes on the fully developed parasites to the next persons it bites, and these soon show symptoms of malarial fever.

But the last part of this story had still to be proved, and that no doubt might remain, an enthusiastic student of science, who had not been in a malarious country since his childhood, deliberately allowed himself to be bitten by infected mosquitoes brought to London from Rome. He took malaria, and the case was proved.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1911.

30. Memory.

Of the various faculties concerned in mental culture, one of the most important is that of memory. It is the office of this faculty to take up the materials of knowledge and lay them by for future reflection and use. It preserves them often unconsciously, and is capable of recalling them at will. The value of this power is inestimable. Without it the passing moment, the impression or sensation of the instant, would be the sum total of our intellectual life, and of our conscious being. The thoughts and events of life would fleet by us only like shadows in a mirror, leaving no permanent reflection or impression behind. The past would be a blank, as dark and as uncertain as the future. There could be no consciousness of continued existence, none of personal identity, for memory is our only voucher for the fact that we existed at any previous moment of our being. Memory is the treasure-house of the past. By it we are able to reproduce before the mental vision the scenes which have gladdened, and the thoughts which have ennobled us. Memory seizes the vision of the passing moment, fixes it upon the canvas, and hangs the picture in

the soul's inner chambers to be looked upon at will. By this power it was that to Milton in his blindness there came those voices of Euripides and Homer and Sappho, which he had treasured up in youth for the solace of his age, while in the shadowed years at Cripplegate he saw the April leaves tremble in his father's garden, and, when night had hushed the city's tumult, heard the song of the nightingales of Horton sounding through the gloom. It is related also of Niebuhr, the Oriental traveller, that, when old and blind, the pictures of his early years presented themselves vividly before him. The cloudless blue of the eastern heavens bent by day above his lovely head, and at night the southern constellations globed themselves for him in the sky. It is wisely ordered concerning this faculty that we are not so constituted as to remember everything alike. Memory is adjusted to the purposes of practical utility. That which is peculiarly interesting and important, or which powerfully excites our feelings, is most distinctly and permanently remembered. And yet we have a direct voluntary power over our attention, in virtue of which, by forcing it to consider any given object, we can impress it more deeply on our remembrance. The mightiest law of mental reproduction is that of association. One idea suggests another which has gone before it, and which is in some way associated with it in our minds. I enter again, after years of absence, my native town, and a thousand reminiscences of my boyhood crowd upon me. I look at the portrait of my dead or absent friend, and our communion lives again. I see the backs of my books in the ruddy firelight, and my study is peopled with the great thinkers of past ages. Like all other powers, memory may be cultivated, and like all other powers it gains strength by exercise.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1912.

31. Mr. Montagu's Defence of Bacon.

The grounds on which Mr. Montagu rests the case are two; the first, that the taking of presents was usual, and, what he seems to consider as the same thing, not discreditable; the second, that these presents were not taken as bribes.

Mr. Montagu brings forward many facts in support of his first proposition. He is not content with showing that many English judges formerly received gifts from suitors, but collects similar instances from foreign nations and ancient times. He goes back to the commonwealths of Greece, and attempts to press into his service a line of Homer and a sentence of Plutarch.

But is this a defence? We think not. Mr. Montagu has confounded two things which it is necessary carefully to distinguish from each other, if we wish to form a correct judgment of the characters of men of other countries and other times. That an immoral action is, in a particular society, generally considered as innocent, is a good plea for an individual who, being one of that society, and having adopted the notions which prevail among his neighbours, commits that action. But the circumstance that a great many people are in the habit of committing immoral actions is no plea at all. We should think it unjust to call St. Louis a wicked man, because in an age in which toleration was generally regarded as a sin, he persecuted heretics. But the circumstance that there are twenty thousand thieves in London, is no excuse for a fellow who is caught breaking into a shop. No man is to be blamed for not finding out that something which everybody else thinks to be good is really bad. But, if a man does that which he and all around him know to be bad, it is no excuse for him that many others have done the same.

Now to apply these principles to the case before us: let Mr. Montagu prove that, in Bacon's age, the practices for which Bacon was punished were generally considered as innocent and we admit that he has made out his point. But

this we defy him to do. That these practices were common we admit. But they were common just as all wickedness, to which there is strong temptation, always was and always will be common. They were common just as theft, cheating, perjury, adultery have always been common. They were common, not because people did not know what was right, but because people liked to do what was wrong. But, though common, they were universally allowed to be altogether unjustifiable; they were in the highest degree odious; and, though many were guilty of them, none had the audacity publicly to avow and defend them.

We could give a thousand proofs that the opinion then entertained concerning these practices was such as we have described. But we will content ourselves with calling a single witness, honest Hugh Latimer. His sermons, preached more than seventy years before the inquiry into Bacon's conduct, abound with the sharpest invectives against those very practices of which Bacon was guilty, and which, as Mr. Montagu seems to think, nobody ever considered as blameable till Bacon was punished for them. We shall select one passage as a specimen of the rest. "They all love bribes. Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged by the rich, either to give sentence against the poor, or to put off the poor man's cause. This is the noble theft of princes and magistrates. They are bribe-takers. Nowadays they call them gentle rewards. Let them leave their colouring, and call them by their Christian name—bribes."

This was not the language of a great philosopher who has made new discoveries in moral and political science. It was the plain talk of a plain man who sprang from the body of the people, and who boldly uttered their opinions. It is plain from the passage we have quoted, and from fifty others which we might quote, that, long before Bacon was born, the accepting of presents by a judge was known to be a wicked and a shameful act.

But why should we have recourse to any other evidence, when the proceeding against Lord Bacon is itself the best evidence on the subject? When Mr. Montagu tells us that we ought not to transfer the opinions of our age to Bacon's age, he appears altogether to forget that it was by men of Bacon's own age that Bacon was prosecuted, tried, convicted, and sentenced. Did they not know what their own opinions were? Did they not know whether they thought the taking of gifts by a judge a crime or not? Will any person say that the Commons, who impeached Bacon for taking gifts, and the Lords, who sentenced him for taking gifts, did not know that the taking of gifts was a crime? No one who is not prepared to maintain this absurd proposition can deny that Bacon committed what he knew to be a crime.

Mr. Montagu's other argument, namely, that Bacon though he took gifts did not take bribes, seems to us as futile as that which we have considered. Mr. Montagu attempts somewhat unfairly, we must say, to represent the presents which Bacon received as similar to the perquisites which suitors paid to the members of the Parliaments of France. The French magistrate had a legal right to his fee; and the amount of the fee was regulated by law. Whether this be a good mode of remunerating judges is not the question. But what analogy is there between payments of this sort and the presents which Bacon received, presents which were not sanctioned by law, which were not made under the public eye, and of which the amount was regulated only by private bargain between the magistrate and the suitor?

32. The Discovery of America.

On the morning of the 7th of October, 1492, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought that they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it lest he should be mistaken and forfeit all chance

of the reward. As they advanced, however, their hopes faded away, and before evening the promised land had again melted into air. In the evening, Columbus determined to alter his course to the south-west, the direction in which the birds they met generally flew, and to continue that direction for at least two days.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green as if recently from land.

All these signs of land not far off were, however, regarded by the crew as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They insisted on turning homeward and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies; and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere until by the blessings of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were, on the following day, such as no longer to admit a doubt. All gloom and mutiny gave way to sanguine expectation. Throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought for land. In the evening when the mariners had sung the Vesper Hymn, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them

across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. At sunset they stood again to the west and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night.

As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the round-house on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful countenance during the day, it was to him a time of most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1914.

33. The Greeks and Natural Beauty.

It was not from want of perceiving the beauty of external nature, but from a different way of perceiving it, that the Greeks have not turned their genius to portray, either in colour or in poetry, the outlines, the hues, and contrasts of all the fair valleys, and bold cliffs, and golden moons, and rosy dawns, which their beautiful country affords in lavish abundance.

Primitive people never, so far as I know, enjoy what is called the picturesque in nature. Wild forests, beetling cliffs, reaches of Alpine snow, are with them great hindrances to human intercourse, and difficulties in the way of agriculture. They are furthermore the homes of the enemies of mankind, of the eagle, the wolf or the tiger, and are most dangerous in times of earthquake or tempest. Hence the grand and striking features of nature are at first looked upon with fear and dislike.

I do not suppose the early Greeks differed in this respect from other people, except that the frequent occurrence of mountains and forests made agriculture peculiarly

different, and intercourse scanty, thus increasing their dislike for the apparently reckless waste in nature. We have even in Homer a similar feeling as regards the sea—the sea that proved the source of all their wealth, and the condition of most of their greatness. Before they had learned all this, they called it "the unvintageable brine," and looked upon its shore as merely so much waste land. We can, therefore, easily understand how, in the first beginning of Greek art, the representation of wild landscape would find no place, whereas fruitful fields did not suggest themselves as more than the ordinary background. Art in those days was struggling with material nature, to which it felt a certain antagonism.

There was nothing in the social circumstances of the Greeks to produce any revolution in this attitude during their greatest days. The Greek republics were small towns, where the pressure and fatigue of city life was not felt. The Greeks themselves were essentially townsmen, who never desired to see more of their country than its olives and its grapes. But as soon as the days of the Greek republics were over, and men began to congregate for imperial purposes into Antioch or Alexandria, or lastly, into Rome, then we see the effect of noise, and dust, and smoke, and turmoil breaking out into the natural longing for rural rest and retirement, so that from Alexander's day we find all kinds of authors—epic poets, lyrists, novelists, and preachers—agreeing in the praise of nature, its rich colours, and its varied sounds.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1916.

34. Last Days of Charles I.

Meanwhile, Charles was awaiting his certain fate with quiet dignity. Ever since the commencement of the trial he had been annoyed by the presence of soldiers drinking and smoking even in his bedroom. Colonel Tomlinson, who had a general superintendence over the arrangements for his

personal accommodation, was a man of humanity and discretion and did his best to check the insolence of the men; but Hacker, who commanded the soldiers, was less considerate. Yet even Hacker was induced, a few nights before the trial was ended, to leave the King's bedchamber free, and this particular form of insult was not repeated.

On the morning of the 29th, Charles burnt his papers, including the keys of his ciphered correspondence. His two youngest children were then admitted to see him for the last time. Both the children burst into tears when they met their father's eye. Charles took them on his knees, telling his daughter not to sorrow overmuch, as he was about to die a glorious death; "for the laws and liberties of this land and for maintaining the true Protestant religion." He then recommended her to "read Bishop Andrews' *Sermons*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher." As for himself, he added, he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped that God would also forgive them. He then charged his daughter to let her mother know "that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last." More followed of the outpourings of a father's heart, ending with an injunction to the girl to forgive those who were now bringing him to the scaffold, but never to trust them, "as they had been most false to him."

Charles had spoken to Elizabeth as to one come to years of discretion. He addressed his son in language suitable to his younger age. "Sweetheart" he said "now they will cut off thy father's head; mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say: You must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live: for they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at the last, and therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them." "I will sooner be torn in pieces first," cried the

gallant boy, gladdening his father's heart by his words. In the end Charles divided his jewels between the children, retaining only the George cut in onyx and surrounded by diamonds. After many tears and embracings he dismissed them both, returning to prayer in the company of Juxon and Herbert.

On the morning of the 30th, the day appointed for his execution, Charles rose early. Herbert told him that he had dreamt of Laud's coming to the room and kissing his old master's hand. Charles had no thoughts to waste upon dreams, and merely replied "It is remarkable."

"Herbert," he continued, "this is my second marriage day, I would be as trim to-day as may be." Then turning to things of earth—"Let me have," he said, "a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers may imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation: I fear not death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared."

Int. Ex. Mad. 1917.

35. Agricultural Improvement.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its fertility unavailing. Servitude indeed, in some of its modifications, has always been the great bar to improvement. In the Agricultural economy of Rome, the labouring husbandman, a menial slave of some wealthy senator, had not even that qualified interest in the soil which the tenure of villenage afforded to the peasant of feudal ages. Italy, therefore, a country presenting many natural impediments, was but imperfectly reduced into cultivation before the irruption of the barbarians. That revolution destroyed agriculture, with every other art, and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest regions of Europe unfruitful and desolate.

There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased; one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture; neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial rights in England and by the general tone of manners.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1918.

36. The Defeat of the Scottish Invaders near Carlisle.

But the English borderers were not the men to stand by quietly as soon as they recovered from their first alarm. There were no men-at-arms at hand; but the farmers and their farm-servants had but to snatch their arms and spring into their saddles, and they became at once "the Northern Horse," famed as the finest light cavalry in the known world. As the day grew on they gathered in tens and twenties. By the afternoon, Sir Thomas Wharton, Lord Dacres and Lord Musgrove had collected three or four hundred, who hovered above the Scots, cutting off the stragglers, and driving the scattered parties in upon the main body. Being without organisation and with no one to give orders, the Scots flocked together as they could, and their numbers added to their confusion. The cry rose for direction, and in the midst of the tumult at the most critical moment, Oliver Sinclair was proclaimed through the crowd as commander. Who was Sinclair? men asked. Every Scottish knight and gentleman felt himself and his kindred insulted. The evening was closing in; the attacks of the English became hotter; the tumult and the noise increased; and a new troop of English

horse showing themselves in the dusk on an unexpected side, a shout was raised that the Duke of Norfolk was upon them with his army of the Tweed. A moment's thought would have shown the Scots that Norfolk could not be within thirty miles: but his name caused a panic, and reflection was impossible. Few or none in the whole multitude knew the ground, and 10,000 men were blundering like sheep, in the darkness, back towards their own country.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1919.

37. James I.

James was always boasting of his skill in what he called king-craft; and yet it is hardly possible even to imagine a course more directly opposed to all the rules of king-craft than that which he followed. The policy of wise rulers has always been to disguise strong acts under popular forms. It was thus that Augustus and Napoleon established absolute monarchies, while the public regarded them merely as eminent citizens invested with temporary magistracies. The policy of James was the direct reverse of theirs. He enraged and alarmed his Parliament by constantly telling them that they held their privileges merely during his pleasure, and that they had no more business to enquire what he might lawfully do than what the Deity might lawfully do. Yet he quailed before them, abandoned minister after minister to their vengeance, and suffered them to tease him into acts directly opposite to his strongest inclinations. Thus the indignation excited by his claims and the scorn excited by his concessions went on growing together. By his fondness for worthless minions, and by the sanction which he gave to their tyranny and rapacity, he kept discontent constantly alive. His cowardice, his childishness, his pedantry, his ungainly person and manners, his provincial accent, made him an object of derision. Even in his virtues and accomplishments there was something eminently unkingly. Throughout the whole course of his reign, all the venerable associations by which

the throne had long been fenced were gradually losing their strength. During two hundred years all the sovereigns who had ruled England, with the single exception of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, had been strong minded, high spirited, courageous, and of princely bearing. Almost all had possessed abilities above the ordinary level. It was no light thing that, on the very eve of the decisive struggle between our Kings and their Parliaments, royalty should be exhibited to the world stammering, slobbering, shedding unmanly tears, trembling at a drawn sword, and talking in the style alternately of a buffoon and of a pedagogue.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1920.

38. Johnson's Attitude to Critics.

Of attacks on his writings Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary, because he was both intellectually and morally of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation, he was a singularly eager, acute and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for a good reason, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in hand his whole character seemed to be changed. A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, Macnicols and Hendersons did their best to annoy him in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to Macnicol or Henderson. He had learnt both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not

by what is written about them but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apophthegm of Bentley that no one was ever written down but by himself.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1921.

39. The Choice of Agents.

The choice of agents is a difficult matter, but any labour that you may bestow upon it is likely to be well repaid; for you have to choose persons for whose faults you are to be punished.

The best agents are to be found amongst those persons who have a strong sense of responsibility. Under this feeling a man will be likely to grudge no pains; he will pay attention to minute things; and, what is of more importance, he will prefer being considered ever so stupid rather than pretend to understand his orders before he does so.

You should behave to your subordinate agents in such a manner that they should not be afraid to be frank with you. They should be able to comment freely upon your directions, and may thus become your best counsellors. For those who are entrusted with the execution of any work are likely to see things which have been overlooked by the person who designed it, however sagacious he may be.

You must not interfere unnecessarily with your agents, as it gives them the habit of leaning too much; but it should always be one of the chief objects of a person in authority to train up those around him to do without him. He should try to give them some self-reliance.

With respect to those agents whom you employ to represent you, your inclination should be to treat them with hearty confidence. In justice to them, as well as for your

own sake, the limits which you lay down for their guidance should be precise. Within these limits you should allow them a large discretionary power.

The surest way to make agents do their work is to show them that their efforts are appreciated. For this purpose you should not only be careful in your promotions and rewards, but in your daily dealings with them, you should beware of making slight or haphazard criticisms on any of their proceedings. Your praise should not only be right in substance, but put upon the right foundation.

Int. Ex. Mad., Dec. 1921.

40. Cecil Rhodes.

Between 1878 and 1888 took place the struggle between Rhodes and his rivals for predominance in Kimberley. It had begun with small enterprises, the purchasing of adjoining claims, the undertaking of drainage work, the introduction of better machinery. It attracted more attention in 1880 with the founding of the first De Beers Company, named after a Boer who had owned the land on which the mine lay. It culminated in 1887 in the battle with Barnato, his most dangerous competitors, when by dexterous purchasing of shares in his rival's company Rhodes forced him into a final scheme of amalgamation. In 1888 was founded the great corporation of De Beers Consolidated mines. The masterful will of Rhodes dictated the terms of the Trust deed, giving very extensive power to the Directorate for the using of their funds. He was already laying his foundation, though few could then have guessed what imperial work was to be done with the money thus obtained. The process of amalgamation was not popular in Kimberley. It resulted in closing down many of the less profitable claims and in reducing the amount of labour employed. But it

brought in better machinery and it saved expenses of management. Above all, it curtailed the output of diamonds, and so kept up the market price in Europe and elsewhere. Many people refused to believe that Rhodes could have outmanœuvred a man of exceptional financial ability without using dishonourable means. But there is no doubt that it was masterful character which won the day, that strength of will which decides the issue at the critical moment. Many others have been prejudiced against him merely from the fact that he spent so much time and energy in the pursuit of "filthy lucre." We must remember that Rhodes himself said: "What's the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?" We must also remember that all witnesses of his life agree that the ideas were always foremost, the money a mere instrument to realise them. The story was told to Edmund Garrett by one of Rhodes's old Kimberley associates "how one day in those scheming years, deep in the sordid details of amalgamation, Rhodes ("always a bit of a crank"), suddenly put his hand over a great piece of No Man's Africa on the map and said, "Look here: all that British—that is my dream."

Int. Ex. Mad. 1924.

41. Peel and the Corn Laws.

That the manner in which he made the change did give great offence to his followers, there is no room to doubt. Peel was naturally reserved in manner and in his Cabinet he occupied a position of such unquestioned superiority that he had no need of advice to make up his mind, and was apt to keep matters in his own hand. Whether he was preparing to consult his colleagues or not, the Irish potato famine forced his hand before he had done so. When in November 1845 he made suddenly in the Cabinet a definite proposal to suspend the duties on corn, only three members supported him. Year after year Peel had opposed the motion brought in by Mr. Villiers for repeal: only those who had

been studying the situation as closely as Peel and with as clear a vision—and they were few—could understand this sudden declaration of a change of policy. After holding four Cabinet councils in one week, winning over some waverers, but still failing to get a unanimous vote, he expressed a wish to resign. But the Whigs, owing to personal disagreements, could not form a ministry and Queen Victoria asked Peel to retain office: it was evident that he alone could carry through the measure which he believed to be so urgent, and he steeled himself to face the breach with his own party. As Lord John Russell had already pledged the Whigs to repeal, the issue was no longer in doubt; but Peel was not to win the victory without heavy cost. Disraeli, who had been offended at not being given a place in the ministry in 1841, came forward, rallied the agricultural interest, and attacked his leader in a series of bitter speeches, opening old sores, and charging him with having for the second time broken his pledges and betrayed his party. The Protectionists could not defeat the Government. In the Commons the Whig votes ensured a majority: in the Lords the influence of Wellington triumphed over the resistance of the more obstinate landowners. The Bill passed its third reading by ninety-eight votes.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1925.

42. The Duties of Women.

There are a few common phrases in circulation respecting the duties of women to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman

is the sick chamber;" "Nothing so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of Noodledom, are grown into commonplaces upon the subject, and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections: but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister, and brother, if they want it: it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations; when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion and every other virtue are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night: and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education. Then, again, as to the notoriety which is incurred by literature. The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from

its publication; nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author merely because she has talent enough for it. We do not wish a lady to write books—to defend and reply—to squabble about the tomb of Achilles or the plain of Troy—any more than we wish her to dance at the opera, to play at a public concert, or to put pictures in the Exhibition, because she has learned music, dancing and drawing. The great use of her knowledge will be that it contributes to her private happiness. She may make it public; but it is not the principal object which the friends of female education have in view. Among men, the few who write bear no comparison to the many who read. We hear most of the former, indeed, because they are, in general, the most ostentatious part of literary men; but there are innumerable persons who, without ever laying themselves before the public, have made use of literature to add to the strength of their understandings, and to improve the happiness of their lives. After all, it may be an evil for ladies to be talked of: but we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Hamilton are talked of, may bear their misfortunes with a very great degree of Christian patience.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1926.

43. The Depressed Classes.

It is sometimes alleged by advanced politicians that the old prejudice against the uplift of the outcastes has almost entirely passed away, and that the difficulties of the problem are negligible. This, like many other asseverations made while responsibility rested on British administration, will now be put to practical test. The test will be the more severe, since these classes for various reasons will have little representation on the Provincial Councils. A correspondent who has carefully studied the statistical aspect of this question, has furnished a table, which shows

that in Bihar and Orissa, the depressed classes, while forming one-third of the population, have been allotted one seat out of 103; in Bengal where they are 25 per cent. of the population, one of the 139 seats; etc.

In Madras, where five seats have been allotted to the depressed classes, the problem is of special importance, for the Parayas, Pallas, Malars, Madigas, Holiyas and others form the great proportion of the population known as Panchamas, a name to which their leaders take exception, since it means "fifth Class". Lord Willingdon's Government have paid special attention to the disabilities suffered by these people on account of their "birth's invidious bar" under the caste system. In the spring of 1919 instructions were issued to the Director of Public Instruction to take all practical steps to ensure the admission of Panchamas to schools under public management, and also to aided schools.

The difficulties in the way of giving practical effect to such orders, in spirit as well as in letter, are brought out in the reports received by Government from the local authorities, and the Director of Public Instruction, as to the measures taken, up to the close of 1919, to give effect to the Government orders. For the most part the reports come from the unofficial chairmen of municipalities, a large proportion being Brahmins, and it is noteworthy that many of them have a strong preference for separate institutions for Panchamas. In some cases it is alleged that objections do not rest on caste considerations. "There could be no hindrance from any section of the people for admission of Panchamas in either Secondary or Elementary schools" writes one chairman quaintly, "if only boys can comport themselves along with others in a little neat appearance."

In questions of this kind much depends upon the spirit of the administration. It is an encouraging sign that the Madras Corporation, as befits its leadership in the civic life

of Southern India, resolved nearly three years ago that the doors of every Corporation model school in the City should be thrown open to all children.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1927.

44. The First Principle of Education.

The great matter is not to spoil the mind by forcing on it thoughts which it is not fit to receive. We know well that in men, as well as in other animals, the body is rendered comparatively small and feeble by being heavily loaded, or hard worked, before it arrives at size and strength proportioned to such load and such work. It is just so with the mind: the attempt to put old heads on young shoulders is just as unreasonable as it would be to expect a colt six months old to be able to carry a man. The mind, as well as the body, requires time to come to its strength; and the way to have it possess at last its natural strength is not to attempt to load it too soon; and to favour it in its progress by giving to the body good and plentiful food, sweet air, and abundant exercise, accompanied with as little discontent or uneasiness as possible. It is universally known that ailments of the body are, in many cases, sufficient to destroy the mind, and to debilitate it in innumerable instances. It is equally well known that the torments of the mind are, in many cases, sufficient to destroy the body. This then being so well known, is it not the first duty of a father to secure to his children, if possible, sound and strong bodies?

I am to speak presently of that sort of learning which is derived from books, and which is a matter by no means to be neglected, or to be thought little of, seeing that it is the road not only to fame, but to the means of doing great good to one's neighbour and to one's country and thereby of adding to those feelings which are, in other words, our happiness. But notwithstanding this, I must here insist,

and endeavour to impress my opinions upon the mind of every father that his children's happiness ought to be his first object, that book-learning if it endanger this happiness ought to be disregarded; and that as to money, as to fortune, as to rank and title, the father who thinks of them more than of the happiness of his children is a great criminal. Who is there, having lived to the age of thirty years, and having the ordinary capacity for observation; who is there, being of this description, who is not convinced of the inadequacy of riches and what are called honours to ensure happiness?

Int. Ex. Mad., Sept. 1927.

45. The Thunder-storm.

Nothing appears to me more remarkable than the array of scenic magnificence by which the imagination is appalled, in myriads of instances, when the actual danger is comparatively small; so that the utmost possible impression of awe should be produced upon the minds of all, though direct suffering is inflicted upon few. Consider, for instance, the moral effect of a single thunder-storm. Perhaps two or three persons may be struck dead within a space of a hundred square miles; and their deaths, unaccompanied by the scenery of the storm, would produce little more than a momentary sadness in the busy hearts of living men. But the preparation for the Judgment, by all that mighty gathering of the clouds; by the questioning of the forest leaves, in their terrified stillness, which way the winds shall go forth; by the murmuring to each other, deep in the distance, of the destroying angels before they draw forth their swords of fire; by the march of the funeral darkness in the midst of the noon-day, and the rattling of the dome of heaven beneath the chariot-wheels of death:—on how many minds do not these produce an impression almost as great as the actual witnessing of the

fatal issue! and how strangely are the expressions of the threatening elements fitted to the apprehension of the human soul! The lurid colour, the long, irregular, convulsive sound, the ghastly shapes of flaming and heaving cloud, are all as true and faithful in their appeal to our instinct of danger, as the moaning or wailing of the human voice itself is to our instinct of pity. It is not a reasonable calculating terror which they awake in us; it is no matter that we count distance by seconds, and measure probability by averages. That shadow will still do its work upon our hearts, and we shall watch its passing away as if we stood in the presence of the destroying angel.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1928.

46. The Papworth Village Settlement.

"Hope and work create vitality." This motto for the tubercular met my eye at Papworth Village Settlement near Cambridge. We might all take it to heart. If a colony of two hundred and fifty consumptives, managed by consumptives, can turn out £50,000 worth of articles for sale in a year and establish a claim to be the happiest village in England, it is surely an example for us all.

"The most perfect scheme of its kind I have ever seen" is the verdict of H. M. the King, and doctors and social workers from all over the world endorse this expert praise of Papworth. Here there is hope and health and reasonable prosperity for the broken men and women among us. Here the sick may rise instead of sinking in their own esteem. Here is a successful experiment alike in medicine and in social economics.

Tuberculosis is a subtle thing. Lack of a lung is not like lack of an arm or leg, but worse, for the handicap is hidden. Those who come in contact with the sufferer cannot be expected to know of the inner struggle which affects

both character and temperament, of the alternations between exaltation and depression, of the easily tiring vitality of the average patient, and of the immense energy and enthusiasm he releases for a time in certain circumstances, making him not less, but more vital than the normal. The consumptive, in short, does not receive the sympathy and understanding which are his due.

The sufferer from "T.B." cannot stand the racket of long hours and nervous strain, but if his circumstances are assured and his hours of work not over-long, he is capable of an output equal in quality to that of his more fortunate brother. Yet what is the average consumptive to do? If he is poor, he becomes a charge on the State. If he is rich, he often becomes a hopeless invalid, and in any case withdraws from other employment the energy and love of those on whom he depends. Left to struggle in the incomprehending outside world, the danger of breakdown is ever at the consumptive's elbow. Only in rare cases can those who are handicapped in one of the most central of the processes of life—the functions of the lungs—win through by themselves to happiness and independence. At Papworth the right conditions are found for such people and a place in the world where they are desired and desirable and therefore content. Such a place we all want, and should have.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1929.

47. The Renaissance and Printing.

About the middle of the fifteenth century Europe was thoroughly awake. What caused the awakening? It was brought about by the rediscovery of the Classics, especially of the writings of the Greeks. A few Greek teachers had come to western Europe before 1400, but when in 1453 the Turks captured Constantinople, they fled with their precious

manuscripts, and spread over all the western lands. In the Classics men found a new spirit far different from that of the Middle Ages. Everywhere was a desire to study this newly-revealed knowledge, and the teachers of Greek were deluged with pupils. It is impossible for us now to realize what this revelation meant to the men of the time. The Renaissance (or re-birth), as this awakening was called, quickly spread through Europe, and manifested itself in many ways. In it the modern world was born, with its science, its inventions, its curiosity and love of experiment.

As the Renaissance reached its period of full flowering, there came an invention which immensely aided the spread of the new ideas, the invention of printing. In the Middle Ages, since all books were copied by hand, they were rare and costly. An Italian writer records that when, in the early days of the Renaissance, an Italian Prince, Cosimo De' Medici, wished to make a library, he had to employ forty-five scribes for twenty-two months to make two hundred books. But after 1460 the invention of printing made a plentiful supply of cheap books possible. The first books were printed from solid blocks of wood on which the letters were cut in relief; but soon movable type was invented. Printing-presses were established in the cities of Italy, France, the Netherlands, and England. Printed books of all kinds were poured out from them, Bibles, grammars, dictionaries, copies of the works of the classical authors, pamphlets, and poems. Some were great, expensive folios, which only the rich could buy, but even these were cheaper and more plentiful than the hand-copied books had been. As time went on cheap editions became common, so that all who could read could possess copies of the works of the writers of Greece and Rome. No wonder, with this invention to aid it, that the new ideas spread all over Europe.

48. A Captain and his Ship.

There is no custom, barbaric or other, which ordains that a captain should go down with his ship. The tradition is, and it is both proper and honourable, that a captain should be the last to leave the ship. That merely means that it is his duty that every one on board should have a chance of being saved before he leaves and that nothing more can be done for the vessel. There is no "barbaric custom" about that.

There is something in it, none the less. It is beyond doubt that some recent incidents have tended to encourage the idea that a captain should go down with his ship. Cases, in which masters have remained on the bridge after everything possible had been done for passengers and ship, have been greeted with popular applause.

And, of course, we can all understand that under the emotion of so terrible an occasion, a captain may feel that his own life is bound up with that of the ship he commanded, and that he must pass with the passing of his vessel. We can appreciate and sympathize with such a feeling arising out of an overwhelming and tragic strain. But it is not, therefore, necessarily justified, and certainly any custom that may spring from it ought to be resolutely resisted rather than encouraged.

The plain duty of a captain is to save all the lives entrusted to his care and then to save himself. He owes this to his own memory, for however far beyond criticism and reproach his action may have been, no one can justify it in the eyes of the world as the man himself could do.

There is a public reason for discountenancing any idea that a skipper should go down with his ship. The captain knows best what has happened, and he, presumably, is best able to set forth the lessons of his terrible experience so

that others may be warned and perhaps saved. Such a consideration imposes upon captains, very obviously, the duty of saving themselves.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1930.

49. Self-Pity.

It is not wrong to be attacked by self-pity any more than it is wrong to have a cold in the head—both are the result of some sort of disorganization of the frame. What is wrong, in both cases, is to allow oneself to be incapacitated by it. What would help many people out of the self-pitying condition would be to realize how ugly and ill-mannered and boring a thing it may become. A display of tragic grief at a moment of mental agony is a very impressive thing; but one cannot be harassed beyond a certain point; and the complacent display of artificial misery is as objectionable a thing in the moral world as is the habit of incessant sniffing in the physical region. It may be very comfortable to sniff if one feels inclined; but what sniffers do not realize is that instead of evoking sympathy, they evoke nothing but a sort of contemptuous irritation in others.

Christ advised people who were tempted to parade their prayerfulness in public, to go home and shut the door; the same applies to genuine grief, and far more to indulged grief. Of course no one who has had much experience thinks that the world is a wholly easy or comfortable place; but by indulging self-pity, one lessens rather than increases one's capacity for endurance. A century ago it was the fashion for a certain type of woman to faint as much as possible in public, and a power of unlimited swooning was a matter of pardonable pride. But when it became clear that other people were frankly bored by having to attend to rigid females, the tendency died out, to reappear in subtler

forms. To indulge self-pity is not only an abnegation of courage; it is an insult to the great, interesting, exciting world. If life means anything, it means that we have the chance of a certain amount of experience, and a certain length of road to cover if we will.

But if we take our seat by the roadside, our face covered by our hands, shaking with sobs, to excite the interest and sympathy of other pilgrims, we run the risk of delaying too long, and at last, when we uncover our besmeared countenance, we shall find that the pilgrims are out of sight, and shall have to trot after them in the twilight in a very helpless and humiliating fashion, when we might have walked in true company, and had the pleasure of honest talk and pretty prospects by the way.

Int. Ex. Mad. 1931.

9 H T.

50. Superstitions.

There are hundreds of superstitions which survive in various parts of the country, and the study of them is rather amusing. We are told, for example, that it is unlucky to point to the new moon or to look at it through glass, but if we bow nine times to it we shall have a lucky month!

Nearly all superstitions are concerned with "luck." Good luck is associated with black cats, horseshoes, the finding of a pin, the threepenny bit in the Christmas pudding, the old shoe flung at a wedding party, and the dark man who is the first to step over the door-step on New Year's Day. Ill luck is associated with the howling of dogs, the spilling of salt, the crossing of knives, sitting down thirteen to a table, meeting a cross-eyed woman, walking under a ladder, the falling of a picture from the wall, the breaking of a mirror, and scores of other things.

When the fire is reluctant to burn, a servant-girl will often place a poker upright before the bars. She does not

know why she does it: she has seen her mother and grandmother do it. But centuries ago a sulky fire was attributed to witchcraft, and the upright poker against the bars (which made the sign of the cross) was thought to have power to destroy the evil spell.

Now suppose you tell a scientist that you believe a certain superstition—let us say, that the howling of a dog is a sign of death. The scientist will immediately require evidence before he can accept your belief. He will want figures to prove it. It will be useless to quote two or three cases: he will want hundreds. He will want also to know (*a*) if it ever happens that the howling of dogs is not followed by a death, (*b*) if every person's death is predicted by the howling of dogs. The answer to the former question is in the affirmative, and to the latter in the negative. Your superstition will not bear investigation. It may impress an ignorant person, but it cannot face the light of facts. Your case would not carry conviction in a court of law.

Apart from this process of testing by results, however, any intelligent man will want to know the "reason why." What connection can there be between a howling dog and an approaching death? Can it be cause and effect? Can it be that the dog has a gift of foreseeing such events? Or is the dog the instrument employed by some uncanny power that moves invisibly in our midst?

Int. Ex. Mad., Sept. 1932.

CHAPTER XVI

EXERCISES IN EXPANSION

[A page, or, at most, a page and a half of ordinary handwriting, is the length usually prescribed for an Expansion. Sometimes only a paragraph of, say, half a page, may be required. Care should be taken not to exceed the length prescribed. Of the exercises that follow, the first thirty have been set during the last ten years by the Madras University for the Intermediate Examination.]

1. An honest man's the noblest work of God.
2. Flattery is the food of fools.
3. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
4. When Adam dolve and Eve span,
 Who was then the gentleman?
5. Manners maketh man.
6. The stuff of which life is made is Time.
7. If you would love mankind you should not expect too much from them.
8. To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.
9. A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.
10. Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
11. Dispatch is the soul of business, and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method.
12. Riches have wings and sometimes fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.
13. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

14. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
15. Kind hearts are more than coronets.
16. Property hath its duties as well as its rights.
17. Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
18. How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
19. Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
20. Penny wise and Pound foolish.
21. Ill doers are ill dreaders.
22. Cowards die many times before their deaths.
23. All is not gold that glitters.
24. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.
25. Through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.
26. Failures are with heroic minds the stepping stones to success.
27. Negligence is the rust of the soul that corrodes through all her best resolves.
28. He who most studies his content wants it most.
29. The more hurry the less speed.
30. A stitch in time saves nine.
31. Example is more powerful than precept.
32. Fortune favours the brave.
33. Necessity has no law.
34. A fault confessed is half redressed.
35. Fools make a mock of sin.
36. Hunger is the best sauce.

37. Enjoyment consists more in action than in possession.

38. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

39. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

40. Refinement is a national benefit.

41. To be good is to be happy.

42. The love of money is the root of all evil.

43. Familiarity breeds contempt.

44. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

45. Idle young men make needy old ones.

46. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.

47. Necessity is the mother of Invention.

48. Habit is second nature.

49. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

50. Knowledge is power.

51. Idleness is the rust of the mind.

52. Rome was not built in a day.

53. Patience and perseverance will overcome mountains.

54. The useful and the beautiful are never apart.

55. Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow.

56. No pains, no gains.

57. Bad workmen complain of their tools.

58. Nothing venture nothing have.

59. One good turn deserves another.

60. It never rains but it pours.

61. Look before you leap.

62. He who tries to please everybody pleases nobody.

63. As you sow, so must you reap.

64. Good wine needs no bush.

65. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

66. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

67. There is a tide in the affairs of men.

68. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

69. The perfection of art is to conceal art.

70. Prudence will thrive where Genius would starve.

71. New brooms sweep clean.

72. Grasp all, lose all.

73. Cut your coat according to your cloth.

74. What can't be cured must be endured.

75. Experience is the best school.

76. Waste not, want not.

77. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

78. Many men, many minds.

79. Do unto others as you would be done by.

80. Wisdom is better than rubies.

81. Even the wicked hate wickedness.

82. One swallow does not make a summer.

83. Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent.

84. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

85. Wise men never sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

86. Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

87. Noble minds should ever keep with their likes.

88. Beauty is Truth—Truth Beauty.

89. Every braggart shall be found an ass.
90. Brevity is the soul of wit.
91. Fore-warned is fore-armed.
92. Conscience makes cowards of us all.
93. The apparel oft proclaims the man.
94. The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
95. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
96. The path of duty is the way to glory.
97. Birds of a feather flock together.
98. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.
99. The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.
100. Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

CHAPTER XVII

EXERCISES IN ESSAY-WRITING

[The following subjects are suggested for essay work. As many different essays as possible should be written on each subject, with due regard to variety of style and treatment. Wherever an essay by a well-known writer is mentioned in brackets after a subject, the student should make it a point to read that essay, but only *after* he has written one himself. Only the name of the essayist is given when the subject of the essay suggested for reading is identical with that set for writing. The essays mentioned may be found either in the complete Works of the authors named, or in the books named in the footnotes. These may perhaps be easier for the student to secure.]

1. Fame (The instability of human glory—*Defoe*. The instability of worldly grandeur—*Goldsmith*).
2. A day in the country.
3. Village humour.
4. Advertising (*Johnson*[1]).
5. An Election (*Goldsmith*).
6. Town Cries (The cries of London—*Addison*[1]).
7. Lotteries (*Johnson*[1]).
8. A Wedding.
9. If I were a millionaire.
10. If I were the Viceroy.
11. If I were Chairman of the Municipality.
12. If I were President of the District Board.
13. If I were a member of the Legislative Council.

[1] The Age Revealed, ed. by C. James, Nelson's Teaching of English series.

14. If I were Minister for Education.
15. If I were Minister for Health.
16. Superstition (*Steele*[1]).
17. The Motor Bus. (The Stage Coach—*Washington Irving*[2]).
18. Gipsies (*Addison*[3]).
19. A cricket match (*Mary Russel Mitford*[2]).
20. Conjurers (The conjurer—*E. V. Lucas*[2]).
21. Jugglers. (Indian Jugglers—*William Hazlitt*).
22. The Adventures of a Rupee (The adventures of a shilling—*Addison*).
23. Book-worms.
24. Health.
25. Ugliness (A defence of ugliness—*Steele*[3]).
26. Fashionable affectations (*Steele*[3]).
27. Good humour (*Steele*[3]).
28. Independence (*Steele*[3]).
29. Conversation (*Steele*[3]).
30. A sunset.
31. A thunderstorm.
32. An eclipse.
33. A railway station.
34. A lighthouse.
35. A picnic.

[1] The Age Revealed, ed. by C. James, Nelson's Teaching of English series.

[2] Narrative Essays and Sketches, ed. by Treble and Vallins, Harrap.

[3] Selected Essays of Richard Steele—Macmillan & Co.

36. Handsome is that handsome does (Popular fallacies —*Lamb*).
37. Popularity (*A. Clutton-brock,* from Essays on Life).
38. Party spirit (*Addison*).
39. Good books and bad books (*Augustine Birrell*).
40. Travel (*Bacon*[4]).
41. Walking tours (*R. L. Stevenson*[4]).
42. Early rising (Popular fallacies—*Lamb*[4]; On getting up of cold mornings—*Leigh Hunt*[4]).
43. Astrology.
44. Music.
45. Novel-reading.
46. Memory.
47. Patriotism.
48. Blindness.
49. Poverty.
50. Friendship (*Lord Avebury; A. Clutton-brock*).
51. Heroism (*R. W. Emerson*).
52. Idleness (*Montaigne*[5]).
53. Constancy (*Montaigne*[5]).
54. Greatness (*Abraham Cowley*[5]).
55. Recollections of childhood (*Steele*[5]).
56. Love of country (National prejudices—*Goldsmith*[5]).
57. Gifts (*Mary E. Coleridge*[5]).
58. Darkness (*Robert Lynd*[5]).
59. Nationalism.

[4] A book of Essays, ed. by H. Barnes, Harrap.

[5] Essays and Essayists, ed. by Newbolt, Nelson T. E. S. series.

60. Newspapers.
61. Jealousy.
62. Exploration.
63. Ghost stories (*Addison*[6]).
64. Riches (*Bacon*[6]).
65. Anger (*Bacon*[6]).
66. Revenge (*Johnson*[6]).
67. Poor relations (*Lamb*[6]).
68. Imagination (The pleasures of imagination—*Addison*[6]).
69. Oblivion (*Sir Thomas Browne*[6]).
70. Prayer.
71. The dignity of labour.
72. Private theatricals.
73. Democracy.
74. Strikes.
75. Bores.
76. Castles in the air (*R. B. Cunninghame Graham*[7]).
77. Absent-mindedness.
78. Work (The pleasures of work—*A. C. Benson*[7]).
79. Fruits (Golden fruit—*A. A. Milne*[7]).
80. Books (My books—*George Gissing*).
81. Nonsense (Masters of Nonsense—*Holbrook Jackson*[7]).
82. The pleasures of reading.
83. My greatest friend.
84. My favourite author.

[6] Essays of Yesterday, ed. by Treble and Vallins, Harrap.

[7] Essays of Today, ed. by F. H. Pritchard, Harrap.

85. My favourite book.
86. My favourite poem.
87. Stupid people.
88. The happy life.
89. Heredity.
90. Illusions.
91. Mimicry.
92. The monsoon.
93. Indoor games.
94. Solitude.
95. Military training.
96. The choice of a profession.
97. Fools.
98. The appreciation of Poetry.
99. Laughter.
100. The importance of trifles.

CHAPTER XVIII

EXERCISES IN LETTER-WRITING

I. PRIVATE LETTERS

[As the tone of a letter must be suited to the person for whom it is intended, more than one letter may be written on each of the subjects given below. They would of course have to be addressed to different persons. Thus, on the subject of *Life at College*, letters might be composed, one (let us say) to a parent, another to a friend, yet another to the Headmaster of a previous school or college, a fourth to a married sister living in another district, a fifth to a brother at an English University, and so on. Each of the following subjects may therefore be utilised for a number of letters to different persons. The student should attempt to make each letter as bright, as vivid, as lively, and as entertaining as possible.]

1. Life at College.
2. A cricket match.
3. A railway journey.
4. Your ambition in life.
5. Account of a debate you took part in.
6. About some of your friends.
7. Some stupid people who annoy you.
8. A picnic.
9. The death of a friend.
10. A walk round the town.
11. Some of your troubles.
12. A college theatrical performance in which you took a part.
13. An illness.

14. Account of an excursion.
15. A quarrel with one of your friends.
16. An accident that you witnessed.
17. An accident that happened to you.
18. The monsoon (to one who has no idea of what a monsoon is).
19. A wedding you attended.
20. A fair.
21. An Exhibition.
22. The Police Sports.
23. College Day Celebrations.
24. Plans for the holidays.
25. Life in a city.
26. Life in a village.
27. A cinema film that made an impression on you.
28. A dramatic performance you witnessed.
29. A book that you recently read.
30. A poem that has impressed you.
31. Your favourite author.
32. Success at an examination.
33. The award of a prize or scholarship.
34. Failure.
35. A hockey tournament.
36. Life at a hill station.
37. A football tournament.
38. How you spent your holidays.
39. A sea-voyage.
40. A fire.
41. The difficulty of securing a job.
42. Fashions in dress.

43. Prayer.
44. A walk in the country.
45. A musical entertainment.
46. The events of a week.
47. A thunderstorm.
48. A tea-party.
49. Bad luck.
50. Attempts at early rising.

II. BUSINESS LETTERS.

[The Advertisements given below are suggested as starting points in a correspondence between yourself and the Advertiser. In each case write at least two letters, one to, and the other from the Advertiser.]

WANTED AN ASSISTANT EDITOR for "The Hyderabad Bulletin." Previous experience on first class daily newspaper essential. One who can report sports will be preferred. Apply stating minimum salary required to the Managing Editor, "Hyderabad Bulletin."

SECUNDERABAD (Deccan).

M-135.

WANTED EXPERIENCED TRAVELLER for an Educational Books Publishing House. State qualifications and age. B. G. P., c/o "The Hindu." 162.

WANTED EXPERIENCED FIELD WRITER for 400 acre Division of Tea Estate in healthy District. Only well recommended men need apply. Company employ and good prospects. Apply: Box No. M-150, c/o "The Hindu." M-150.

WANTED A SHORTHAND-TYPIST. None but those who have passed the higher tests and possess previous experience need apply.

NEW INDIA ASSURANCE Co., Ltd.,

161 4 & 5, First Line Beach, Madras.

WANTED A BILLIARD MARKER. Apply to *The Hon. Secretary*, COSMOPOLITAN CLUB, Madras. 156

WANTED FOR WEST COAST FIRM, young energetic qualified Indian Accountant, graduate preferred. Must be good English correspondent. Starting salary Rs. 150 per mensem. Provident Fund. Apply Box No. M-113, c/o "The Hindu." M-113.

SITUATION REQUIRED.—FIRST CLASS MATHEMATICS GRADUATE (Hons.) will undertake private tuition and coaching of young students of lower secondary and high school forms in Madras City, in English, Arithmetic, Math., Science, etc. Write for services to: 'Z', c/o "The Hindu," Mount Road. 3410

WANTED APPLICATIONS from duly qualified persons for Telugu Pandit's post. Salary Rs. 40 per mensem. Apply, Chairman, Nandyal Municipality.

M-3173

WANTED AN ASSISTANT PHOTOGRAPHER for developing and printing. Salary Rs. 75. A Malayalee who has read up to School Final preferred. Apply: M-36, c/o "The Hindu." M-36.

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED from candidates possessing B.Sc., B.A. (Hons.), or M.A., degrees in Physics or Chemistry for appointments as Assistants in the Chemistry Section of the Agricultural Research Institute, Coimbatore, in the scale of Rs. 85—5—120. Qualifications being equal preference will be given to Muhammadans, Anglo-Indians or Christians or Non-Asiatics.

2. Applications should be addressed to the Agricultural Chemist, Lawley Road, P.O., Coimbatore.

WANTED QUALIFIED COMPOUNDER with estate experience. Salary Rs. 60 inclusive. Apply MANAGER, Gabetta Estate, Katary P.O., Nilgiris.

394

ASSISTANT wanted for European General Store, one used to Tailoring and Outfitting. Apply giving age, experience, etc., to Box No. 87, c/o "The Madras Mail."

427

A VACANCY occurs for an experienced European Manager for a developing Tea Estate in S. India. Applicants must possess fullest qualifications and be capable of recruiting Tamil labour. Apply Box No. 74, c/o "The Madras Mail."

375

REQUIRED two trained European Catholic Teachers for Junior Cambridge Class and Standards II and III; also Music Teachers to teach up to Licentiate, on the hills. Apply Box No. 56, c/o "The Madras Mail."

TO LET FURNISHED.—LOWER self-contained flat in Kilpauk, well built and compact, English baths, suitable for Chummery (3) or married couple. Available 1st April for six months or longer. Rent Rs. 150. Apply Box No. 73, c/o "The Madras Mail."

373

NEAR OOTACAMUND. NEXT SEASON, furnished house. Three bed rooms, dining room, drawing room, hall, English baths and sanitation, hot and cold water laid on, own E. light, Garage, two stables, five godowns. No taxes. Ten minutes from Golf house by car. Apply Box No. 67, c/o "The Madras Mail." 336

WANTED FOR THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL for Women and Children, Vizagapatam, one Staff Nurse, fully qualified with midwifery training. Pay Rs. 50, and Rs. 20 Board Allowance, per mensem with free furnished quarters. Apply Superintendent.

BOOKS BY POST.—Any Book required forwarded by return of Post. Ask for my free catalogue of Publishers' Remainders. Books in new condition as first published, but now offered at Bargain Prices. Remittances must accompany all orders. P.O.'s payable G.P.O.—Henry J. Glaisher, Book-seller, 55 and 57B, Wigmore-street, London, W.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY BRANCH MANAGERS. Salary Rs. 75 p.m., with expenses. Cash Deposit Rs. 200 essential. Apply, with Anna Stamp, Post Box 137, Madras.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS by Post securely packed and insured. Every make of record. Every title in stock. All possible accessories. Lists and terms free.—Gramophone Exchange, 29, New Oxford-street, London, England.

TYPEWRITERS.—Bargains in all makes, sale, hire, repair, exchange: also duplicators, adders, calculators—Taylor's, 74 Chancery-lane (Holborn end), London, W.C.2.

COLOUR PRINTS from Pictures by Corot, Turner, Rossetti, and Wm. Blake.—Printed and published by F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke-square, W.8. List free.

KOTAGIRI. Wanted paying guests in private house. Beautiful situation. Modern Sanitation. Apply Box No. 78, c/o "The Madras Mail."

KODAIKANAL. Two bedrooms with one bathroom in between. Suit three friends. Full board. Low terms for lengthy period. Good table. Central. Apply Guests, c/o "The Madras Mail."

BABY AUSTIN, run 4,000 miles, almost new. Price Rs. 1,500 or near offer. COMMERCIAL CREDIT CORPN. LTD., Mount Road, Madras. 391

BABY AUSTIN, four-seater, in good running order. Apply "A. P. N. R." c/o Parry & Co., Ltd., Madras. 425

NORTON 4.98 h.p. Motor Cycle Combination, 1928 model Requires new piston. Any reasonable offer accepted. Apply Box No. 88, c/o "The Madras Mail." 431

WANTED a qualified Motor driver and mechanic on pay not exceeding Rs. 35 per mensem. Apply with copies of testimonials before the 30th instant to the SUPERINTENDENT, Government Industrial School, Bellary. 444

CHAPTER XIX

EXERCISES IN DIALOGUE-WRITING

[The student is advised to begin by turning passages in prose into the dialogue form, as shown in Example 1, Chapter 13, (Part II, Page 321). Some of the passages set for epitomisation in Chapter XVI, may be selected for this purpose.

In the writing of imaginary dialogues on given subjects the student should, in the first place, set the scene as vividly as possible in a few words. In doing so he should take care to select appropriate occasions or likely spots for his conversations, as this makes for reality. The more real and convincing his work seems, the nearer it approaches true art. For example, a conversation on *Ambitions in Life,* in which two or three friends take part, might appropriately enough take place in a College Reading-room, or during a walk, or on the playground after games, or at the house of one of the persons talking, say, after tea. *Superstitions* might be discussed during a moonlight stroll. A talk on the subject of *Death* would seem most natural in a cemetery, especially if introduced by one of the persons mentioning the recent loss of a friend or near relative; and so on. The important thing is to make the dialogue spirited and natural and as true to life as possible.]

Write a dialogue between two or three friends on:—

1. Ambitions in life.
2. The choice of a profession.
3. The best way of doing national service.
4. Fashions in dress.
5. Their favourite authors.
6. Happiness.
7. The importance of trifles.

8. Death.
9. Social Reform.
10. Heroism.
11. Different kinds of novels.
12. Greatness.
13. The difficulty of getting a job.
14. Students and Politics.
15. Superstitions.

Further dialogues may be written with the help of the following suggestions:—

16. Between brother and sister, the latter advocating the rights of women and claiming equal privileges with men, the former protesting against such equality.

17. Between a wise man and a fool on the subject of life's opportunities.

18. Between two or three servants on their respective masters. (A good scene for this would be the market-place.)

19. Between teacher and pupil. The latter has been detected in mischief. At first he denies, then acknowledges and promises to amend.

20. Between doctor and patient. The patient fancies he is ill. The doctor frightens him by suggesting an operation and at last sends him off with a harmless mixture. The Doctor of course knows all the time that there is nothing wrong with the man.

21. Between doctor and lawyer, about which is the better profession. They come to blows. The lawyer has to summon a doctor, and the doctor a lawyer to settle matters.

22. Between two fathers who mention the hopes they are building on their children.

23. Between a householder and a burglar whom the former has surprised. The latter pleads a starving family and tries to argue in favour of an equal distribution of property. He is allowed to go free in the end.

24. Between a blind man and a deaf man on the beauties of nature.

25. Between a dreamer and a practical man on success in life.

PART IV

ERRORS IN GRAMMAR

INTRODUCTION

The object of this Section, which assumes an elementary knowledge of Grammar on the part of the student, is to provide a handy reference to such questions or doubts as may arise in the course of composition. It may also not infrequently happen that the teacher, when correcting an exercise, has no time to do more than mark the student's mistakes. In such cases it ought to be possible for the student to discover the nature of his errors by referring to the proper chapters in this Section.

I have adopted the convenient method here of taking the Parts of Speech in turn, stating their functions, and demonstrating their correct use by appropriate and familiar illustrations. A careful study of these examples should help to fix in the mind of the student the correct ways of employing the different Parts of Speech in the construction of sentences. A number of sentences illustrative of common mistakes will also be found in each chapter. They have been included in the belief that the student will learn from them where he is likely to trip, and how such mistakes may be avoided.

Grammar is no doubt a hateful thing; but many hateful things in this wicked world are indispensable, and we cannot do without grammar. "To go wrong" says Mr. Augustine Birrell "is natural. To go right is discipline." Grammar is the foundation of this discipline in writing.

Most of those who detest grammar would look more pleasantly on it, or at least detest it a little less, if they reminded themselves occasionally that grammatical rules are, after all, merely generalised statements based on established usage. The language came first. Grammarians and Grammar came much later. What the grammarian did was merely to observe carefully the forms of speech he found current, and to make rules in conformity with common usage. Really speaking, then, it is not speech that is in conformity with grammar, but grammar that is in conformity with speech.

When forms of speech were found to change, the grammarian caught up with such changes, and altered his rules. This explains why what was considered grammatical four or five hundred years ago is looked upon as ungrammatical to-day. (Chaucer wrote *it am nat I* quite correctly, but this would be woefully bad grammar to-day). Sometimes forms of speech change, but the grammarian is sleeping, or he is wilfully shutting his eyes to the change. Being a conservative and a die-hard by tradition he is generally the last person to recognise changes in common usage. In such cases the grammarian is ignored. *Who do you take me for, It's me, The proposals are as follows*, are examples of expressions which violate the rules of grammar, but which have been sanctioned by common usage. "Grammaniacs" still frown on them, but nobody bothers, because grammar that cuts across accepted idiom is no longer correct, grammar itself being nothing more than the *custom* of language. It is these considerations, no doubt, which have inspired John O'London to say that the best guide

to English is not grammar but common sense, and that "good English follows clear thinking rather than that system of rules called grammar, which youth loathes and maturity forgets."

CHAPTER XX

THE ARTICLE

215. The use of the Article probably presents more difficulties to our students than the use of any other part of speech. There are so many rules, and usually so many exceptions to each rule, that the beginner is frequently bewildered. The reading of good authors *carefully* is the only remedy that can be suggested. Familiarity with the vagaries of the language, when it is acquired, will bring with it, almost an instinctive knowledge of correct usage.

216. The Definite Article: THE

The is a form of the demonstrative adjective *that*, and is commonly used before the Singular and Plural Common Noun with a particularizing effect, *i.e.*, to point out a particular thing, or to specify a particular object, e.g., *I gave him the red pen, Did you see the review? He threw the balls to me.*

It is also used,

(1) to indicate a class with nouns in the singular, or with adjectives, e.g., *the horse is a useful animal; the mosquito is more deadly than the tiger; the good are happy.*

(2) as an adverb with a comparative, e.g., *the more the merrier; the higher you go the better the view.*

(3) with superlatives, because they specify singular objects, e.g., *the cleverest boy in the class; the most popular teacher.*

(4) before Proper Nouns when these happen to be the names of mountains, rivers, oceans, seas, capes, ships, e.g., *the Himalayas; the Indus; the Bay of Bengal; the Invincible.*

(5) with the force of a superlative, e.g., *he is THE leader today* (i.e., he is the greatest leader); *it is THE thing to do* (i.e., it is the best thing to do).

217. Note that the Definite Article is usually omitted before,

(1) Proper Names. Some exceptions to this have been noted in 4 above. Names in the Plural form constitute another exception. *Rustomjee came here yesterday* is correct, but if the plural form is used, it should be: *The Rustomjees came here yesterday.*

(2) Plural Nouns used to denote a class, or in a general sense, e.g., *Historians are generally unreliable; Applications will be received until the end of the month.*

(3) Nouns of material, and Abstract Nouns, used in a general sense, e.g., *cotton, brass, patience, beauty.*

(4) Names of diseases, names of regular meals, and names of things single in kind, e.g., *Fever, Dysentery, Consumption.* (Exceptions: the Measles, the Mumps): *Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner; Hell, Heaven, God, Parliament* (Exceptions: *the* Pope, *the* Devil).

(5) Adjectives used as nouns signifying languages and colours, e.g., *He did not know Persian; Black and yellow were his colours.*

(6) Nouns in certain idiomatic phrases, e.g., *by air, by sea, through fire and water, by land, take root.*

(7) Certain titles and names indicating relationships, e.g., *President Wilson, King George, Uncle Henry, Count William, Earl Roberts, Dewan Bahadur N. Gopal Rao.*

218. The Indefinite Article: A, AN.

A and *An* are really forms of the adjective *one*, and are used indefinitely. *A* or *An* may be used to mean *one* or *any* or *a certain* or *for one* according to the context, as the following examples show:—

(1) I saw a ship in the harbour (one ship).

(2) A boy who is clever will find no difficulty in passing examinations. (Any boy).

(3) I was on the lookout for a Mr. Smith (A certain, or a particular Mr. Smith).

(4) He sells it at five annas a yard (for one yard).

The form *A* is used before words beginning with a consonant or an aspirated *h*, e.g., *a country*, *a house*.

The form *An*, which is merely an alternative form of *a*, is used before an initial vowel or silent *h*, e.g., *an orange*, *an honour*.

219. These are safe general rules, but different usages are found in good writers. Thus some, agreeing with certain grammarians, write *a habit*, but *an habitual* failing; *a history*, but *an historical* account; because in *habit* and *history* the accent is on the first syllable and the *h* is distinctly sounded, while in *habitual* and *historical* the accent is on the second syllable, and the *h* is almost silent. The more common practice, however, is to use *a* before all such words.

Before an initial *U*, some write *an*, others *a*, indiscriminately, e.g., *a university*, *an universal*, *a European*, (though no one says *an use*, or *an youth*). But we have it on the authority of Mr. Fowler that *a* is now usual before vowels preceded in fact, though not in appearance, by the sound of *y* or *w*, e.g., *a unit*, *a eulogy*, *a one*.

220. Common Mistakes.

The mistakes commonly made in the use of the Articles may be conveniently illustrated under the following six heads:—

(1) *Inserting the Definite Article where it is not required*:—

1. He received many presents on ~~the~~ Christmas day
2. Srinivas has joined ~~the~~ St. Joseph's College.
3. He became ~~the~~ Emperor.

4. They made him the King.

5. She was suffering from the consumption.

6. The singing is a pleasant occupation. (Participle nouns like abstract nouns do not require *the*).

7. With age the wisdom comes.

8. I was not in the town that day. (*In town* is idiomatic).

9. The Lord Tennyson was a great poet.

10. He does not know the Italian. (If *Italian* refers to the language, the article should be omitted. But *the* should be retained if the reference is to a person).

(2) *Omitting the Definite Article where it is required:*—

11. Indus is a great river.

12. I have been ill for last two days (*the* last two days because the noun *days* is particularized by the adjective).

13. Duke of Wellington was a great soldier. (Titles of nobility other than Lord, followed by the name of a place must be preceded by *the* and followed by *of*).

14. Rev. Johnson is a famous scholar. (Say *The* Rev. Mr. Johnson, or better still, *The* Rev. T. M. Johnson).

15. Rich are happy. (Indicates a class, therefore *the rich*; but no article is necessary when a number of such nouns are enumerated, e.g., *Rich and poor, young and old, suffered alike*).

16. Singing of that man was very good. (*The* required because singing is particularized).

17. Wisdom of my brother is great. (Abstract noun particularized).

18. You are in wrong. (*In the wrong* is idiomatic. So also, *in error*. Other such idiomatic expressions are *in the country, on the contrary, to the rescue, off the mark, within the sale*).

19. This is more interesting of the two books (*the* more interesting).

20. It is only, University on East Coast, (*the* only . . . *the* East Coast).

(3) *Inserting the Indefinite Article where not required*:—

21. I have (a) work to do (*a work* is constantly misused for *a post*, or *a job*).

22. He is seeking for (an) employment.

23. I am going on (a) business.

24. I gave him (an) advice.

25. My friend is in (a) trouble. (*In trouble* is idiomatic).

26. He made (a) mention of this.

27. (A) few persons were present to welcome him on account of his unpopularity. (*A few* = *some*, but the meaning of the sentence, obviously, is that there was practically nobody present. Therefore omit the article. *Few* has a negative force. Note similar use of *Little* = *practically nothing*, and *A little* = *some*).

(4) *Omitting the Indefinite Article where it is required*:—

28. The Ganges is a great river.

29. I have been ill for a fortnight.

30. Mrs. Jenkins is an orphan.

31. A Good many students were absent.

32. He shouted from a distance.

33. I receive pension from a Government.

34. This is an unfortunate business.

35. That is a useful piece of work.

36. The magistrate passed an order. (But *passed orders* is correct).

37. He had a little money, and so could afford to be idle. (The meaning clearly is that he had *some* money. Therefore say *a little*. Cf. No. 27 above).

38. A black and a white cow were lying under the tree. (The verb is in the plural and so two cows are meant. Hence say *a black and a white cow*. *A black and white cow* = a cow with black and white marks).

39. A husband and father do not always hold the same views (*Husband* and *father* are to be understood separately, as may be seen from the plural verb. Hence say *a husband and a father*).

40. I have spent more than a hundred rupees (*Hundred, thousand,* require the article before it).

(5) *Use of the Definite Article where the Indefinite Article is required*:—

41. I have been ill for the week.

42. He is the Honorary member of that Club.

43. The great many people were injured.

44. One day I found my sister in the reverie.

(6) *Use of the Indefinite Article where the Definite Article is required*:—

45. I am not in a wrong (*in the wrong* is idiomatic).

46. He is not a right man for that job.

47. I thrust a sharp end of my stick into the ground.

48. He is a taller man of the two.

A good Exercise for the student would be to go over these sentences carefully, and, where no explanations have been offered, to find out *why* they are incorrect. Look out for such mistakes in your composition, especially when revising.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NOUN

221. Names of persons, places, things, actions, feelings, qualities, etc., are called Nouns (from Latin *Nomen = name*). Nouns are classified as Proper, Common, Material, Collective, or Abstract, according, respectively, as they are the names of particular persons, places, or things (*Rama, Madras, Japan*), or names common to a number of things (*hat, tiger, river*), or names given to particular substances (*sand, cotton, gold*), or names given to a group of similar individuals (*crowd, jury, flock, majority*) or names given to some quality, state or action (*beauty, grief, jump*). Nouns belonging to the first four classes are all of them *Concrete* because they denote objects which can be perceived by the senses.

Nouns are important words and occur in the Subject and in the Object of sentences. The following interesting points about the use of Nouns should be noted:—

222. (1) Subject Ordinarily Before Verb. Normally the subject should come *before* the verb. Sometimes, however, the subject is placed *after* the verb for the sake of emphasis. In sentences asking a question, or expressing a wish, purpose, or command, and in Exclamations, the subject has necessarily to come after the verb, e.g.,

1. How excellent are THY works!
2. Little cared he for his life, so great was his despair.
3. What are you doing?
4. Prepare thou for execution.
5. May he be successful.

223. (2) Object Ordinarily After Verb. Normally the object is placed *after* the verb, or preposition by which it is governed, but this normal order is sometimes inverted for the sake of emphasis. It is inverted also when the word in the objective case is a relative or interrogative pronoun, *e.g.*:—

1. Hope have I none.
2. He roamed all the world over.
3. Home, honour, fortune, all he abandoned for her sake.
4. The dog that I sold.
5. Which did you sell?

Note that sometimes two objects may be governed by the same verb, a thing-object, and a person-object, e.g., *I gave him a rupee*. Where the context requires the mention of both objects, it is a mistake to omit either.

224. (3) The Number of Nouns—Agreement with Verb. The verb should agree with the subject in number and person. Not infrequently difficulties arise as to the number of the noun or nouns in the subject, with the result that mistakes are made in regard to the number of the verb. Consider the following examples:—

1. A black and white dog *is* in the compound. (One dog).
2. A black and a white dog *are* in the compound. (Two dogs).
3. The warrior and poet *is* no more. (The same person is meant. If it had been *The warrior and the poet* different persons would have been meant and the verb would have had to be plural).
4. The tumult and the shouting *dies*. (Both nouns express one idea).
5. There *was* bustle and confusion in the house. (The two nouns have almost the same meaning. Therefore singular verb).

6. The Cabinet *has* changed its policy. (A Collective noun unless used distributively as a noun of multitude, takes a singular verb).

7. The Cabinet *are* divided in this matter. (Collective noun used distributively).

8. It was a terrible accident but none *were* injured. (None = *no one*, and generally takes a singular verb, unless used in the collective plural sense, as here. Other singular nouns which are often used in a plural sense, are *plenty, variety, number, enemy, cannon.*)

9. The news *was* bad. (There are a number of nouns in English which are plural in form but singular in meaning, e.g., *means, wages, politics.* These take a singular verb).

10. The peculiarity of his words and actions *suggest* that he is out of his mind. (The subject is *peculiarity*, which is singular. But the proximity of *words and actions* is responsible for the plural verb. This is, of course, a mistake, an error due to attraction or proximity, which should be guarded against).

11. Many a man *was* defrauded in this way. (Singular verb after *many a*).

12. Thine *is* the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory. (The use of the singular verb intensifies the suggestion of *everything* being attributed to God. As John O'London points out, the use of *are* would have savoured of enumeration. "Enumeration suggests the power to enumerate, and the right to withhold. It is a less devout ascription.")

As said already, the chief difficulty is to know whether the idea in the subject is singular or plural. The safest and simplest rule is to consider the idea. If you are satisfied that this idea is singular, no matter how it may look, the verb should be singular. If the idea is plural, even though it looks otherwise, the verb should be plural. Here, as in everything else, let common sense be the guide to your grammar.

225. (4) The Use of the Possessive.

Until quite recently the use of the possessive case was restricted to certain kinds of nouns. It was considered correct to say *a woman's hand, Misery's child, an hour's work, a pound's weight, a boat's length, India's glory, for charity's sake, at his wit's end*, etc., because according to rule these nouns denote living things, or things personified, or space, time and weight, or dignified objects, or occur in familiar idiomatic phrases. But it was not considered correct, for example, to say *the ships' damage, the mob's intention, the people's feelings, Bombay's buildings, Calcutta's request*, because these violated the rule, and were moreover felt to be clumsy. Modern usage, however, ignores the distinction, and the practice of putting practically all nouns in the possessive, makes it unnecessary to introduce qualifications or restrictions.

The rule regarding *Apostrophe s* is vague, but it is safe—

(1) to put an apostrophe *s* after all singular nouns ending in *s*, or the sound of *s*, and after all Proper names,* e.g., *a bus's wheels, the fox's tail, a horse's head, Thomas's hat, Augustus's orange, St. James's Palace.*

* Exceptions to this are: (1) In verse and in reverential contexts, where the apostrophe alone is used after nouns ending in *s*, e.g., *Achilles' heel, Jesus' agony.* (2) The possessive of ancient names in *es*, which, especially when they happen to be of more than two syllables, are written *es'*, e.g., *Xerxes' fleet, Euripides' plays.* (3) *For conscience' sake, for peace' sake, for justice' sake, for goodness' sake.* In such instances the apostrophe is sometimes omitted. For more information on the subject of Possessives, see **Fowler's M. E. U. Page 451.**

(2) to indicate the possessive case merely by the apostrophe after plurals ending in *s*, e.g., *horses' heads, lions' food, ladies' hats, the members' objections.*

226. (5) Peculiarities of Certain Nouns.

(1) Some nouns have peculiar plurals:—*Mouse, mice; tooth, teeth; foot, feet; man, men; cow, cows, kine; ox, oxen; child, children; brother, brothers, brethren; cherub, cherubim; addendum, addenda; bandit, banditti; focus, foci; genus, genera; men-servants; sons-in-law; passers-by.*

(2) Some nouns are used in the plural only:—*scissors, statistics, news, means, tidings, annals, gallows, series, politics.*

(3) Some nouns are used in the singular only:—*Scenery, cattle, gentry, poultry, vermin.*

(4) Some nouns have the same form in the plural and the singular:—*Sheep, deer, swine, salmon, gross.*

Note that some nouns (e.g., *heathen, dozen*) though they form their plurals in the ordinary way are used in the singular form in certain contexts in a plural sense.

(5) Some nouns are used in the singular in certain phrases and compound words:—*Fortnight, ten head of cattle, eight-day clock, twelve-month.*

(6) Some nouns have a different meaning in the plural:—*Good, goods; return, returns; physic, physics.*

(7) Some nouns have an additional meaning in the plural:—*Effect, effects; spectacle, spectacles; quarter, quarters.*

227. Common Mistakes.

1. He gave to the man a rupee. (Say *He gave a rupee to the man* or *He gave the man a rupee.* When a verb has a direct and an indirect object the direct object is placed after the

indirect object unless the preposition *to* or *for* is used before the indirect object, in which case it comes last).

2. I was eager to pay the sum, but my friend would not take. (Say *take it*. The object must be expressed).

3. He told to go away. (*Tell* takes an object of the person which must be expressed. Say *He told me to go away*).

4. He said me to go away. (*Said* does not take an object of the person. Hence, *He said that I should go away*, or better still, *He told me to go away*).

5. Please give me the scissor. (*scissors*).

6. He was a man of his words. (*word*, is idiomatic).

7. His appearance is just like his father. (*father's*).

8. The United States are well worth visiting. (Verb should be in the singular, because *The United States* is the name of a country).

9. The house with all its furniture and fittings were sold by auction. (The use of *with* after a singular subject does not make it plural. Therefore singular verb).

10. More than a hundred years have gone by since. (When such adjectives as *much, more, little, less* are used as nouns they are followed by a singular verb. Hence *has gone by*).

11. He is one of the most eminent men that has entered Parliament. (The antecedent of *that* is men. Hence the verb should be plural).

12. I have more money than him. (*Than* and *as* have the same case after them that they have before them. Hence *have more money than he*).

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CHAPTER XXII

THE PRONOUN

228. A Pronoun, as the name signifies, is a word used in the place of a Noun. Pronouns have been classified as follows:—

(1) **Personal:**—*I, we; thou, you; he, she, it, they. It* refers to things generally, though sometimes used to refer to a baby.

(2) **Reflexive:**—*Myself, ourselves; yourself, yourselves; himself, herself, itself, themselves.*

Reflexive Pronouns are used to refer back an action to the doer, e.g., *I killed myself; She said that she would give it to him herself.*

The reflexive forms are also used merely as Emphasising Pronouns, e.g., *I myself killed him; You yourself said so.*

(3) **Possessive:**—These are Personal Pronouns in the possessive case:—

My, mine; our, ours. Thy, thine; your, yours. His, her, hers, its; their, theirs.

The possessive of the Reflexive pronouns is made by adding *own*, e.g., *my own, mine own; our own; thy own, thine own; your own; his own, her own, its own; their own.*

(4) **Relative:**—Relative Pronouns relate to a preceding word in the sentence, and have a conjunctive function:—*Who, whose, whom, which, what, that.*

(5) **Interrogative:**—These are used in asking questions:—*Who? Whose? Which? Whom? What?* Note that by the addition of *ever* these pronouns gain considerably in emphasis, e.g., *Whoever did that?* is more emphatic than *Who did that?*

(6) **Demonstrative:**—Demonstrative Pronouns are used for indicating or pointing out some particular person or thing:—*This, these; that, those; one* (sometimes used indefinitely as *one hears*); *other, another, some, others.*

(7) **Indefinite:**—*Each, every, either, several, much, less, any, many, few.*

229. The Correct Use of Pronouns.

The following examples illustrate the correct use of Pronouns in cases likely to puzzle students:—

1. *Who is there?—I.* (i.e., I am here. The nominative *I* is used because it is the subject. Most people would say *me* in answer to this question ignoring grammar, which is sometimes obscured by common usage. Grammarians are almost resigned to this use of *me*).

2. *Whom did they see?—Me.* (i.e. They saw me. The objective case is used, because it is the object of *saw*. Note that *whom* is also in the objective case because it is the object of *see*. A good many people now say *who* in such contexts, e.g., *Who do you take me for?* Another instance of grammar being obscured by common usage).

3. *She is taller than I.* (Than I am tall).

4. *I like you more than he.* (Than he likes you. *He* is the subject of *likes* understood).

5. *I like you more than him.* (Than I like him. *Him* is the object of *like* understood).

6. *Here comes a man than whom I have not seen a faster.* (*Than* acts as a preposition before the word *whom*, but not usually before any other word).

7. *It will be of no use your coming here. I remember his having a talk with me.* (The gerund requires the possessive case before it. *You coming here,* or *him having a talk* would be wrong, see § 254).

8. *May Gopal and he leave the room?*—(And may he leave the room).

9. *Tell Gopal and him to leave the room.* (And tell him).

10. *Each did it in his own way.* (Singular pronoun after *each*).

11. *Either you or I am guilty.* (This is correct according to the rule of proximity. But it is better to say *Either you are guilty, or I am*).

12. *The two friends are very fond of each other.* (*Each other* used of two only).

13. *The three friends are very fond of one another.* (*One another* is used of two or more than two).

14. *The man who (that) does this.* (*Who* is used to refer to persons. *That* also sometimes. The point is that *that* cannot be used when the antecedent noun is fully particularised, e.g., you cannot say, *My father that*——).

15. *The cat which (that) ran away.* (*Which* is used to refer to lower animals and things. *That* also).

16. *The apple which (that) fell*—(Note that *that* is used to refer to all three, persons, animals, and things, though now only rarely to persons).

17. *These pictures which are really beautiful, and which are sold cheaply, should be in every home. The man who appeared yesterday, and who was dressed so shabbily died this morning.* (*And which, and who,* may be used only when another *which* or *who* has preceded it in the same sentence. Even when correctly used a shaky sentence is the result. Best avoided).

18. *She is a woman who is true to her husband. We who are educated have a duty to perform.* (Relative Pronouns agree with their antecedents in number and person. Note that it is the verb which shows the number and person of the Relative Pronoun).

19. *Gopal is a clever boy and he should be praised. Padmini is equally clever and she too deserves praise. They are both good children.* (Personal Pronouns must be of the same Number, Gender, and Person as the Nouns for which they stand).

20. *The Cabinet was unanimous in its decision. The Jury were divided in their opinions.* (When Pronouns refer to Collective nouns they should be singular or plural according as the Collective noun is viewed as a whole, or conveys the idea of separate individuals).

21. *Every student and every master was in his place.* (The Pronoun is singular because *every* has a distributive force which implies that only one at a time is considered).

22. *Gopal or Srinivas must lend his umbrella. Either Padmini or Sakuntala should bring her book. Neither Padmini nor Sakuntala is keen on her work. Gopal brought his books, and Padmini brought hers.* (Singular Pronoun because only one is meant at a time).

23. *Neither Gopal nor his friends succeeded in their venture.* (Plural Pronoun because one of the nouns to which it refers is plural).

24. *You and I have finished our lessons. Gopal and you have wasted your opportunities.* (When the subject consists of a Noun and a Pronoun or of two pronouns, which are of different persons, any pronoun used to refer to the subject must be of the first person plural in preference to the second, and of the second person plural in preference to the third).

25. *My friends and I. Gopal, Srinivas, Padmini and I. You and I. You and he.* (Good manners require that one should mention oneself last).

230. Common Mistakes.

1. *This my coat is new.* (This coat *of mine*. A common schoolboy mistake in the use of the first person possessive pronoun).

2. *He did that to hide him from his enemies.* (Hide *himself*. Reflexive use, otherwise confusing).

3. *Yourself did it.* (Say *you yourself did it.* Emphasising pronouns cannot stand alone in Prose. Allowed in Poetry, e.g., *Myself when young did eagerly frequent*—**Omar Khayyam.**)

4. *Your need is greater than that of mine.* (*Than mine,* will do. *That* refers to *need* which is already expressed in *mine. That of* is therefore superfluous).

5. *This is one of the most interesting cases, that has come before me.* (*Have come.* The subject of the verb is *that,* the antecedent of which is *cases.* This being plural, the verb also should be in the plural).

6. *It is you who has done this thing.* (*Who* refers to *you* which always takes a plural verb. Hence *have done*).

7. *It is the skill and the care of this man that has saved your life.* (*Have saved,* because the antecedent of *that* is *skill and care,* which is plural).

8. *He is such a genius that any country might be proud of.* (Say *as any country.* The only pronoun after *such* which may be the subject of a verb, is *as.* The sentence may, however, be written, *He is such a genius that any country might be proud of him*).

9. *A clever fellow can do anything what he likes.* (Say *that he likes. What = that which,* and *which* is included in *anything.* A better way of putting it would be, *A clever fellow can do what he likes*).

10. *This man whom I thought was mad, spoke quite sensibly.* (*Who I thought,* because the relative is the subject of *was mad.* But *this man whom I thought (to be) mad* is correct, because here the relative is the object of *thought.* Similarly, *this man whom I pardoned,* or invited, or praised, or kicked, or welcomed).

11. *I killed a man whom I hated.* (*Whom,* because it is the object of *hated*).

12. *Every woman held their tongue.* (*Her tongue* since the pronoun refers to *every* and this is singular because distributive).

13. *That man is a confirmed toper, and his craze for it increases daily.* (Craze for what? Say *craze for drink. It* has no antecedent. A pronoun, except when it is indefinite like *one*

should always have an antecedent. It should not be left pendent or hanging in the air like the one in the sentence).

14. *He did not say who he was fighting for.* (The relative *who* is governed by the preposition and should therefore be *whom*).

15. *He did not say who he was lodging with.* (*Whom*, for the same reason).

16. *I thought it was him.* (*He*—The verb *to be* must have the same case after it as it has before it).

17. *The man who was killed, he was my brother.* (Omit *he*. The pronoun is unnecessary because the noun *man* for which it stands bears the same syntactical relation. The construction is allowed in Poetry).

18. *There is no doubting your wisdom who have had so much experience.* (The possessive *your* is here an adjective, not a pronoun, and cannot therefore stand as an antecedent. Say *There is no doubting your wisdom which is founded on so much experience*).

19. *It was he robbed the bank.* (Insert *who* before *robbed*. A relative pronoun when it is the subject of a verb should never be omitted in Prose. Such omissions are allowed in Poetry, e.g. *It's distance lends enchantment to the view. It's sunset of life teaches me mystical lore.* Note, however, that if the relative is object to the verb, it may be omitted. In fact such omission of the relative is an idiom peculiar to the language, e.g., *This is the man you rewarded. This is the room I slept in*).

20. *Here is a man whose mind works quickly, but his actions are slow.* (Change *his* to *whose*. The two clauses are co-ordinate and should be introduced by the same relative pronoun).

21. *They that did this thing should be punished.* (Say *those who did this thing*. Modern idiom prefers *those* to *they* or *them*, and *who* to *that*).

22. *Every person should be induced to say what he or she thinks in their heart of hearts.* (Confusion of pronouns. Say *All persons what they think in their heart . .* Avoid mistakes of this kind by re-writing the sentence).

23. *He who is ambitious must realise that one who wishes to rise in the world must apply themselves to one's work.* (Another instance of woeful confusion. The writer seems to have gone to sleep in the middle of the sentence. Change *one* to *he*, *themselves* to *himself*, and *one's* to *his*).

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ADJECTIVE

231. Adjectives are words used to qualify nouns. They do so by describing or indicating or enumerating what is denoted by the noun, and so may be classified under three heads:—

(1) **Descriptive.** These adjectives describe a person, place, or thing, e.g., a *good* man, a *healthy* place, a *pretty* doll, a *loud* noise, *admirable* patience, *wonderful* courage, a *Rajput* warrior, a *Himalayan* blunder.

(2) **Indicating.** These correspond in meaning to the pronouns *my, our, thy, your, his, her, its, their, own, these, that, those, yonder, such, same, what, which, whichsoever,* etc.

(3) **Numeral** or **Quantitative.** These adjectives denote number or amount, e.g., *one, two, three* (in reply to *how many?*); *first, second, fifth,* (in reply to *in what order?*); *some, all, enough, many, few, several, much, little, each, every, either, neither, every other.*

Note that adjectives qualify nouns *directly* or *indirectly;* directly, by being used attributively of nouns, e.g., *a handsome fellow, a clever dog;* indirectly, through some verb going before, e.g., *that fellow is handsome, your dog has become clever.*

232. Comparison of Adjectives. As most adjectives denote quality or quantity, and as these vary in degree or amount, comparisons may be made, sometimes merely by

inflectional changes in the adjective, sometimes by using entirely new words:—

Big	bigger	biggest	Good	better	best
Slim	slimmer	slimmest	Much	more	most
Grave	graver	gravest	Many	more	most
Gaudy	gaudier	gaudiest	Little	less	least
Hot	hotter	hottest	Bad	worse	worst

Sometimes *more* and *most* are added to a word to form its comparative and superlative, e.g., *beautiful, more beautiful, most beautiful.*

Note that the conjunction *than* is used in most cases to express the comparison when the comparative degree is employed, e.g. *He is cleverer than his brother; I am a better player than my cousin.* There are however some comparatives of Latin origin which are followed not by *than* but by *to*, e.g., *superior to, inferior to, prior to, posterior to, senior to, anterior to.*

Note also that some adjectives are not compared, e.g., *universal, round, square, impossible, preferable, chief, unanimous, perfect, perpetual, unique.* These should be used only in the positive degree, except when the context indicates a peculiar use of the word. The following are examples:—

A more perfect day (or *sunset*, or *friendship*, or *agreement*). Here *perfect = approaching perfection.*

He abused them in the roundest manner.

The feeling against Mr. Asquith was more universal in 1916 than in 1903. Here *universal = approaching universality.*

233. The Correct Use of Adjectives.

1. *A wise woman. A great soldier. A daring robber.* (Note that adjectives as a general rule are placed immediately before the nouns they qualify).

2. *Lloyd George is a politician, brilliant, far-seeing, resourceful.* (When several adjectives qualify the same noun, they may be placed after it. An exception to the rule stated above).

3. *I agree that he is a man bolder than any we have yet seen.* (When an adjective is enlarged by some qualifying phrase or clause, it is placed after the noun it qualifies. Another exception).

4. *Affairs domestic; the lie direct; hope eternal.* (Emphasis is secured by placing the adjective after the noun).

5. *Sum total; point blank; Governor-general; heir apparent; knight-errant.* (In these well-known phrases the use of the adjective after the noun is due to French influence).

6. *His unfortunate condition, mental as well as physical, was pitiable.* (When several adjectives are employed as in this sentence to qualify different aspects of the noun, it is desirable to place the noun in the middle and separate the adjectives).

7. *They praised the great men. Their praise of the man was great.* (Notice the difference between the attributive and the predicative use of the adjective).

8. *Sankaran is his eldest son.* (He must have had at least three sons. Otherwise there is no need for the superlative).

9. *Sankaran is his elder son.* (The use of the comparative implies that he had only two sons. Note that *older, oldest* are not used in mentioning relationships unless you wish to draw special attention to the fact that the persons mentioned are old).

10. *Tagore and Gandhi are both great patriots, but my brother thinks more of the latter than of the former.* (The comparative *more* is used because only two persons are mentioned. The superlative *most*, as has already been pointed out, is required only when more than two are mentioned. Note that good writers refrain from using the words *former* and *latter*. Dr. Johnson never used them. "As long as you have the use of your pen," he said once to Dr. Burney, "never, Sir, be reduced to that shift.")

11. *The elder boy is the more intelligent fellow.* (Selective sense by placing *the* before comparative. This is more emphatic than saying *The elder boy is more intelligent*).

12. *I have few friends. I have little money.* (Negative force = *not many, not much*).

13. *I have a few friends, I have a little money.* (Affirmative force = *some*).

14. *He has fewer friends than I. I have less money than he.* (*Few, fewer, fewest,* is used to indicate number, *little, less, least,* to indicate quantity).

15. *No student applied for leave. He has no brains.* (This positive use of *no* is often (incorrectly) thought to be wrong. *No* is here an adjective = *not any*).

16. *The greater evil is hidden by the lesser.* (*Lesser* is a double comparative, and is used attributively only).

17. *Either of ~~those~~ two ~~boys.~~* (Of two only).

18. *Any of those three boys.* (Of more than two).

19. *Each of these boys.* (Of two or more).

20. *Every one of these boys.* (Of more than two only).

21. *Each and every one of those boys.* (Each individually and all without exception).

234. Common Mistakes in the Use of Adjectives.

1. *In this essay his mistakes were ~~easier~~ more easily observed.* (An adjective must not be used to qualify a verb. Hence say *more easily observed*).

2. *It was marvellous ~~well~~ by done.* (An adjective must not be used to qualify an adverb. Say *marvellously well done*).

3. *A few boys appeared for the examination, and these passed.* (Say *a few boys*; otherwise change *and* to *but*).

4. *He was poor but he sought a little help from his friends.* Omit *a*; otherwise change *but* to *and*).

5. *Everyone blamed ~~themselves~~ himself for the accident.* (*Everyone* is singular, and though it signifies all without exception, means *one at a time*. Hence say *everyone blamed himself*).

6. *He ~~only~~ alone is responsible.* (*Only* is an adverb, and in contexts where it has an adjectival meaning *alone* or *sole* is to be preferred. Say *He alone is responsible*).

7. *He is better than any student in his class.* (Insert *other* after *any*. Without it, the meaning is that he is better than himself).

8. *This was the boy whom of all ~~others~~ he wished most to avoid.* (Change *others* to *boys*. Otherwise it makes nonsense).

9. *This book is the most humorous of ~~any~~ in the library.* (Change *any* to *all the books*, or rewrite the sentence, *This book is more humorous than any other book in the library*).

10. *How ~~miserable~~ we are in college than at home.* (Say *How much more miserable*).

11. *He wanted nothing else ~~than~~ the first prize.* (Change *than* to *but*, or *else* to *other*. A very common mistake. The use of *than* requires a preceding comparative).

12. *This is a ~~more~~ harder case.* (A double comparative, *harder* will do).

13. *I have ~~less~~ troubles than my friend.* (Say *fewer troubles*. Less is often used incorrectly before plural nouns).

14. *A ~~few~~ number of persons were present.* (Say a *small number*. Except before things which can be counted *few* is not used).

15. *He did this with some~~what~~ trouble.* (*Somewhat* is an adverb and cannot qualify a noun. Say *some trouble*).

16. *This is ~~terrible~~* harmful to your health.* (The adjective is here used for an adverb. Say *terribly*, or better still *very harmful*. An adjective cannot qualify another adjective).

17. *"Our Magazine is the only School Magazine that has the largest circulation in India."* This is meaningless. Say, *Our Magazine has a larger circulation in India than any other School Magazine.*

*The use of *awful*, *awfully*, *terrible*, *terribly*, etc., has become so common that these words have now practically lost all their force, e.g., *awful heat*, *awfully good*, *terrible game*, *terribly kind*. In such vulgarised usage *awfully* and *terribly* are equivalent to *very*, and *awful* and *terrible* to *notable in its kind*. Avoid these slang expressions.

235. Caution.

Good writers use adjectives carefully and sparingly. The use of too many adjectives results in sloppiness and verbosity. *Use as few adjectives as possible.*

CHAPTER XXIV

THE VERB

236. The verb is so called (from Latin *verbum* = word) because it is the central word in the sentence. The verb expresses action, or sometimes merely the fact of existence, in relation to the subject. This it does in various ways, according to the time of the action (**Tense,** Present, Past, Future, etc.); the attitude of the speaker in relation to the action (**Mood,** Indicative, Imperative, Subjunctive); the **person** speaking (First Person, Second Person, Third Person); the number of persons speaking (**Number,** Singular or Plural); and the relation of the subject to the action, whether acting or being acted upon (**Voice,** Active or Passive).

The chief difficulties with the verb are those connected with (1) the agreement of the verb with its subject in Number and Person; (2) the proper sequence of tenses; (3) the correct use of *shall* and *should*, *will* and *would*; (4) the use of the Subjunctive Mood; (5) the use of the Infinitive; (6) Participles, and (7) Gerunds and Verbal Nouns.

(1) Agreement of Verb with Subject in Number and Person.

237. The following examples show the nature of this agreement, especially in cases likely to puzzle students:—

1. *The girl sings.* (Singular subject, singular verb).
2. *The girls sing.* (Plural subject, plural verb).

3. *The boy and the girl sing.* (Conjunction *and* makes subject plural. Therefore verb plural).

4. *The boy or the girl sings.* (Conjunction *or* makes subject singular. Hence verb singular).

5. *Each one of them is guilty.* (Each considered separately. Hence verb singular).

6. *Either Raman or Krishnan is guilty.* (*Either* implies *one or the other.* Hence singular verb).

7. *Neither Raman nor Krishnan is guilty.* (Considered one at a time. Hence verb singular).

8. *His friend as well as his wife was killed.* (Considered one at a time. Verb singular).

9. *Neither of them is charitable.* (Considered one at a time. Verb singular).

10. *None but the brave deserve the fair.* (*None* = *no one*, and generally takes a singular verb, unless used in the collective plural sense. The plural verb tells us that it is so used here. Other singular nouns which are often used in a plural sense are *plenty, enemy, cannon, army, ~~enemy,~~ variety, number*).

11. *The majority are of this opinion. The majority is opposed to it.* (The verb is singular or plural according as the persons composing the majority are considered collectively or individually. Other such collective nouns which are singular or plural according to the sense intended, are *cabinet, jury, crowd, council*).

12. *You were not to be seen on that day.* (*You* is used in both the singular and the plural, but, whatever the sense intended, takes a plural verb).

13. *Either you or I am right.* (When a verb has two or more subjects differing in number and person the rule is that it should be made to agree with the nearest. It would be better in this case, however, to rewrite the sentence, *Either you are right or I am*).

14. *His friend and benefactor has left the town.* (One person is meant. Hence the singular verb. If two persons are meant as in *His friend and his benefactor*, or *His friend and his wife*, the verb would be plural).

15. *The house with its furniture and fittings was sold.* (The use of *with* after a singular subject does not make it plural. The house includes the furniture and fittings).

16. *Politics is an ignoble game.* (There are a number of nouns in English which are plural in form but singular in meaning, e.g., *news, means, wages.* These take a singular verb).

17. *Three rupees is a large sum for that student.* (*Three rupees* considered collectively).

18. *The material and the spiritual aspect were both discussed.* (The subject becomes plural because it is qualified by two adjectives denoting two different things. Hence verb plural).

19. *He is one of the best men that have ever lived.* (*That* refers to *men* which is its antecedent. This antecedent being plural, the verb also is plural).

20. *You are a fellow who is not to be depended upon.* (The antecedent of *who* is *fellow* which is in the third person. Hence the verb also is in the third person).

21. *You who are responsible for this, should pay for the damage.* (The antecedent of *who* is *you,* with which the verb agrees in number and person).

22. *Her kindness and charity is well known.* (Singular verb because both the subjects express practically the same idea).

23. *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three.—Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.—To comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height.—Hostility and civil tumult reigns.—The tumult and the shouting dies.—Now was there bustle in the Vicar's house and earnest expectation.* (John O'London in *Is it Good English?* points out that the singular verb is "more intense" than the plural verb, and illustrates the statement from these examples taken from The Authorised Version of the Bible, Shakespeare, Kipling and Wordsworth. He considers that the singular verb may be used with "absolute justification" when it would be "more intense, significant, or comprehensive than the plural verb, because of certain subtleties of thought or expectation in the reader's mind").

24. *The proposals are as follows.* (Correct. In such contexts *as follows* is always used in singular).

For other examples illustrative of the agreement of the verb with its subject, see Chapter XXI, § 224.

(2) Sequence of Tenses.

238. The following rules should be remembered:—

(a) *If the verb in the Principal clause is in the Past tense, the verb in the Dependent clause should also be in the Past tense.*

This sequence is best studied by observing the change that takes place in the Dependent clause when the verb in the Principal clause is changed from the Present tense to the Past tense:—

I *hope* that he *is* well.	..	I *hoped* that he *was* well.
I *think* that three *will* do	..	I *thought* that three *would* do.
I *see* that you *are* sensible.	..	I *saw* that you *were* sensible.
He *knows* who *is* guilty	..	He *knew* who *was* guilty.

There are *three exceptions* to this rule:—

(1) *Vivid Sequence.* For the sake of vividness* in meaning a past tense in the Principal clause is sometimes used with a Present tense in the Dependent clause. Examples are:—

I *should* think that *will* do. (Normal sequence, *that would do*).

Would God it *may* happen. (Normal sequence, *might happen*).

I *knew* what Einstein's theories *mean.* (Normal sequence, *meant*).

I *would* be surprised if he *comes.* (Normal sequence, *came*).

*Another peculiar tense-usage for the sake of vividness is the use of the Present tense for anticipating the future, e.g. *I speak at the Town Hall to-morrow. We dine with the Bannerjees next Sunday.*

(2) Any tense can be followed by any tense according to the meaning intended, when comparing one fact with another by the use of *than* or *as well as*, e.g.:—

I love (loved, will love) you more than he loves (loved, will love) you.

I have done (do, did, will do) this as well as you did (have done, do, will do) it.

(3) A Past tense in the Principal clause may be followed by a Present tense in the Dependent clause when the Dependent clause expresses a fact that is habitual or universally true, e.g.:—

He *forgot* that all men *are* mortal.

I *did not know* that love *is* blind.

He *reminded* me that rolling stones *gather* no moss.

He *maintained* that the end *justifies* the means.

239. (b) *The Present or the Future tense in the Principal clause may be followed by any tense in the Dependent clause according to the meaning intended*, e.g.:—

1. I feel that he is (will be, was, has been) angry.
2. I will describe what happens (happened, will happen, has been happening, is happening) in this house.

There is one *exception* to this rule: When the Dependent clause denotes *purpose*, a Present or Future tense in the Principal clause is followed by the Present tense only, in the Dependent clause. The Auxiliary *may** is employed in such cases in the Dependent clause. This becomes

*The use of *may* and *might* sometimes presents difficulties. The following examples illustrate their use:—

1. It may be good. (Expresses possibility).

2. He may (or might) find it. (= perhaps will find it. Both express possibility, but *might* implies less likelihood of success).

might when the Principal clause contains a Past tense. (If, however, the conjunction *lest* is employed to express the purpose, it is followed by the Auxiliary *should* no matter what the tense of the verb in the Principal clause). The following examples illustrate these peculiar cases of sequence:—

3. I travel that I may acquire knowledge of men and things.

4. I travelled that I might acquire knowledge of men and things.

5. I will read that I may enlarge my knowledge.

6. I will read lest I should fail in my examination.

7. I obeyed lest I should be punished.

240. (c) *The same tense should be used in relating events happening at the same time,* e.g.:—

He *died* a year ago. I *was* with him at the time, and *did* everything in my power to make his last moments happy.

The use of the Historic Present, which consists in changing suddenly from the past tense to the present for the sake of vividness, constitutes an exception to this rule, e.g.:—

I *returned* home to find the house shut up; nobody *is* about. Obviously nobody *expects* me. Naturally I *am* angry.

3. You may go. (Expresses permission).

4. May you succeed! (Expresses wish).

5. Who may this person be? (Emphasises uncertainty in questions).

6. We eat that we may live. (Expresses purpose).

7. You might help me with this work. (=a suggestion that help will be very welcome).

8. You might try to please him. (=ought to try, yet do not).

9. I may not do this. (=I am not allowed to do this).

10. Might I live to see that glorious day. (Past Subjunctive).

241. (d) *When there are two past events one of which precedes the other, the verb describing the first should ordinarily be in the past perfect tense*, e.g.:—

He forgot he ~~did~~ *had done* it yesterday. (Write, *had done*).

I gave him the money for which he ~~came~~ *had come*. (Write, *had come*)

I believed that I ~~wrote~~ *had written* the letter as promised. (Write, *had written*).

242. (e) *In co-ordinate clauses, when verbs refer to acts done at the same time, they should agree in Tense and Mood if connected by* and, nor, but:—

One student *worked* but the other *wasted* his time.

If one student *should work* and the other *should waste* his time, the end of the year *will show* who *was* wise and who *was* foolish.

(Note that *will show* here expresses vivid sequence).

I told him not to idle away his time and convince (d) him of his folly. (Write *convinced*).

243. (f) *The Indicative Mood should be followed by the Indicative, and the Subjunctive Mood by the Subjunctive, in sentences expressing a condition and its result.*

If I *see* my brother I *shall tell* him. (Both Indicative).

If I *am* allowed to do so, I *will* certainly help you. (Both Indicative).

If I *saw* my brother I *should* tell him. (Both Subjunctive).

If I *saw* my brother I always *called* out to him. (Both Indicative).

If I *were* rich I *should* be happy. (Both Subjunctive).

If I *were* allowed to do so, I *would* certainly help you. (Both Subjunctive).

(3) Use of "Shall" and "Should," "Will" and "Would".*

244. "Shall" and "Should."

The simplest rule is that **Shall** *and* **Should** *when used with a verb in the First Person express simple futurity, but when used in the Second or Third Person, they express future time combined with the idea of command, promise, threat, determination, assurance, or the like.*

First Person.

I *shall* do it without delay. (Simple futurity).

I *should* be glad to do it at once. (Note that *should* in the Principal clause expresses simple futurity, only when it signifies the contingent future, as here, i.e., when a conditional clause, e.g., *If I were able, If you asked me,* has mentally to be supplied).

I was afraid that I *should* disgrace myself. (*Should* in a Dependent clause expresses simple futurity only when the verb of the Principal clause is in the Past Tense).

Second and Third Persons.

He (you) *shall* do it without delay. (Futurity plus command).

This flag *shall* be the symbol of our union. (Futurity plus determination).

You *shall* never have cause to regret your choice. (Futurity plus promise).

I told him that he *should* do it without delay. (Futurity plus sense of duty. Note that *should* is here in the Dependent clause).

His uncle promised that a bicycle *should* be his next birthday present. (Futurity plus promise).

*The tendency to ignore the difference in usage between *shall* and *will,* and *should* and *would,* is on the increase, and is another instance of the slipshod style which is becoming more and more common. Good writers, however, make the necessary distinction carefully.

The Senate decided that the necessary funds *should* be provided. (Futurity plus decision).

Note the following *exceptional cases* when *should* is used in all three persons:— 7779

(1) After the conjunction *lest*, irrespective of the tense of the verb going before, *should* is used in all three persons, e.g.:—

I do this (have done, did, will do) lest you (he, I) *should* suffer for my fault.

(2) In the sense of ***Duty***, *should* is used in all three persons, and is then equivalent to *ought to*, e.g.:—

I think I (you, he) *should* (= ought to) do it without delay.

He (you, I, we, they) *should* (= ought to) have reached home earlier.

(3) In conditional clauses *should* is used in all three persons, e.g., *If I should do this; if you should do this; if he should do this.* Note that *would* instead of *should* in a conditional clause expresses futurity plus willingness, e.g., *If he would do this.*

(4) *That*-clauses after *intend, intention, demand, desire, be anxious, require,* etc., need *shall* and *should* for all persons, e.g.:—

I *am anxious* that this *shall* (*should*) be done.

I *demand* that he *shall* (*should*) be punished.

I *require* that you *shall* (*should*) do it before 3 o'clock to-day.

England's *intention* is that Germany *shall* (*should*) pay.

He *desires* that I *shall* (*should*) be rewarded.

245. "Will" and "Would."

Here again the simplest rule is that, whereas ***will*** *and* ***would*** *in the First Person* express futurity combined with the sense of intention, in the Second and Third Persons they express mere futurity.*

First Person.

I *will* never break my promise. (Futurity plus intention).

I *would* never break my promise in any circumstances. (Futurity plus intention).

Second and Third Persons.

He (you, they) *will* break his (your, their) promise. (Mere Futurity).

He *would* be very miserable in the cold. (Note that *would* in the Principal clause expresses mere futurity, only when it signifies the contingent future, as here).

I thought that he *would* be very miserable in the cold. (*Would* in the Dependent clause expresses simple futurity, only when the verb in the Principal clause is in the Past tense).

EXCEPTION:—Note that *will* and *would* can be used in all three persons to denote *habit*, e.g.:—

A burglar *will* study the plan of a house before breaking into it.

I *would* walk with her every evening.

Those were the days when you *would* be on the marina every evening.

*The only exception to this is in interrogative sentences where *will* is not used in the First Person. We say, not *Will I give you a cup of tea?* but *Shall I give you a cup of tea?*; not *Will we walk together?* but *Shall we walk together?* This is because, obviously, there is no sense in a person questioning himself about his own intention. The use of *will* with questions is, however, common in Ireland.

(4) The Use of The Subjunctive.

246. The Subjunctive Mood is used to express a *wish*, a *purpose*, an *order*, a *condition*, or a *doubt*.

1. *A Wish.* I wish that you *were* more sensible.
 And Gilpin, long *live* he!
 May you *obtain* your deserts.
2. *A Purpose.* I reminded you lest you *should forget* all about it.
 You said so that I *might be warned* in time.
3. *An Order.* His direction is that a careful watch *be* maintained.
 Let the prisoner *wait* till he be sent for.
4. *A Condition.** If I *should* kill him, I *should be* hanged.
 If he *were* in my place he *would think* twice before doing such a thing.

*Conditional sentences contain an *if*-clause expressing a supposition or a condition, and a *main* clause expressing the consequence of it. The supposition may be probable or improbable, true or untrue, and it may relate to the present, past, or future. The correct forms in conditional sentences are as given below. Study them carefully, and note the different shades of meaning they express.

A. (Present). If you eat hot curry, you ruin your digestion.

B. (Past). If you ate hot curry, you ruined your digestion. (Both A and B are formal conditions stating a general truth, A in the present, B in the past).

C. (Future). If you eat hot curry, you will ruin your digestion. (Implies probability).

D. (Future). If you ate—or, were to eat—hot curry you would ruin your digestion. (Implies improbability).

E. (Future). If you gave money to that beggar, you would be foolish. (Implies improbability).

F. (Past). If you had given money to that beggar, you would have been foolish. (The condition was not fulfilled).

G. (Present). If he were coming, I should be happy. (=now, at this moment, but he is not coming).

5. *A Doubt.* If he *admit* his fault, he shall be excused. If he *speak,* we are all saved. (Note that the Subjunctive *speak, admit,* implies that the speaker is in doubt whether he will speak, whether he will admit. The use of the Indicative *speaks, admits,* would imply that no doubt existed in the speaker's mind).

It is worth while noting that in modern prose the Subjunctive is being replaced more and more by the Indicative. Careful writers, however, use the Subjunctive, or an equivalent, when speaking of something which is only thought of by the speaker, and is not regarded as an accomplished fact.

(5) The Infinitive.

247. The following forms of the Infinitive are used:—

	Active	*Passive*
Present Indefinite.	To give.	To be given
Present Continuous.	To be giving.	(nil)
Perfect.	To have given	To have been given
Perf. Continuous.	To have been giving.	(nil)

The Infinitive is used in two ways:—(*a*) As a noun. (*b*) As an adjective or adverb.

H. (Present). If he were to come, I would be happy. (=any time from now onwards, but I do not think he will).

I. (Present). Were he coming, I should be happy. (The form of the condition is inverted, and *if* omitted).

NOTE, that whereas A and B are only formal conditions, mere hypotheses, in the others something is implied by the form of the verb in the conditional clause, about the degree of probability or possibility. Thus C—*If you eat* has the force of *and most likely you will;* whereas D—*If you ate* (or, *were to eat*) suggests that *probably you won't;* while E implies *and of course you aren't so foolish.* F clearly means, *you did not give it.*

Note also that the past tenses in D and E do not refer the actions to past time, but indicate the improbability of fulfilment.

248. (a) **The Infinitive used as noun (Noun-Infinitive.)**

1. *To err* is human, *to forgive* divine. (Here *to err* and *to forgive* act as subject to the verb).

2. I made him *crawl*. He did nothing but *grin*. You had better not *repeat* those words. I will *go*. (Note that in these examples, *to*, the sign of the Infinitive, is omitted).

3. I fear (feared) *to approach* him. He was told *to write* the letters at once. (The Present Infinitive *to approach*, *to write*, is used because the action is contemporaneous with or subsequent to the time indicated by the Principal Verb. Note that the Infinitive here takes an object).

4. I was happy *to have rewarded* him for his honesty. (Perfect Infinitive because the action took place before that of the Principal verb).

5. It was my desire *to have given* him a reward. (Perfect Infinitive to show that the desire was not fulfilled).

6. *To have beaten* Napoleon at Waterloo is Wellington's greatest claim to glory. (Perfect Infinitive to show the action as completed).

7. *To be told* to my face that I am a fool! (Here the Infinitive is used as a form of exclamation).

249. (b) **The Infinitive used as adjective or adverb (Qualifying Infinitive).**

1. The old man has a stick *to lean* upon. (As adjective qualifying the noun *stick*. Note that when qualifying a noun, the preposition used should be the same as that used if the verb were finite. *The old man leans* **upon** *a stick*. *Upon* should go with the Infinitive. It would be incorrect to say, *The old man has a stick to lean*).

2. He is slow *to understand* these things. (As adverb qualifying the adjective *slow*).

3. And those who came *to scoff* remained *to pray*. (As adverb qualifying the verb).

4. This event soon *to happen* was anxiously awaited. (As adjective qualifying *event*. Note future sense, *to happen*).

5. He was—*to speak* frankly—quite at his wit's end. (Infinitive used *absolutely* as a Parenthesis).

For *Split Infinitive*, see § 94.5 and § 259.10.

(6) **Participles.**

250. The following are the different Participle forms:—

	Trans. Verbs.	*Intrans. Verbs.*
Pres. or Contin.	Killing. Being killed	Laughing.
Past Indefinite.	*(nil)* Killed	Laughed.
Past Perfect.	Having killed. Having been killed	Having laughed.

251. The Participle is an adjective with some of the functions of a verb. (Note that the Gerund has the same form but is used as a noun). Like an adjective the Participle can qualify a noun, or be itself qualified by an adverb. Further, like an adjective it admits of comparison. Like a verb it can take an object. The following sentences illustrate the use of the Participle:—

1. The *dying* man confessed his guilt. (Qualifies a noun).

2. He was *nearly dying* of starvation. (Qualified by adverb).

3. She is *more feared* than her sister. (Admits of comparison).

4. *Having overcome the difficulty* he was happy. (Takes an object).

5. The *defeated* enemy begged for mercy. (The Past Indefinite Participle of Transitive verbs is used only in the passive voice).

6. My *fallen* hopes. The *withered* branch. The *faded* flower. The *departed* friend. (The Past Indefinite Participle of Intransitive verbs is rarely used, but when used precedes its noun. Exceptions are, *in years past, a man spoken of well*).

7. A *well-behaved* student. A *reformed* character. An *aggrieved* wife. (The Past Participle of verbs is sometimes used, as here, to express some permanent habit or state).

8. He *having returned* safely, the mind of his mother was at rest. The two groups passed each other, the one *going* to work, the other *returning* home. (These are examples of the **Absolute use of the Participle**).

9. *Speaking* frankly, he is a failure. *Talking* of elephants, did you hear of how one killed a man last week? *Considering* everything, he is to be congratulated on his performance. (The Impersonal absolute construction. Note that the Participle is used here without any noun or pronoun being attached to it).

10. *Hoping* that you are well, *believe me*, yours sincerely, etc. (This is wrong. A common mistake. Say *I am*, not *believe me*).

11. He told me that though *obeying* all the rules laid down, discipline was irksome to him. (Who was obeying? Say *he obeyed*).

12. *Having robbed* the orchard *the farmer* came on the scene. (The participial phrase at the head of a sentence should refer to the subject, which should immediately follow it. Here the subject is not mentioned and the Participle is left in the air, pendent. As the sentence stands *the farmer* would appear to be the author of the robbery. The Passive Participle may, however, be used at the head of a sentence, although it does not relate to the subject, e.g., *Justice having been done, the people were satisfied.*

(7) Gerunds and Verbal Nouns.

252.

	Active.	*Passive.*
Present or Contin.	Killing	Being killed.
Perfect.	Having killed.	Having been killed.

The Gerund is a noun, with some of the functions of a verb. The Gerund has the function of a verb and takes an object only when it is formed from a Transitive verb. (Remember that the Participle which is similar to the Gerund in form is used as an adjective).

Killing lions was his favourite sport. (Noun and verb function).

Running was his favourite exercise. (Noun function only).

He took credit for *having killed* a very large number of lions.

A *Verbal Noun* ends in *ing, killing, running, biting,* etc., and has *only this one form.* It is a pure noun, and may be distinguished from the Gerund by the Definite Article which precedes it, and the Preposition *of* which follows it, e.g.,

The killing of lions was his favourite sport. (Note that *killing of lions,* or *The killing lions* is wrong).

253. Gerund and Infinitive.

A Gerund should not be used for an Infinitive, and *vice versa,* where idiom has established certain definite conventions.

1. It is delightful *wandering* where one pleases. (Say, to wander).

A writer's ignorance of idiom is frequently shown by his failure to recognise when the Gerund with a preposition is required rather than an infinitive.

2. The objections of my landlord *to whitewash* the house are absurd. (Objections *to whitewashing.* The infinitive has been used by wrong analogy with *hesitation, refusal, to do a thing*).

3. He is not equal *to face* such a situation. (Say, *to facing. To face* wrong analogy with *competent, able, to face* a thing).

4. They have committed themselves *to perform* this service. (Say, *to performing.* Wrong analogy with *threaten, hesitate to perform*).

5. The tendency *to persecuting* subordinates must be checked. (Write, *to persecute.* Wrong analogy with *objections to persecuting, habit of persecuting*).

6. He professes *to having* seen nothing untoward all that day. (Say, *to have.* Wrong analogy with *confess to having*).

254. Possessive before Gerunds: The Fused Participle.

Nouns and Pronouns used before Gerunds should be in the Possessive case. This rule is frequently forgotten.

I remember *him having* tea with me. (Say, *his having*).

We need not be afraid of *Japan building* more battleships. (Say, *Japan's building*).

Would you mind *us entering* the house? (Say, *our entering*).

The sentences here given are examples of what has been called "the fused Participle," a construction which falls to the ground between a Gerund and a Participle, owing to confusion between their functions. For a full discussion on this subject see Mr. Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* Page 205.

255. Common Mistakes in the Use of Verbs.

1. *Neither of the persons were responsible for this deed.* (*Neither* is singular and takes a singular verb. Hence *was*).

2. *This is one of the finest houses which has been built in this town.* (The subject of *has* is *which*, the antecedent of which is *houses*. Therefore, *which* being plural, *has* should be *have*).

3. *The warrior and poet are dead.* (The reference is to the same person, and the subject being therefore singular, *are* should be *is*. But *The warrior and the poet are dead* is correct, because this refers to two persons).

4. *They overtook a man who is walking along.* (Seq. of Tenses. Say *was*).

5. *I thought that this has been done.* (Seq. of Tenses. Say *had been*).

6. *He told me that he went to Ooty yesterday.* (Seq. of Tenses. One action preceded the other. Hence first action should be in the Past perfect. *He told me that he had gone to Ooty yesterday*).

7. *I had been to Ooty this vacation.* (A very common mistake. Say *I went to Ooty this vacation. Had been* is used only

to describe some past action immediately preceding some other past action. Thus, *I had been to Ooty when I met you at Coimbatore the other day* is correct).

8. *I did as he commanded lest I might suffer for it.* (*Should* follows the conjunction *lest* no matter what the tense may be which goes before).

9. *I hope that he would do it soon.* (Say, *will do it soon.* Even well educated people make this mistake, which is very common indeed. Simple futurity is expressed by *would*, but remember that *would* in a Dependent clause expresses simple futurity only when the verb in the Principal clause is in the past tense. The only exception to this is *I wish he would do it*).

10. *It was rude of him to have gone without telling us.* (Both actions contemporaneous. Hence the Present Infinitive is required. Say, *It was rude of him to go without telling us.* Remember that the Perfect Infinitive is used only when the action took place before the time indicated by the Principal verb).

11. *I intended to have been present.* (*To be present,* for the same reason.)

12. *I should have liked to have seen it.* (*To see it,* for the same reason).

13. *I will try and come.* (Say, *I will try to come*).

14. *He used a horse-whip to thrash the man.* (Say *to thrash the man with*).

15. (*The*) *sacrificing to foolish convention the comforts and decencies of existence is one of the daily features of Indian Social life.* (Either omit the initial *the*, or insert *of* after *convention.* The former course is preferable. Be careful to distinguish between a Gerund and a Verbal Noun).

16. *I went there to personally examine the matter.* (The Infinitive is split needlessly. Say, *to examine the matter personally*).

17. *Leaning on the gate a snake bit him.* (Say, *Leaning on the gate, he was bitten by a snake*, or *While he was leaning on the gate a snake bit him.* As the sentence stands it means that the snake was leaning on the gate).

18. *His reluctance to giving his brother a share of the sweets was noticed by everyone.* (*Reluctance* is followed by the infinitive *to give* not by the preposition and gerund. The mistake is due to wrong analogy with *objection to giving*).

19. *We need not be afraid of Krishnan stealing a march on us.* (Say, *Krishnan's*. An instance of the fused participle).

20. *The picture had laid there for many days.* (Say *had lain*. *Lie, lay, lain,* is an intransitive verb, and should not be confused with the transitive verb *Lay, laid, laid*).

21. *He lay the box on the table.* (Another instance of the same confusion. Say *laid*. Avoid similar confusion with *Lie, Lied, Lied*, which has quite a different meaning, and is used both Transitively and Intransitively).

22. *Much was written by his friends and it was well that those who were unacquainted personally with Arnold Bennett should learn of his helpfulness to young authors, of his industry, of his vitality, of his sociability, as well as being reminded of his undoubted greatness as a literary artist.*—**The Bookman,** May 1931. Page 97. (The length of the sentence and the writer's haste must be held responsible for this mistake. Change *being* to *be*).

23. *Rama was loving Sita dearly. Srinivas was hating his uncle like poison.* (Say *loved, hated.* A type of mistake commonly made).

24. *The Minister wants that all Education should be on a sound basis. Shylock likes that Antonio should suffer.* (These sentences illustrate the common misuse of noun-clauses after such words as *want, like*. Say, *The Minister wants all Education to be on a sound basis*, or, if the noun-clause is to be retained, change *wants* to *wishes*. Similarly change *likes* to *wishes* in the second sentence, or say, *Shylock wants Antonio to suffer*).

25. *He is in sick bed for the past one week.* (Say, *He has been ill*—).

26. *He ordered to withdraw the army. The general ordered to obey his commands.* (Say, *ordered his army to withdraw; gave orders that his commands should be obeyed*).

27. *She told her father what was informed her by the servant. She was bestowed with her father's wealth.* (These are instances of ugly passive constructions commonly used by students. Say, *She told her father what the servant had informed her of*, or, rewrite in some such way as this: *She gave her father the information she had received from the servant.* The second sentence might be re-written in one of two ways: *Her father's wealth was bestowed on her*, or, *Her father bestowed his wealth on her.* This mistake is, no doubt, due to wrong analogy with *endow with*).

28. *He was put the question. He was begun to be persuaded to accept the offer. The whole play is pervaded with darkness.* (These are impossible passives).

29. *I came by walk..* (Say *I walked* or *I came walking.* You may come *by train*, *by tram* or *by bus*, but not *by walk*).

CHAPTER XXV

THE ADVERB

256. Just as adjectives are words used to qualify nouns and pronouns, so adverbs are words used to qualify the other parts of speech. The following examples show how adverbs qualify not only Verbs, but Prepositions, Conjunctions, Adjectives, and other Adverbs as well:—

I ***greatly*** *dislike his views.* (With verb).

You are ***always*** *in debt.* (With preposition).

Tell me ***exactly*** *when it happened.* (With conjunction).

He is ***really*** *noble.* (With adjective).

Your friend dresses ***very*** *elegantly.* (With adverb).

Certain adverbs are added to verbs and habitually go with such verbs, e.g., *break out*, *put out*, *let out*, *come in*, *let in*, *set on*. The corresponding noun is formed by placing the adverb first, e.g., *outbreak*, *output*, *outlet*, *income*, *inlet*, *onset*.

257. Classification of Adverbs.

Adverbs may be divided into three classes:—

1. **Adverbs that ask a Question,** e.g., *When?* *Where?* *How?* *How often?* *How far?*

2. **Conjunctive Adverbs,** which, in form, are the same as those mentioned above, but are used not to ask questions, but to join sentences, e.g., *Tell me when you propose to go.* *This is where I part company from you.* *You do not know how to manage things.*

3. **Ordinary Adverbs:—**

(*a*) Description—*well, thus, ill, quickly, slowly, splendidly, beautifully.* (Adverbs of description are generally formed by adding *-ly* to the corresponding adjectives).

(*b*) Time—*now, soon, before, since, nowadays,* etc.

(*c*) Place—*here, there, in, out, above, below, up, down,* etc. (Note that *there* sometimes merely introduces a sentence, and does not refer to place, e.g., *There is something to be said for that*).

(*d*) Repetition—*once again, always, often, seldom, never, sometimes,* etc.

(*e*) Quantity—*too, quite, almost, very, much, half, rather, the, wholly,* etc. (Note that *the* as an adverb of degree is used only before an adjective or adverb in the comparative degree, e.g., *The richer he becomes, the more miserly he is*).

(*f*) Affirming or Denying—*no, yes, not, probably, not at all,* etc.

258. Comparison of Adverbs.

Many common Adverbs are compared like adjectives:

Hard	harder	hardest
Near	nearer	nearest
Far	farther	farthest
Late	later	latest, or last
Well	better	best
Ill	worse	worst
Slowly	more slowly	most slowly
Early	earlier	earliest

Adverbs ending in *-ly* form their comparative and superlative by adding *more* and *most* respectively. The adverb *early* is an exception.

259. The Correct Use of Adverbs.

1. *The horseman approached rapidly.* (The adverb *rapidly* qualifies the verb *approached*).

2. *He was very much delighted with the gift. He was quite delighted with the gift.* (Grammatically speaking the adverb *very* should not be used before the participle without the addition of *much*. *Quite* may, however, be used by itself to modify the participle, as shown in the example. Modern usage, it should be noted, is in this respect ahead of grammar. Even careful writers frequently say *I am very pleased, He is very delighted, You are very tired*, etc., though with certain participles the rule is strictly adhered to still, e.g., *I am very much inconvenienced, I am much afraid.* The initial vowel in such participles has, no doubt, something to do with this).

3. *I am relieved it is no worse.* (Here *no* is an adverb = *by no amount;* it is used in this way only with comparatives).

4. *Successful or no I mean to persevere.* (Here *no* = *not*. In this way it is used only after *or*).

5. *You have borrowed only one umbrella.* (*Only** qualifies the numeral adjective *one*, and is hence placed immediately before it).

6. *You have only borrowed an umbrella.* (*Only* qualifies *borrowed*, i.e., not purchased or robbed).

7. *Only you have borrowed an umbrella.* (i.e., nobody else. Note that *only* has here the force of an adjective).

*Mr. Fowler in his *Modern English Usage* is very severe against, and prays to be saved from, those people who insist on the proper placing of *only* near the word or phrase it qualifies. According to him so long as the meaning is not in doubt "it is needless to submit to an inconvenient restriction." *He only died a week ago* he says is common usage, and defends it on the ground that the meaning is clear. Even so it is just as easy to say *He died only a week ago*, and this is more precise because it is nearer the meaning. It is not therefore advisable to accept (at any rate for the beginner) Mr. Fowler's advice, especially as the tendency in Modern English is to slipshod usage. There is much to be said for precision, even if it causes some inconvenience. Cf. *He only came home to die* with ***He came home only to die.***

8. *You have borrowed an umbrella only.** (i.e., not a cane or a hat).

9. *I cannot even move my fingers.* (*Even* qualifies *move*. The position of *even* in a sentence is as important as that of *only*. Notice the different meanings obtained by placing *even* before *I*, before *my* and after *fingers*. *Also* is another adverb in the placing of which one has to be careful).

10. *He undertook to perform the task satisfactorily.* (To avoid splitting the infinitive† *to perform*, the adverb *satisfactorily* is placed away from it).

*We frequently misuse the word *only* by employing it at the end of a sentence in senses unknown in England. The following sentences illustrate our fondness for the word and the various meanings we give to it:—

1. *For presiding over to-morrow's function, we want you only.* Say, *we must have you and no one else.* This is what you mean.

2. *My son will join the college on Monday only.* This may mean, (*a*) he cannot join until Monday; (*b*) will join as early as Monday; or (*c*) can join only on Monday, not any other day, which, of course, is what the sentence really means.

3. *I shall reside in the College Hostel only.* Omit *only*, but if you wish to be very emphatic, add *and nowhere else.*

4. *He wishes to join Group I only.* Omit *only*. If greater emphasis is needed, add *and not any other group.*

5. *I will return to-morrow only.* At least three different meanings as in (2) above.

†Splitting the infinitive is not always (as some people think) one of the seven deadly sins. There are occasions when ambiguities of meaning or harshness of sound, or both, result from the adverb being placed away from the infinitive, and in such cases one may be compelled for the sake of clearness and precision to split the infinitive, grammatical sensibilities notwithstanding. In such a sentence as *I ordered him to quickly supply revolving bookshelves for my library*, the infinitive has necessarily to be split to avoid ambiguity. Try placing *quickly* anywhere else in the sentence. Grammar comes after sense, here as always.

Note in this connection that *to be beautifully dressed* is not a

11. *I told him not to eat any more.* (Note that only one negative adverb should be used for a negative meaning. Two negatives make an affirmative, e.g., *He is not angry at nothing* = *He is angry at something*).

12. *I often go there.* (*Often* implies habit).

13. *I frequently go there.* (*Frequently* implies only repetition of act).

14. *I never thought of it in just that way.* (This is = *I did not ever think of it in just that way before.* NEVER = *not ever*, and should not be used as—*not*, e.g., *I never met him yesterday* would be bad English).

15. *At length, I replied to him. I replied to him at length.* (Note the difference in the meaning. An adverb or adverbial phrase should be placed at the beginning of the sentence if intended to qualify the whole sentence).

16. *He has been unhappy ever since. The house has since been pulled down.* (Here *since* is an adverb. It requires the use of the perfect tense).

260. Common Mistakes in the Use of Adverbs.

1. *His seldom appearances were noted.* (Adverbs cannot qualify nouns, as adjectives do. Say *rare* or *infrequent*).

2. *Patients are only attended to there in the morning.* (*Only* misplaced. Write, *only in the morning*).

3. *He was even blamed by his wife and children.* (Write *even* after *blamed*, because obviously it qualifies not *blamed* but *wife and children*).

4. *I could not give him no reply.* (= I had to give him some reply. This is not what is meant however. Say *I could give him no reply* or *I could not give him any reply*).

5. *I never spoke to him this morning.* (Say *did not speak*, *Never* = *not ever*, and here it cannot mean that).

case of splitting the infinitive. For further information read Mr. Fowler's entertaining article on the subject in his Modern English Usage, Page 558.

6. *I know him too well, and he will therefore certainly do this for me.* (Change *too* into *very*. *Too* denotes more than is good or desirable for the thing or person concerned. *He is too clever* = he is excessively and undesirably clever. It is not complimentary to say this of any one. *This mango is too sweet* = this mango is more sweet than I want it to be. It is cloying).

7. *He is rather very clever.* (Another very common mistake, made under the impression that *rather* adds emphasis. Omit *rather*).

8. *No sooner the sun set the wind dropped.* (Say, *No sooner had the sun set than the wind dropped.* *No sooner* being a comparative must be followed by *than*. The order required is *No sooner* + *auxiliary* + *nominative* + *verb*).

9. *Scarcely the clock had finished striking than the bells began to ring. Hardly he reached the river than his pursuers saw him.* (The correct correlative to *scarcely* and *hardly* is *when* or *before*, never *than*. Moreover, the order in these sentences is incorrect. Write, *Scarcely had the clock finished striking when the bells began to ring. Hardly had he reached the river before his pursuers saw him*).

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PREPOSITION

261. Prepositions are little words "placed before" Nouns or Pronouns (or Noun-equivalents) in order to show in what relation one thing or person stands to another thing or person, e.g., *I held the book* ***above*** *the table. The woman* ***in*** *the shop was angry. He will have gone* ***by*** *then. Listen* ***to*** *what I feel* ***on*** *this subject The question* ***of*** *ways and means was next considered. I am short* ***of*** *breath. He appointed me* ***in place of*** *Ramchunder.*

Prepositions are not by any means as insignificant as they look*. To them the language owes much of its flexibility; so much so, that a person's command of English may be guaged by the way in which he uses his prepositions. "They are the spice," as John O'London remarks, "of good conversation and correct idiomatic writing."

262. The Correct Use of Prepositions.

1. *I held the book above the table.* (Here, the preposition *above* expresses the relation between the thing denoted by the action *held* and the thing denoted by the word *table*. *Held* is called the governing word, and *table*, the word governed by (or, the object of) the preposition. The preposition, together with the word it governs, makes either an adverbial or an adjectival

*The sad story of the Frenchman who was told to "look out" when the train was approaching a tunnel, affords an amusing commentary on the peculiarities of English idiom, as well as on the importance of prepositions.

phrase. Here *above the table* is adverbial. NOTE: (1) that the governing word goes before the preposition, and that the object or the word governed by the preposition, is placed after it. This is the general rule to which there are few exceptions; (2) that such words as *in, up, about, off, down*, etc., when not used before a noun or noun-equivalent, change their function and become adverbs, e.g., *he went in, it came about like this, he took off his cap, they came rolling down, I was out.* From this point of view, a preposition is an adverb that has taken on a noun as a dependent relation.

2. *The woman in the shop was angry.* (*In* relates *woman* to *shop*, and *in the shop* is an adjectival phrase qualifying *woman*).

3. *He will have gone by then.* (The preposition *by* is used before an adverb which here does duty for a noun. *Then = that time*, and is therefore a noun-equivalent).

4. *Listen to what I feel on this subject.* (The object of the preposition *to* is here a noun-clause).

5. *The question of ways and means was next considered.* (Here *of* governs the phrase *ways and means*, which is a noun-equivalent).

6. *I am short of breath. Fortunately for him, his uncle died.* (These sentences show that a preposition may connect the noun, or noun-equivalent, which follows it, to an adjective or adverb).

7. *He appointed me in place of Ramchunder.* (Here *in place of* is a phrase which does duty for a preposition. Such phrases are called *prepositional phrases.* Further examples are:—*by way of, on account of, because of, in spite of, according to, in regard to).*

8. *He walked into the trap. I crept from under the table.* (*Into* and *from under* are examples of *compound prepositions.* These are used when more than one preposition is required to express the full relation between two things).

9. *You must take care of him. He is a man it is impossible not to laugh at.* (*Take care of, laugh at,* are examples of what may be called *prepositional verbs,* i.e., verbs which become so closely connected with a preposition in meaning that the two form really one part of speech, since they express one idea.

Further examples are:—*aspire to, entrust with, neglectful of, aim at, agree to, account for, give up, abound in.* Note that the objection to the second sentence on the score of its ending with a preposition is not a valid one, because the preposition is really a part of the verb).

10. *I know you live in Mangalore, but the other day when I was at Mangalore, you happened to be away in Madras.* (*At* and *in* when specified of places, are used relatively of small and large towns respectively, except when the person speaking or spoken of, lives in the place mentioned, in which case *in* is always used).

11. *The profits were divided between the two brothers.* (*Between* is used when only two persons are mentioned).

12. *The profits were divided among the three brothers.* (*Among*, because more than two persons are mentioned).

13. *The choice lies between these three candidates. This was in conformity with the treaties between the four Nations.* (Exceptional use of *between*. The *three candidates* and the *four nations* are intended to be taken severally and individually, not collectively. Hence *between* is used, not *among*, which would not express the relationship sufficiently clearly or accurately. Another instance of grammar following common sense).

14. *This is different from what I expected.* (*Different from* is now more usual than *different to*. Mr. Fowler in his *Modern English Usage* is at much pains to show that *different to* is not wrong. He calls it a superstition to think that *different* should be followed only by *from* and never by *to*. The particular preposition to be used after a word depends partly on the context, and partly upon idiom. In fact so much does Good English depend upon the use of appropriate prepositions that their correct use forms an excellent test of a person's command of the language. Every good dictionary gives the appropriate preposition that should accompany a word when a particular meaning is intended, and the student is advised to keep his eyes open when reading, and to acquire the habit of noting the proper use, in different contexts, of these little words. He should also consult, as often as possible, Mr. Fowler's invaluable book, where he will find much useful as well as diverting information. The examples

that follow illustrate the correct use of certain prepositions which are often employed incorrectly).

15. *He parted from his friends.* (You part *from* people).

16. *He parted with the money.* (You part *with* things).

17. *I compared him to Napoleon. I compared him with Napoleon.* (*To* suggests or states a similarity; *with* implies only a supposed similarity, the detail or the degree of which is about to be examined).

18. *She differs from her only in her dress. I differ with you in this matter as I hold quite another opinion.* (*Differ from* = be different, exhibit a difference; *differ with* = hold a different opinion, express dissent).

19. *He was contemporary with me. He was a contemporary of mine.*

20. *He is an authority on eighteenth century Literature. He has no authority over me. He showed his authority in all these ways.*

21. *He died of fever. He died from hunger.* (You die *of* a disease, but *from* other things).

22. *The necessity of self-control. The necessity for self-control.* (*Of* suggests the inevitableness of self-control; *for* implies need of self-control in a particular case).

23. *With a view to. With the view of. In view of.* (The first two both imply purpose, but *with a view to* implies firmer intention. *In view of* = on account of, taking into account).

24. *I have eaten nothing since yesterday.* (Here *since* is a preposition. The present tense cannot be used with *since*, because it denotes action after a specified past time or event. The perfect tense should be used).

263. Common Mistakes in the Use of Prepositions.

1. *He covered his head by his shawl.* (Change *by* to *with*. *By* is used before the agent or doer of an action, *with* before the instrument).

2. *I aimed a rabbit, but could not hit it.* (Say, *aimed at*. This is the appropriate preposition. It forms part of the verb).

3. *The boy laughed at his master's face.* (This is quite correct if what is meant is that there was something in the master's face which provoked laughter. If, however, impudent laughter before the master is the meaning intended, *in* should be used for *at*).

4. *This happened at the eve of the battle of Plassey.* (Say, *on the eve*. Note that *at eve* = *in the evening* in Poetry. The following are the phrases of time with their appropriate prepositions:—*in the evening, in the afternoon, in the morning, at night, at noon, at midday, at midnight, at dawn, at daybreak*).

5. *All the brothers were now at safety.* (Write *in safety*. Other idiomatic expressions are *He played for safety. You cannot do it with safety*).

6. *He was admitted in the household. She burst in tears.* (Change *in* to *into*. *Into* is used after verbs of motion).

7. *He turned this accident into account.* (The idiomatic phrase is *to account* = derive advantage from).

8. *I tried to save him, but of no purpose.* (*To no purpose* is idiomatic = in vain).

9. *Sadly he took leave from his children.* (Say *of his children*. The expression *take leave from* = ask permission, generally from an employer, to stop work for a time).

10. *I told him this with a lower tone.* (Write *in a lower tone*).

11. *I asked him to take care for his life.* (*Take care of*, but *care for*, e.g., *He did not care for his life*).

12. *Before a fortnight he was quite well.* (Say, *He was quite well a fortnight ago*).

13. *He waited since three hours.* (*For* expresses duration of time. Say *He waited for three hours*).

14. *It is ten years ago since he became Principal.* (*Ago since* is tautological. Omit *ago*. Otherwise recast the sentence. *He became Principal ten years ago*, or *It was ten years ago that he became Principal*).

15. *I called into mind our long-standing friendship.* (*Called to mind* is idiomatic).

16. *The matter was dragged into the light.* (Say *to light*).

17. *The particulars of this case resemble to those of the previous one.* (Omit *to*. But *my face has a resemblance to his face* is correct).

18. *He picked up a quarrel with me. Her anger was roused up by the insult. He was sprung up from a low class. Scott gives out a good description of the battle. I ordered for a drink. Have you enough of money? He discussed about this matter. The thermometer rose up to* 100°F. (These are examples of sentences, alas only too common, where an unwanted preposition has been inserted. Omit the preposition in each case).

19. *He sided with him. I enquired of her. They replied to me in the negative. Will you fight for this cause? He is a man who keeps up appearances.* (These are examples of sentences, equally common, where a very necessary preposition has been omitted. Insert *with, of, to, for, up* in these sentences respectively).

264. Preposition at End of Sentence.

Sentences in which the final preposition forms part of the verb have already been considered as exceptions to the usual advice given to beginners against ending a sentence with an ineffectual word like a preposition. There is, however, no rule against ending a sentence with a preposition, though a very strong prejudice against it exists. This prejudice is natural and is based (1) on the fact that a preposition literally means "a word placed before" from which arises a reasonable reluctance on our part to place it after the word it governs; and (2) on the equally important fact that the last word of a sentence should be capable of bearing emphasis, which a preposition on account of its smallness cannot. Even so, something must be allowed for the flexibility of the language, and a sentence such as, *He destroyed everything he could lay his hands on* is not

so offensive to the ear as one in which the preposition has been forced into its proper but uncomfortable place for the sake of appearances. The schoolboy who said that *a preposition was not always a bad word to end a sentence with* was not far wrong after all.

The point to remember is that it is idiomatic in English to place the preposition later and to omit the relative pronoun, a practice which has added greatly to the flexibility of the language. This is why it seems to be easier and more natural to say *He destroyed everything he could lay his hands on*, and *This is the room I slept in*, rather than *He destroyed everything on which he could lay his hands*, and *This is the room in which I slept*.

Good writers, it may be noted, defy the prejudice against the final preposition. There is a good deal, therefore, to be said for Mr. Fowler's advice that the final preposition should be kept if it sounds comfortable, or even if it has a compensating vigour which sets off any awkwardness of construction or sound.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CONJUNCTION

265. The function of Conjunctions is to link one word to another word (*Money* ***and*** *power mean nothing to him*), one phrase to another phrase (***Neither*** *the love for money* ***nor*** *the lust for power has influenced him*), one clause to another clause (*This is the man whom we met yesterday* ***and*** *whom you admired*), or even one sentence to another sentence (*He is very poor,* ***but*** *he is quite happy. She is disliked by everyone,* ***consequently*** *she hates everybody*).

Conjunctions are of two kinds, Co-ordinative, and Subordinative.

266. Co-ordinative Conjunctions are conjunctions which link together words, or phrases, or clauses which have the same functional value, or sentences which are co-ordinate (i.e., of equal rank), e.g., *and, both and as well as, either or, otherwise, still, yet, but, for, therefore, consequently, nevertheless, moreover.*

267. Subordinative Conjunctions are conjunctions which link a principal clause to a subordinate clause, e.g., *that, after, till, since, because, if, unless, except, though, how, why, whether, where.*

Subordinative conjunctions introduce either (1) Noun clauses, e.g.:—

He said that you disliked onions.

I wondered whether you would come to-day.

or (2) Adverbial clauses, which express relations of time,

place, cause, comparison, condition, purpose, result, etc., e.g.:—

He came here *after* the sun had set.

I told him *where* he should go.

He fell *because* the branch broke.

He is not so clever *as* you are.

I shall not be surprised *if* it rains.

He is doing this *in order to* please you.

The following Phrasal Conjunctions which should be considered as single expressions, are also common in modern English:—*as sure as, as if, by reason of, except that, provided that, seeing that, as soon as, as long as.*

Note also that each Relative Pronoun has a strong conjunctive force. Relative Pronouns usually introduce an adjectival clause to the Principal clause. Remember that the Relative Pronoun agrees with its antecedent in number and person, and that this agreement is shown by the number and person of the verb, e.g., *This is the man who* ***is*** *responsible. These are the men who* ***are*** *responsible. I live in a house which* ***looks*** *out on the sea. They live in houses which* ***look*** *out on the sea. He is one of the men who* ***have*** *been accused.*

268. The Correct Use of Conjunctions.

One of the chief difficulties with Conjunctions is in the use of the proper correlative. Each member of the pair should stand before words having the same functional value in the sentence.

1. *Neither begging nor threatening will serve your purpose.* (Or *neither prayers nor threats will serve your purpose*).

2. *He was praised not for being kind, but for being strict.* (Preposition *for* followed by gerund in both cases).

3. *Either the brother or the sister goes to market. Neither the brother nor the sister goes to market.* (Singular verb because only one person is meant).

4. *Whether this is done or that is done does not matter.* (Singular verb).

5. *Both the brother and the sister go to market.* (Plural verb because two persons are meant. Note that *both* is followed by *and*, never by *as well as*).

6. *Though he is strict, yet he is kind.* (Sometimes *yet* is omitted).

7. *I admire him not only for his wisdom but also for his courage.*

8. *You have such a position as few attain to.* (*Such* is an adjective, *as* a conjunctive pronoun).

9. *His courage is such that he will dare anything.* (*Such*, adjective; *that*, conjunction).

10. *He is not so clever as you imagine.* (*So*, adverb; *as*, conjunction).

11. *He walks as his hero does. He walks like his hero.* (*As*, conjunction, but *like* preposition. Note, you do something *as* somebody else does. But you do it *like* somebody else).

12. *He had other views than this a year ago.* (*Other* is followed by *than*. The correct correlative to *scarcely* is *when* or *before*. *Hardly* also is followed by *when* or *before*. But *No sooner* is followed by *than*. See §260.8.9 and §269.4-6)

13. *Little or nothing. Little if anything.* (But never *little if nothing*).

14. *Seldom if ever. Seldom or never.* (But never *seldom or ever*).

15. *I would not have troubled to come, but that I expected to meet him here.* (*But that* = were it not that, or, had not).

16. *Nothing would content him but he must get married.* (*But* = except that).

17. *No prophet has ever appeared but has been reviled.* (But = that not).

18. *No one has any doubt but that it was done intentionally.* (Here *but that* = that. The *but*, however, introduces the certainty).

19. *I am not sure but what the Headmaster is right.* (But *what* = that....not).

20. *He may be forgiven since he is repentant. We shall have to do as he tells us since it cannot be helped.* (In these sentences *since* is used as a conjunction. Note that the question of tense does not arise. See §262.24).

269. Common Mistakes in the Use of Conjunctions.

1. *It is the business of the referee, neither to favour the one side nor the other.* (Two mistakes. Place *neither* after *favour*. Change *or* to *nor*).

2. *He carried with him no writing materials and books when going to college.* (Change *and* to *or*. Say *no writing materials or books*).

3. *He was handsome but everyone admired him.* (This is meaningless. Change *but* to *and*. You could have used *but* if *handsome* had been *ugly*. *He was ugly but everybody admired him*).

4. *Scarcely had the doctor left me but I felt the pain revive.* (Change *but* to *when* or *before*).

5. *Hardly had I finished one set of papers than another set arrived.* (Change *than* to *when* or *before*).

6. *No sooner was the advice given before it was acted upon.* (Change *before* to *than*).

7. *He had no other claim to consideration but his good looks.* (Change *but* to *than*).

8. *It looks like as if he is in for trouble.* (Omit *like*).

9. *He is considered to have overreached himself, and that he therefore forfeited all claims to sympathy.* (Like *and which, and who*, etc., *and that* requires an earlier subordinate clause introduced by *that*. Say, *It is considered that he overreached himself and that*—).

10. *I shall help you providing that you carry out my instructions to the very letter.* (Say, *provided that,* or better still, simply *provided.* Best of all, say *if*).

11. *I doubt that he will succeed.* (*Whether* should be used after *doubt. That* is correct only after verbs of *fearing* and *hoping,* e.g., *I fear that he may fail, I hope that he will succeed*).

12. *His success is equally remarkable as the success of his friend.* (Change *equally* to *as.* Say, *His success is as remarkable as*—).

13. *His success is not equally remarkable as the success of his friend.* (Change *equally* to *as* or *so.* Say, *His success is not as remarkable as*—. *His success is not so remarkable as*—).

14. *He wished to make Srinivas as his Assistant.* (Omit *as.* But *as* is correct after *appoint. He wished to appoint Srinivas as his assistant*).

15. *He was chosen to be a King. He was chosen as King.* (Omit *to be a* and *as.* Say, *He was chosen King.* The insertion of *as* after *call* is another very common misuse of *as*).

16. *From this everyone realised that how he loved his country.* (Omit *how* or *that.* If *that* is omitted it would be preferable to say *how much*).

17. *He ordered that the students to be quiet.* (Omit *that,* or change *to be* to *should be.* Say, *He ordered that the students should be quiet,* or better still, *He ordered the students to be quiet*).

18. *You should not be malicious or liar. You must be good, patient, persevere, and painstaking.* (*Or* and *and* should not be used to connect different parts of speech. Write, *You should not be malicious or untruthful. You must be good, patient, persevering, and painstaking*).

APPENDIX

ADVICE TO THE STUDENT

Every student who aspires to write Good English should *possess* the following books:—

(1) A good Dictionary, preferably, **The Concise Oxford Dictionary.**

(2) **Modern English Usage,** by **H. W. Fowler.**

(3) A book of English Idioms.

He should read the following books:—

(1) **On the Art of Writing,** by **Sir A. Quiller-Couch.**

(2) **On the Art of Reading,** by **Sir A. Quiller-Couch.**

(3) **Style,** by **Sir Walter Raleigh.**

(4) **Is it good English?** by **John O'London.**

He should read as many English Literary Magazines as possible. The best and the most useful among these for his purpose is **John O'London's Weekly.**

He should read * as many good standard Novels as he can lay his hands on, particularly the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy, Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, and Tomlinson. The writings of the following authors also are recommended:—A. G. Gardiner, E. V. Lucas, J. B. Priestley, Robert Lynd, A. A. Milne, Lytton Strachey, Bernard Shaw, Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton.

He should have constant practice in *writing*. Let him *write* himself into a good style.

* "The more extensive your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your power of invention, and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions."—**Sir Joshua Reynolds.**

INDEX

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